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1916

THE BREWAY

THE SENIOR CLASS: 1916
CENTRAL HIGH
SCHOOL SCHOOL WASHINGTON: D.C.



FOREWORD

It hath appeared to us that Old Central's career hath likened itself unto the Progress of Pilgrim; for Central, like Pilgrim, hath come through every hardship, passed every trial victoriously, hath partaken of much glory, and standeth now in sight of her City of Dreams, her Celestial City. So, as ye do peruse this book, all hie ye back some hundreds of years for to enter into the spirit, and bear ye in mind that this is the Pilgrim's Progress of Old Central. We feel that we can not have failed utterly in setting forth to ye her journey as we have seen it; for the Central Spirit hath become a part of each and every one, and ye will understand.

Now, fellow pilgrims, as we do stand upon the bank of this river which doth separate us from Celestial City, let us turn our thoughts backward over the road which we have come for to reach our goal. Like unto Moses, in truth, we are to see the Promised Land, but not to dwell in it. Hath not, however, the Pilgrimage alone been fully worth all of our trials and troubles; and, after all, hath it happened that we have in any way been sorely grieved? Nay, for soon after setting out upon our journey, and being aided by our constant companion, Central Spirit, did our every burden fall from our shoulders, and henceforth become our very pleasures. Verily have we had to wade through many a Slough of Despond, and struggle out of not a few ruts in the road; but oh, the joy of it, the pleasure, and the thrill which did come unto us with each bit of honor that we were able to bring unto Old Central. We have come to the end of this road, now, and are about to start out upon a harder and longer Pilgrimage. But ah, each fellow pilgrim of the class of 1916, when struggling over the Great Road, thou wilt, of a surety, recall with pleasure, and live over again with a sublime ecstacy these few years behind the portals of Old Central. So, with this in mind have we, in faith, endeavored to put forth in these pages such happenings, and such facts as will call to thy mind what must ever have remained in thy heart.



A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed I saw a man bearing a heavy burden, standing

with his back to the road he had just come which was marked "Grammar School," and before him were two paths, The beginning of the "Advanced Grammar School for Girls, 1876," and the the pilgrimage. "Advanced Grammar School for Boys, 1877," but he took

neither of these. He looked this way and that, but could not tell where to go. And a man named Wisdom came to him, and he said to Wisdom, "I seek the path of knowledge that leads to the Kingdom of Eternal Truth, for I dare no longer live in the City of Ignorance. What road shall I follow?" Wisdom looked at the two roads, and said, "These two should be one road," and the two roads merged and became one. At the entrance of this road was a wicket gate which bore the legend, "The Washington High School, established September, 1882, being the combined Boys' and Girls' Advanced Grammar Schools, the first coeducational school and the first high school in Washington."

I saw in my dream that the man began to run, and his friends and relatives came to their doors and cried after him, "Student! return, return!" but he heeded them not, and ran on crying, "Knowledge and Truth! Knowledge and

Truth!"

In a short time Student came to the wicket gate, and it was opened to his knock by a grave and kindly keeper, Mr. Edward A. Paul, the first principal of the Washington High School. Student asked this keeper to help him off with the burden of ignorance that was on his back, but the keeper pointed to a high hill where there were set microscopes, Latin text-books, copies of Burke's Speech on Conciliation, and other powerful implements for that purpose. "Do you see that hill?" he said. "When you come there, kneel down and do it great reverence, and your burden will be removed." And Student ran to the hill, and all things came to pass as the principal had promised, and Student gave three leaps for joy, and went on his way singing, very glad and lightsome.

and Victory.

That night Student rested at the Palace Beautiful where he Years of Growth was clothed in the raiment of victory and armed with a strong sword called Cadets, and given heavy gloves named Athletics to strengthen his muscles. In the morning he con-

tinued on his way, and by noon had come to the Valley of Trial, full of snares and pitfalls and ditches. It was exceeding dark save for a lurid fire in the middle of the valley whence issued smoke and horrible challenges. Ever and anon unseen hosts, envious of his championship, would rush forth and endeavor to tear the garment of victory from him, and many were the battles there fought for the title, but his mighty gloves so strengthened him, that he beat off the invaders with his good sword, and, though he sometimes slipped and fell, he managed to complete his journey with his raiment whole and clean.

Other High Schools are Formed and Central is Born.

At the end of the valley he saw four other pilgrims marching on ahead of him, who, hearing him shout waited for him to catch up to them. Then I saw in my dream that they went very lovingly on together, and had sweet discourse of all things that had happened to them in their pil-

grimage, for they had been neighbors in the City of Ignorance and were all bound for the Kingdom of Truth. They were now in a great wilderness, and they walked on together until they came to the town of Vanity at which a fair is kept all year long, Vanity Fair. Here the four pilgrims began to take leave of Student and would not continue on the road which led through the town of Vanity but must each take a different way. When they were gone, Student examined the legends over the gates through which they had passed and he read over the first "The Eastern High School, established 1890," and over the next "The Western High School, established 1890," and over the third "The Business High School, established 1890," and over the last, which seemed of more recent date, "The McKinley Manual Training School, 1901." And as he slowly turned away, he looked up and beheld that he was on the threshold of the town, and before him was a lamp-post, and he saw that the road whereon he traveled was no longer the Washington High School but the Central High School.

The Lure of the Fair and a New Companion.

Meanwhile he had come to the Fair, and immediately he was besieged by a crowd of jostling merchants who fought with each other to offer him their wares. "Look," cried one, "your shoes are ragged and your feet are sore with traveling the rocky road to learning. Let me sell you this

Latin pony, a splendid animal, warranted to climb the most difficult paths with ease." Scarcely had he finished speaking when a man carrying a toy puppet that wore a baseball mask and glove elbowed his way through the crowd, crying "Buy this perfectly stuffed baseball umpire! Do away with those hot and heavy gloves you wear. Pull this string and whatever decision you desire will be rendered."

But while Student was hesitating which to buy, or whether to buy either, a brawl ensued between the two vendors as to which had the first place, and during the hubbub Student crept out of the town and onto the high-road again. Very sorrowful and lonely he was until a tall and manly youth overtook him, who beguiled the time with tales of what had passed since Student left the City of Ignorance; how the first keeper of the wicket gate had died, and been succeeded in 1888 by Dr. Francis R. Lane, who, being advanced to director of high schools, was followed in 1897 by Mr. Percy Hughes, and he in turn succeeded by Mr. Emory M. Wilson, the present principal. Student said unto his companion, "Who are you?" and the youth replied, "I am he whose brothers are Loyalty, Magnanimity, Honor, and Love. I am the Spirit of Central."

Now I saw that, night coming on, they lay down in a mead-The Vision of The ow to sleep, and here Student had a dream. He saw in his Kingdom of Truth vision a wonderful palace high upon a hill, and he knew and Sundry Hard- that this was the Palace of Truth which he sought, and he ships of the Road. read over the door the inscription "The New Central High School." He awoke his companion and told him of the

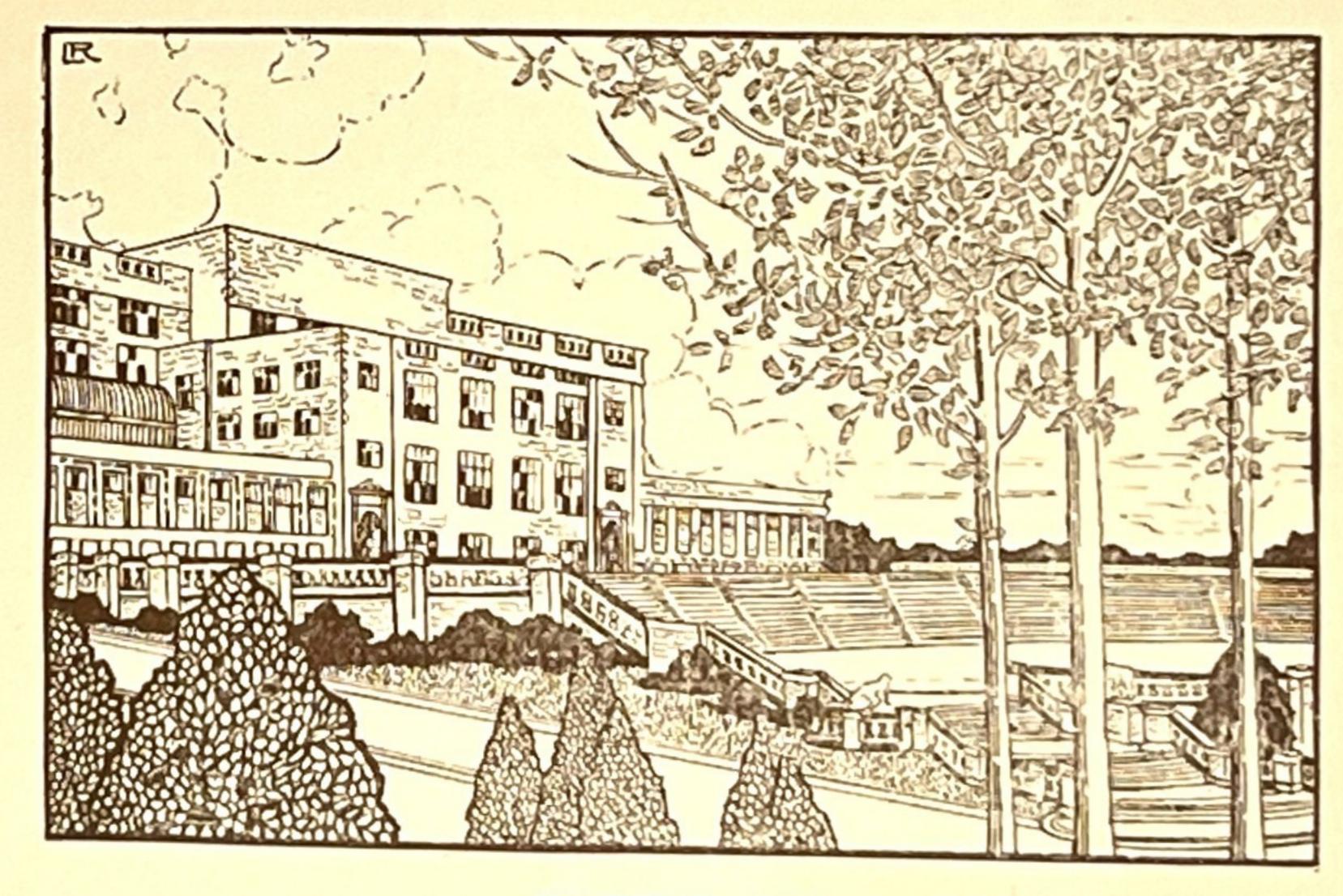
dream, and together they got up and ran on. Now the road became rough and stony. Several times they were attacked by Hate-Light, and Close-Fist, but they overcame them. Oft they fell into the snares of Filibuster and Delay, but Central Spirit set them free. During one of these attacks Student wrested from his opponent a large white document, and, when he opened it he read "An Appropriation for the Site of the New Central High School." Joyfully then they went on their way, with great hopes of the future and wonderful plans. But months passed by, and they seemed no nearer their goal than before. One day when they were wandering on tired and desolate, it began to thunder and lighten in a most dreadful manner, and stumbling along in the darkness, they reached Doubting Castle. The lord thereof, Giant Despair, took them and threw them into a dark and dismal dungeon. For days they lay in the mire of the floor, sick and weary, unable to move. At last one day a ray of sunlight found its way through a chink in the wall, and Student leapt up crying "What a fool I was to lie here when I might have been free!" He drew from his bosom a huge key on the handle of which was engraved, "The Principal of Central High School, Mr. Wilson," and on the shaft "The Washington Press," and on the other side, "The Friends of the School." Then the friends joyously embraced, leapt up, and ran back to the main road.

The Delectable Palace of Truth!

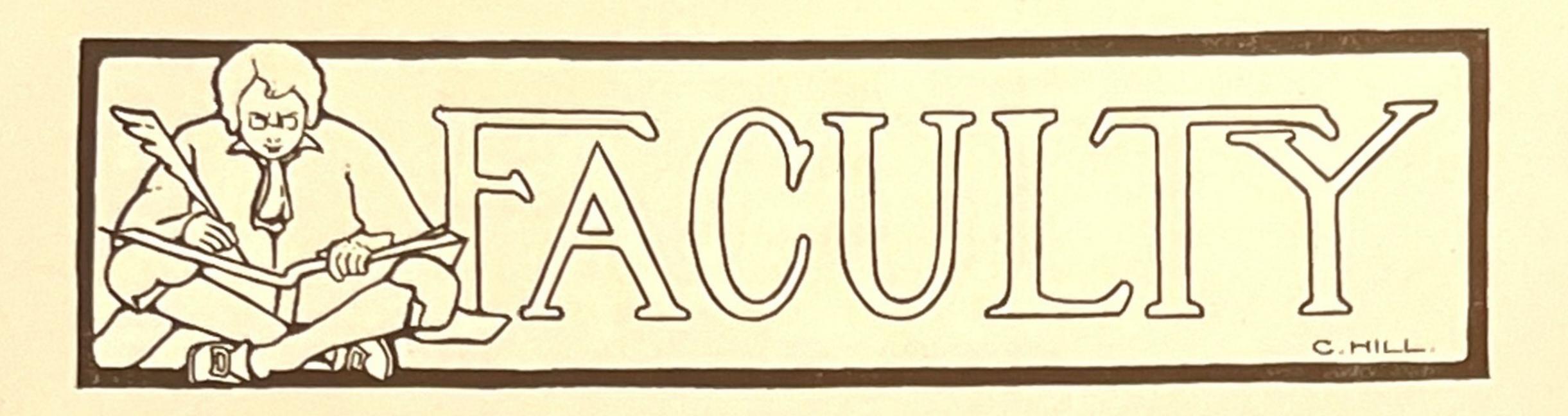
Now I saw that as they walked, they came to the Delectable Mountains. Here they met a crowd of shepherds feeding Mountains and the their flocks beneath huge leafy trees by cool fountains where all was bright and cheerful. When they had told of their journey, the shepherds conducted them to two van-

tage spots from where they saw as in a vision, "The Breaking of the Ground, March, 1914," and "The Laying of the Cornerstone, March, 1915," and all the Kingdom of Truth with its grassy lawns, wonderful buildings, and pleasant streams, lying before them. The pilgrims asked their guides who they were, and they replied, "We have been with you, though you knew it not, since 1909. Your welfare has been our care, and we helped make the key to unlock the door of Doubting Castle. We are the Alumni Association." Then Student and Central Spirit ran on, eager and glad, until they came to the river of the "Last Year in the Old School," and they plunged in and breasted it manfully, keeping their eyes on the shore beyond. I saw them reach the other side and clamber up, but what was their reception, I know not, for more than this I could not see; I awoke, and lo! it was a dream.

DOROTHY BOPP.



CELESTIAL CITY

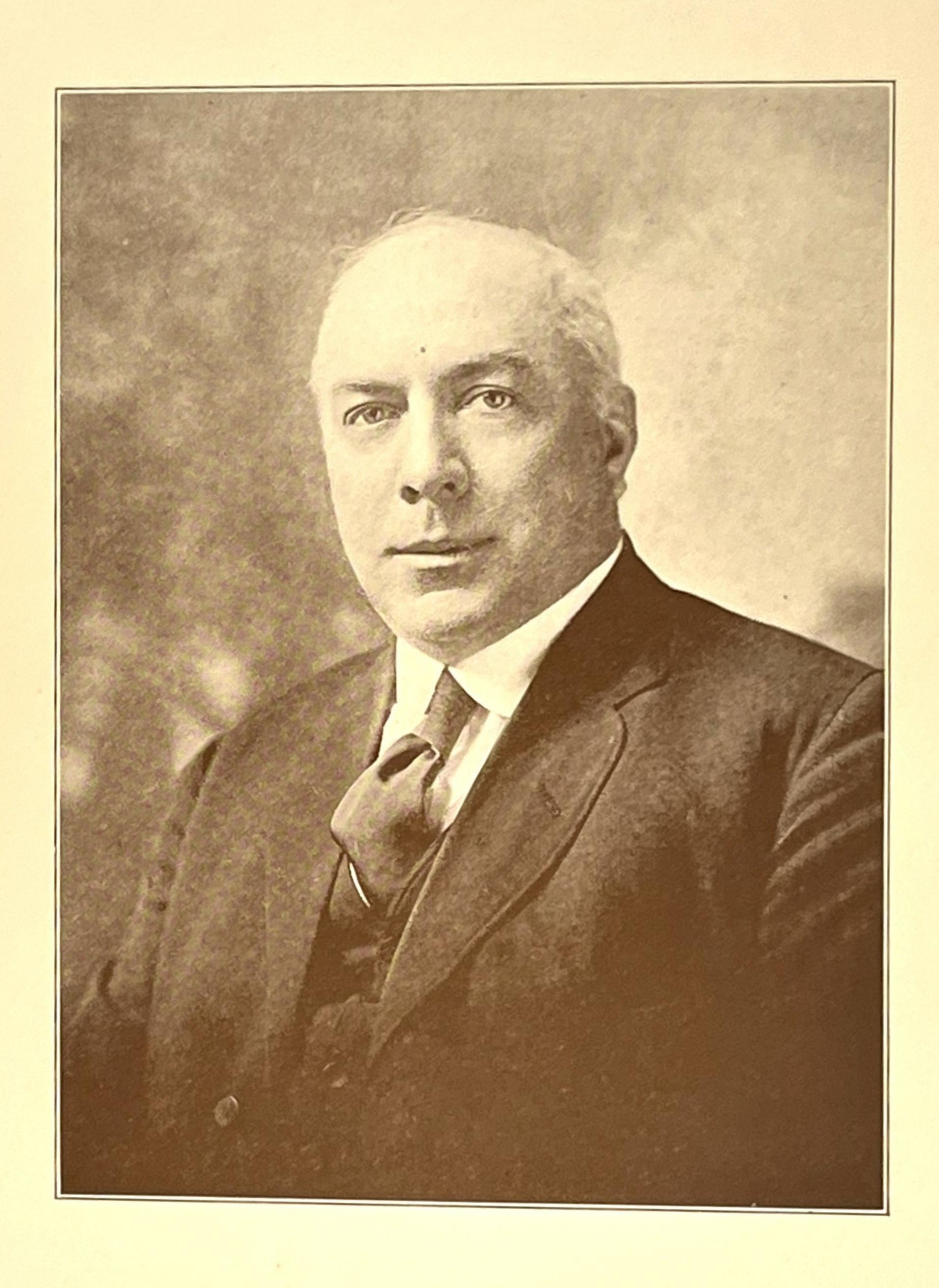


Miss Baker, whom we mention first, In drawing sees her pupils versed; And Mrs. Baker's sweet and smiling, While Latin on us she is piling; By Mr. Belmont French is taught, A learned professor he is thought. In charge of guns is Mr. Burroughs, Though physics marks his face in furrows. Miss Botkin's English classes work On charming classics and on Burke. Miss Alice, first of all the Clarks, In Deutsch makes us some good remarks; In English, dear Miss Edna Clark Would like to give each a good mark; And then there is Miss Martha Clarke, In Math one has to be a shark. Miss Coolidge, Brecky and Review Reviews, and teaches drawing, too. A Latin teacher's Dr. Dales, The Senior, e'en, before him quails. A teacher sweet is dear Miss Dean, 'Tis she puts Latin in our bean. Maitresse Francaise, Mlle. Delattre, She makes us conjugate combattre. Miss Ditto, teaching history, Unfolds a nation's mystery. A science teacher's Mr. Doolittle; Alas, he often marks us too little; And Miss DuBreuil does English teach, She makes us be correct in speech; While Mr. Edelin in his classes Unfolds the properties of gases. Our Mr. English shows one path To wisdom, for he teaches math. In math were we taught by Mrs. Farr The angle's perpendicular; And from Miss Fenno learned to tell, A circle from a parallel. In Mr. Finley's lab. one learns What happens when some sulphur burns. Athletic coach is Mr. Foley, To him we owe the track meet wholly.

Miss Foster teaches us to draw, Of painting she expounds the law. Miss Gary's Latin classes know Caesar, Virgil, and Cicero. A good math teacher is Miss Golden, To her for much we are beholden. Miss Griggs instructs us with a pencil, And teaches us to paint and stencil. Oh, she can teach, can sweet Miss Hill, And French into our heads instill. Frau Hoegelsberger teaches German, And spiels us many a friendly sermon. At Mr. Hoover's lead we sing, Our music makes the ceiling ring. In teaching hist'ry, Mr. Jones Tells dreary facts in pleasant tones. Miss Keys is Mr. Wilson's clerk, And varied is her clever work. In hist'ry, Mr. Lampson seems To touch with life the ancient themes. An English teacher is Miss Lynch; To get an E is not a cinch. Of Latin speaks Miss McAvoy, Whose classes each and all enjoy. Our English lore increases much 'Neath Miss McColm's inspiring touch. Our Mr. Maurer's a historian, Expounding facts in voice stentorian. So full of knowledge is Miss Mann That she is our librarian. Miss Morgan teaches English classes And lauds Shakespeare to lads and lasses. History's taught by Mr. Noyes; In outlines, facts, and dates he joys. An English teacher is Miss Orr, And all her classes her adore. Physics, expounded by Miss Pace, Informs of gravity and space. Biology by Mrs. Paul Is taught, and she is liked by all. An English teacher is Miss Rizer, Her teaching always makes us wiser. Miss Robbins teaches us in Latin, And we learn more of it each matin. Of hist'ry speaks Miss Robinette, Her lessons we shall not forget. A good math teacher's Mr. Ross, Whate'er we do, he's seldom cross. And Samson is our French professor, We hope he'll ne'er have a successor. Miss Sanders keeps the girls in training, Athletic exercise explaining. After her name, Miss Shackelford Can physiography record.

Miss Siebert's very fond of German, To have her, one and all determine. Of English is Miss Simons head, We liked her, e'en while Burke we read. Miss Sleman teaches English, too, When we left her, a lot we knew. Professor Spanhoofd's lieber Herr, And oh, we like him mehr und mehr. We Mr. Thomas can't reproach, He can teach math and football coach. Miss Ulrich speaks the German tongue, In English, too instructs the young. And Mrs. Walton teaches girls, And throws the balls, and dumb-bells twirls; For math our erudite Miss Weddell Deservedly should have the medal. And when we chance to get Miss White In German, all of us are bright. An English teacher is Miss Wright, She makes us anxious to recite. With Mr. Wilson is our heart, From him we all are loath to part; He is the man who puts the pep In all our teams; he is our "Ep." We hope this rhyme will not offend, For only good do we intend; We owe our faculty much thanks, And hope they will forgive our pranks. They helped us when the road was hard, In different ways won our regard; To them we owe a lasting debt, Which through the years we'll not forget.





TO THE CLASS OF NINETEEN SIXTEEN

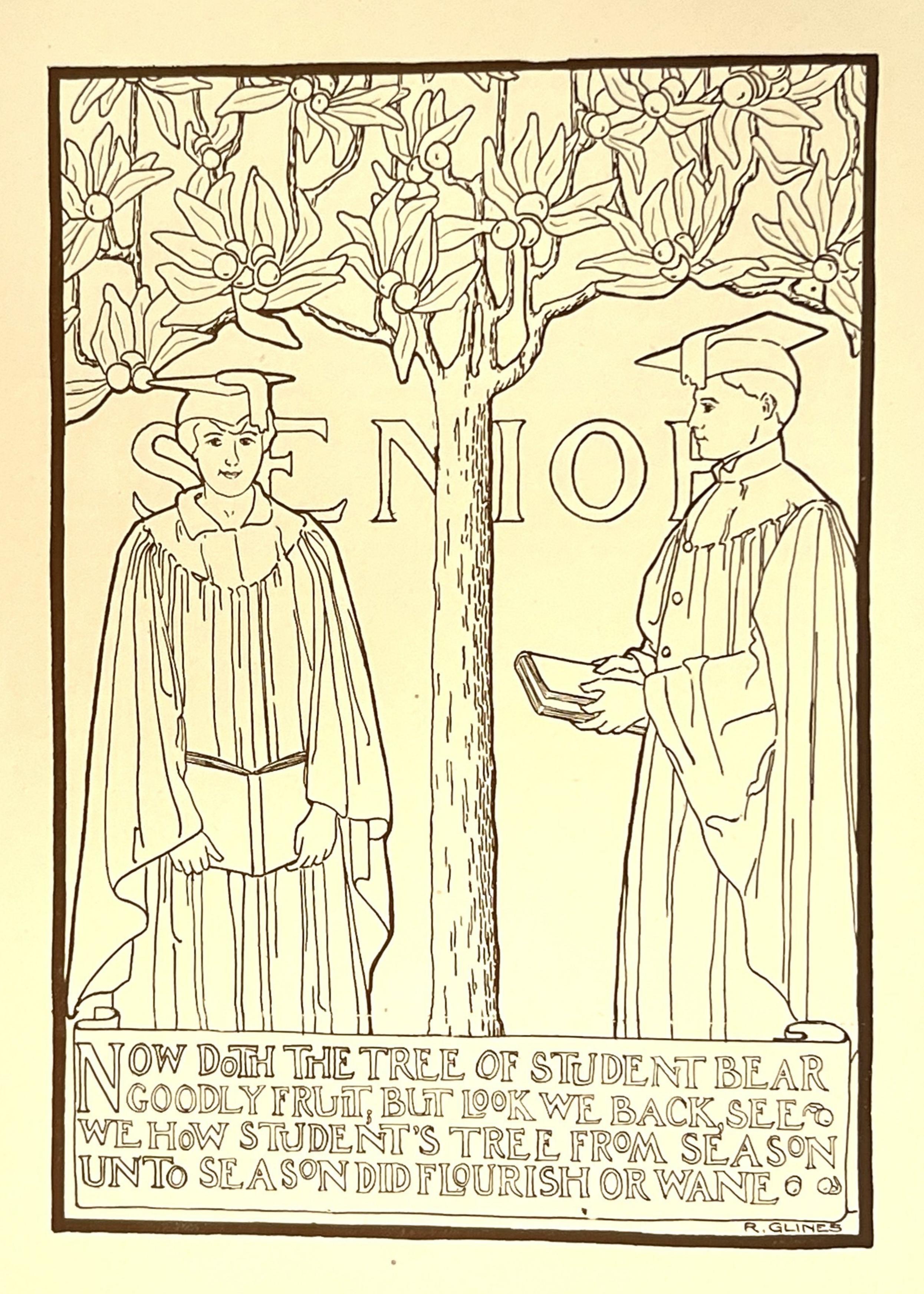
To say a word of farewell to the class of 1916 is so much like saying good-bye to the old school that a feeling of sadness, always felt at parting, becomes now most dominant. This seems not the casual good-bye of associates of four hurried years, but the last farewell of friends of a lifetime.

I do not know whether to pity or to congratulate you. You will never know the joy of the new school, but you have known all the glory of the old. The memories of more than a third of a century are yours—the achievements of the splendid army of girls and boys who have made Central's history are your heritage.

And so it does not seem the time for words,—just a hand clasp and a high resolve that we will keep hallowed the best traditions of the old Central and, if a lump comes to our throats and a tear to our eyes, we at least will understand.

E. M. WILSON.





FEBRUARY CLASS POEM.

The New School standing proudly on the hill,
Is nobly fitted every need to fill
For work and play.
And yet with all its grandeur it will lack
Those mem'ries which Old Central's name brings back
In long array.

For nearly forty years has Central stood
For principles of honor, pure and good;
Those records we possess.
Traditions, which are formed by slow degrees,
Have grown around, as young forest trees
Spring up around the parent, rising tall
And always pointing up, a sign to all
That here is nobleness.

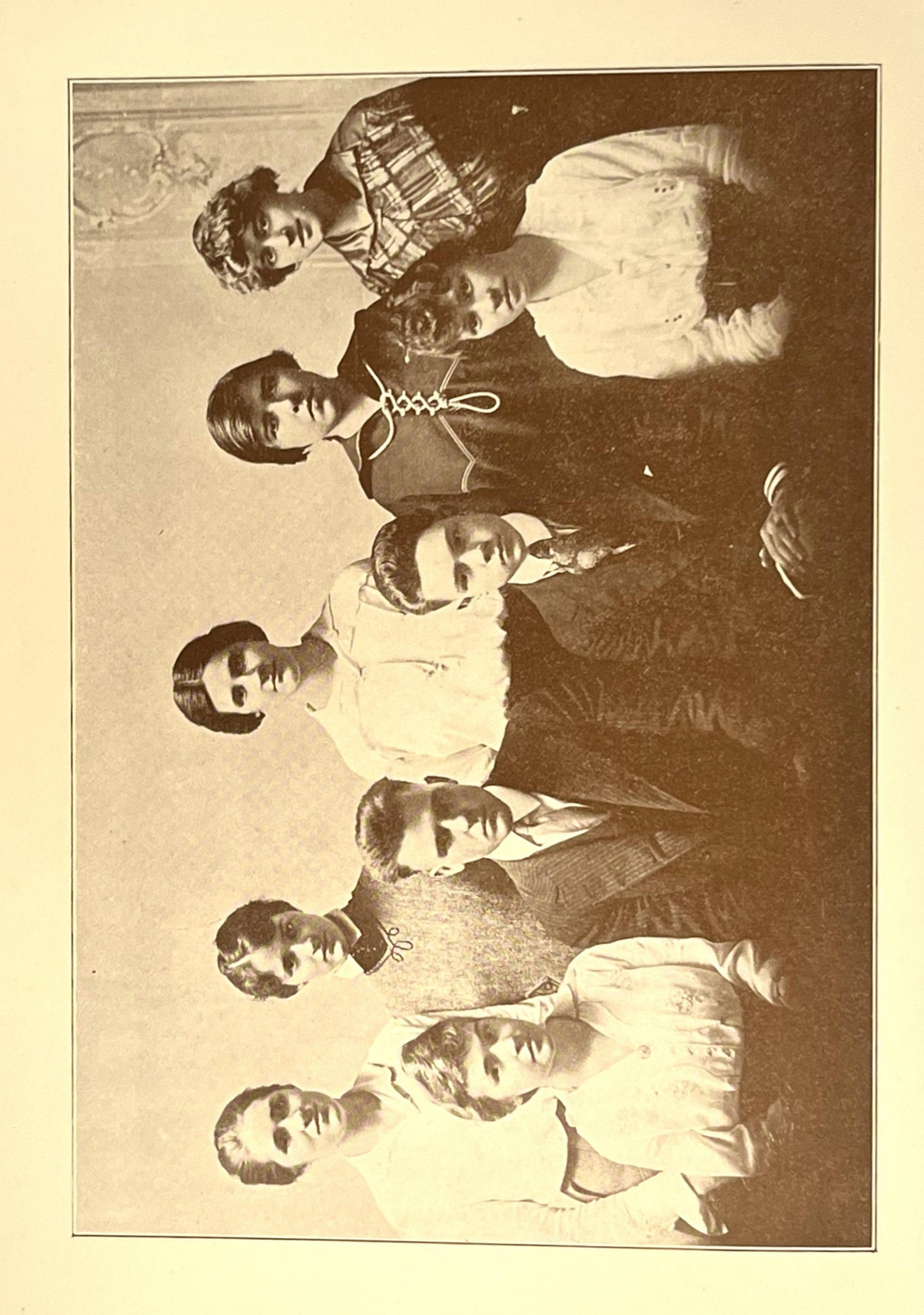
Our teachers, who have opened visions new,
Ideals of worthy effort, breadth of view,
Can mold young minds, as sculptors mold the clay
Which is a formless mass at first, yet they
Can shape it as they will.
Then, if they love the task, perhaps they make
A thing of lasting beauty which will take
The message farther still.

These halls, resounding with our happy noise,
Have been the scene of sorrows and of joys—
Of carefree mirth;
Of friendships made to last throughout the years;
Of brightest hope, and faith, and saddest tears;
Of trial, fine endeavor, and success,
Or noble failure, better than success—
Of truer worth.

O Classmates, Central's children gone before Have made a record, shedding more and more A glorious light.

See to it, that you live within the gleam, And through its light fulfill each noble dream Inspired to-night.

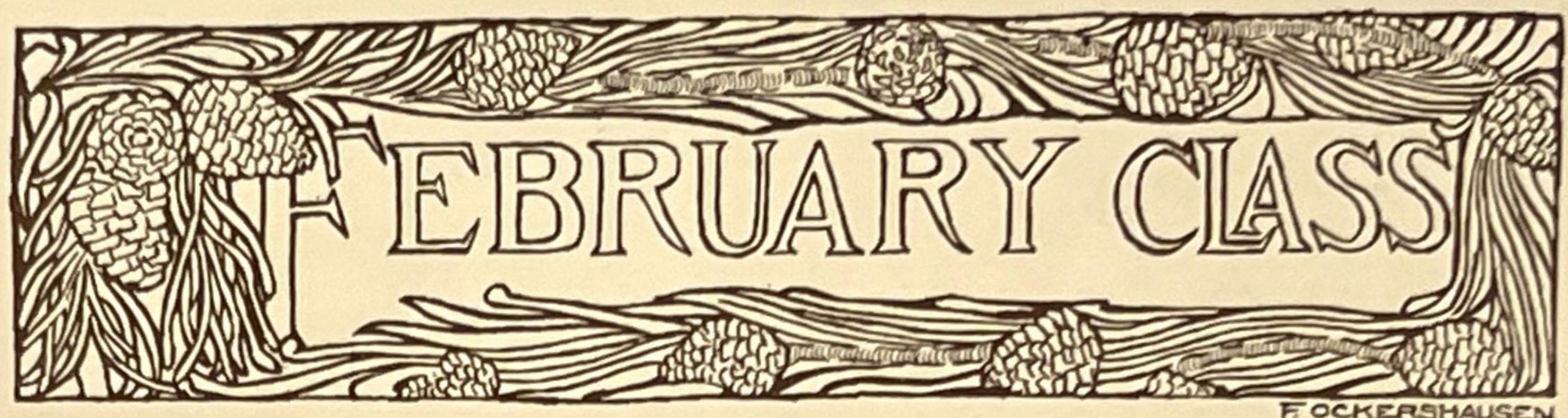
DORIS MABLE COCHRAN, '16.



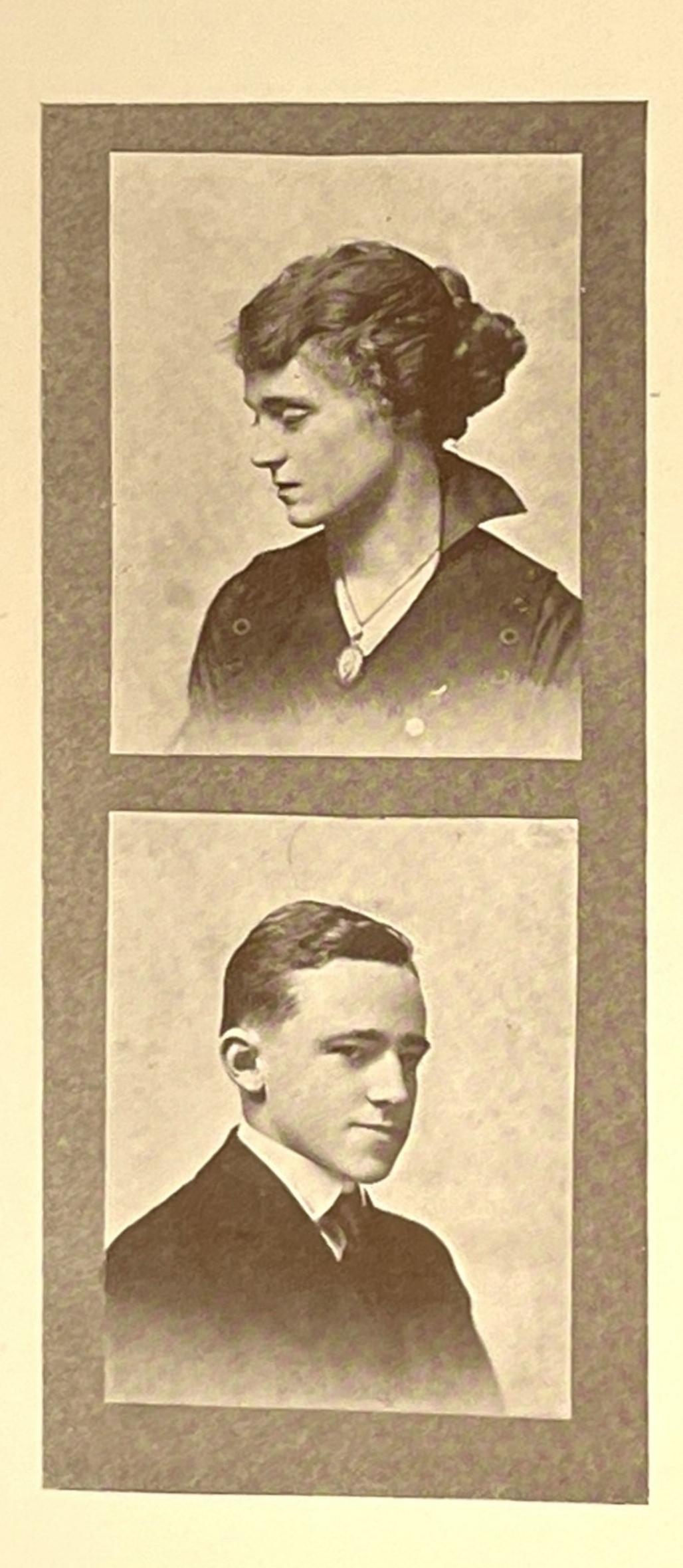
OFFICERS OF THE FEBRUARY CLASS, 1916

Alexander Macdonald	President.
Marjorie Brown	Vice-President.
Frances Fitzpatrick	
James Hornaday	
Valerie French	
Doris Cochran	
Mary Jones	
Ethel Yohe	
Edith Swartwout.	





F OCKERSHAUSEN



FRANCES ARMSTRONG.

"Fritz."

"To spend much time in studies is sloth."

Fritz doesn't need, now she's left school, A course in keeping house by rule. She is an expert at the art, Can make a savory pie or tart;
Bake toothsome bread and dainty cake—
Oh, there's just nothing she can't make.
I'm sure that you'll agree with me
Soon Fritz a blushing bride will be.

JOHN FLETCHER BEAL.

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes, And pause awhile from learning to be wise."

John Fletcher Beal's a silent youth,
And yet his marks are good, in truth.
We don't know, for he never said,
What's going on inside his head;
His thoughts are ponderous and weighty,
He'll know a lot when he is eighty;
But yet he thinks he knows enough,
For in his classes he can bluff.

MARJORIE BROWN. "Mudge." "Mary."

Vice-President February Class.

"It's the little things in life that count."

What is Marjorie's vocation in life? 'Tis being charming, of course! No doubt whatsoever is there, that, sticking to this job, she will ever be a success. What need is there to tell how popular she is, for hath she not been elected vice-president of the class? We have no assurance of what she will do next year, but whate'er it is—good luck!!!

AGNES BRYAN

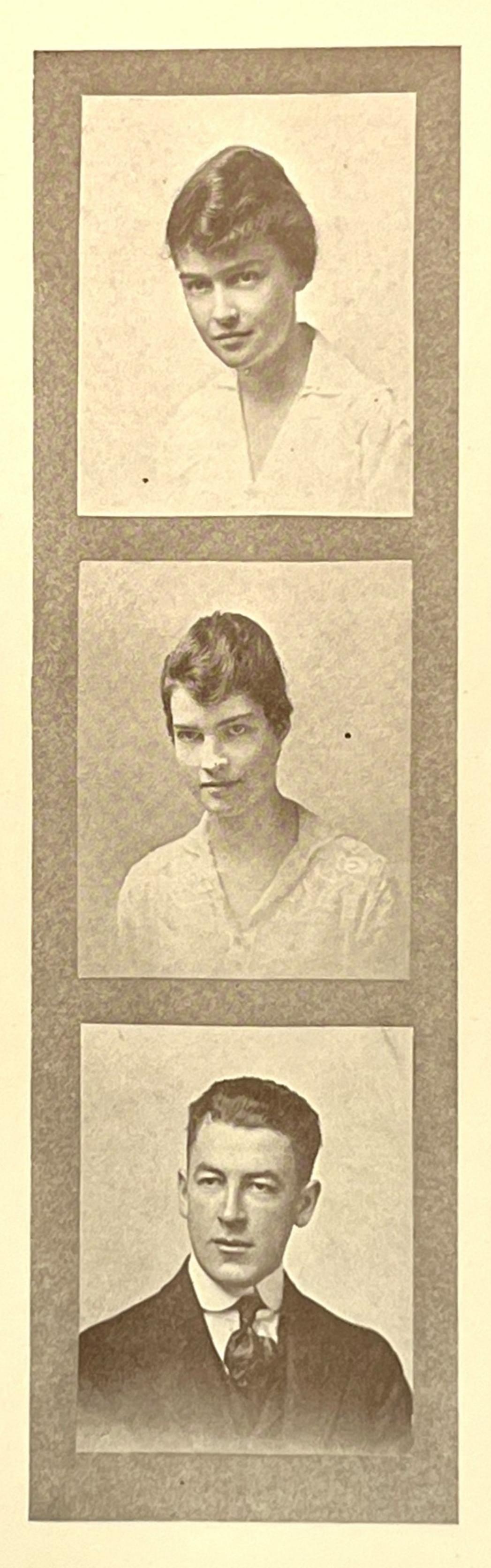
"As good be out of the world as out of fashion."

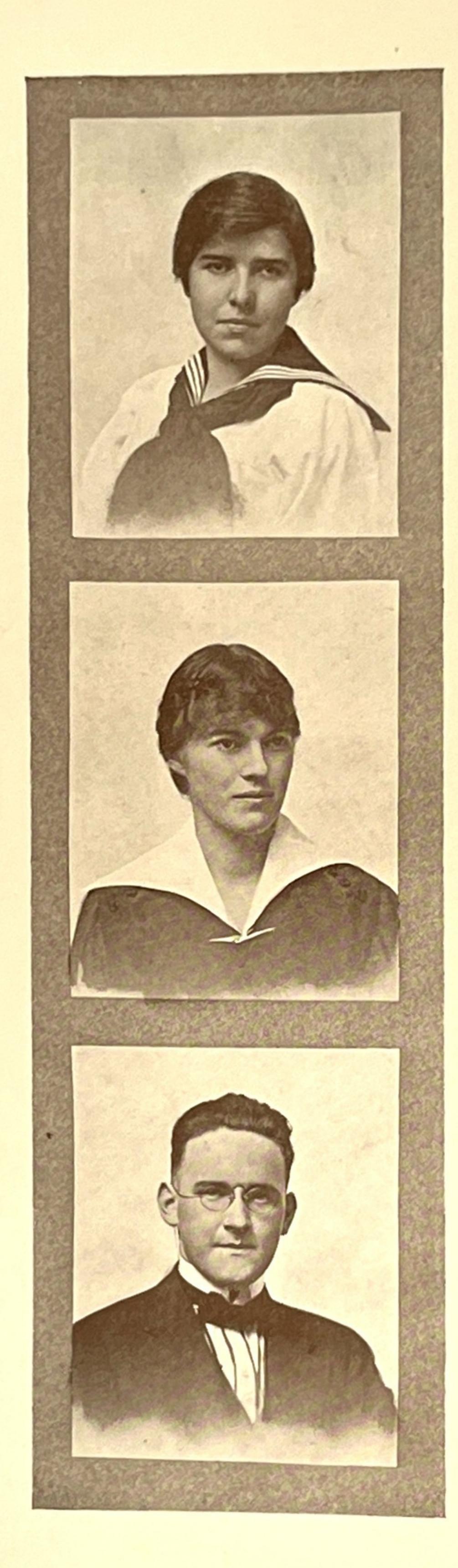
Agnes, we hear, is very clever,
In every practical endeavor;
With pencil, and with needle, too,
Artistic is her point of view;
And who gets Agnes gets a treasure,
For to behold her is a pleasure.
She beats the other girls a mile,
By getting way ahead of style.

"Bill." "Cutey Billy Carey."

"'Tis what I love determines how I love."

Here is our foot-ball hero's mug,
For playing he had quite a bug;
Alas, the team, it did not win,
And Carey slowly lost his grin;
On Ike's big breast he put his head,
And many salty tears he shed;
And oh, Ike's bosom still is wet,
Because the cup we did not get.





DORIS MABLE COCHRAN. "Dot."

Class Poetess.

"She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition."

They have missed much who do not know her,
And many lasting thanks we owe her,
Because in rhyming she is versed;
So when the midyear class dispersed,
Doris as poet we elected,
A gifted girl we then selected.
We'll miss her and her smile sincere;
Artistic will be her career.

MARGARET LOUISE DUCKETT.

"Tweedie."

"Rains may come and winds may blow But she always finds the time For a moving-picture show."

Louise notwithstanding she hath not been associated with any of Central's activities still doth show herself a true Centralite. For hath she not for four years come to Central from Bladensburg? And I say unto you, what greater proof of school spirit canst thou want? And shouldst thou wish to know something about the "movies," pluck up thy spirits, for here is a distinguished authority and there is none better, believe me.

ROGER WILLIAMS EISINGER.

"The gladsome light of jurisprudence."

A TE CONTRACTOR TO THE STATE OF THE

We miss him, now he's gone away;
He's rather quiet, so they say,
But when we see him take HER out,
He must find things to talk about.
To legal learning he aspires,
To be a lawyer he desires;
When in the future we seek such,
We hope he will not charge too much.

HELEN REGINA FISCHER.

"She smiled like you knot of cowslips on a cliff."

Here is our sweetly smiling Helen,
Who likes to eat a water-melon.
And when at last she graduates,
She takes a trip through all the states,
New Hampshire, Texas, and Montana,
Vermont, Virginia, Indiana.
When she returns from mountain range
We fear that she her state will change.

FRANCES FITZPATRICK.

"Fitz."

February Class Secretary.

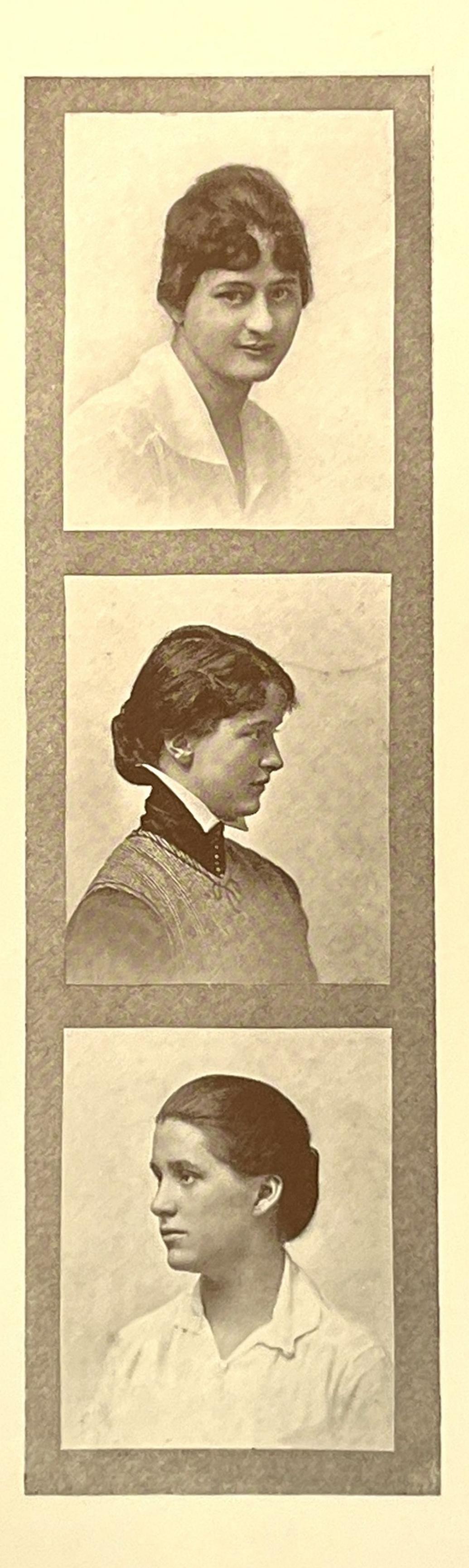
"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose, Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those."

Here is our jolly secretary,
Of all the girls, she is most merry.
Her flashing eye all hearts bewitches;
With magic art she sews and stitches.
Her talents she will not conceal,
But to all eyes she will reveal,
And use them in the open mart;
A millinery shop she'll start.

VALERIE FRENCH.

Valedictorian February Class; Basketball, '16. "Which of them shall I take? Both, one, or neither?"

In our midyear class election,
We made a very wise selection,
For Valerie won victory,
And gave our valedictory.
In basketball she won a C;
A record full of E's has she.
And after all these years of fame,
Elmira College is her aim.





JOSEPHINE GANTLEY. "Jo."

Basketball, '15.

"Black eyes bespeak a lively heart."

When in the night I look afar,
I see a bright and shining star,
And wondering, see it come and go,
Until at last I know it's Jo.
Not in the sky, but on the stage,
Her acting doth all hearts engage.
We hope that through her bright black eyes,
Ambition she will realize.

JAMES HERBERT HORNADAY.

"Jim."

Class Treasurer.

"A business with an income at its heels."

I wonder if this portrait shows
How much of business Jimmy knows;
His talents early he displayed,
And for this reason he was made
The treasurer of the midyear class.
From Washington he'll northward pass;
His Alma Mater next will be
Wisconsin University,
Where he will take a business course;
We hope he'll many checks endorse.

MARY JONES.

"Mary Jane."

February Class Historian.

"I'm joy, joy, joy!"

Oh! Mary's like a breath of spring!
We love to hear her clear laugh ring
Through these old halls of ours.
We love to see her act her part,
And show us what is really art,
On this old stage of ours.
Oh! How we'll miss her ready smile,
With which her friends she doth beguile
In that new school of ours!

HENRIETTA LUBER.

"A miniature of loveliness, all grace."

Here's a pretty, dark-eyed maiden,
With goodness and with graces laden;
Her dancing, oh, it is divine,
Her dresses style with art combine,
She studied here at Central High
'Til it was time to say good-bye.
And now, that graduate she must,
She thought her heart would surely bust.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

February Class President; Captain Baseball, '15; Football, '14-'15.

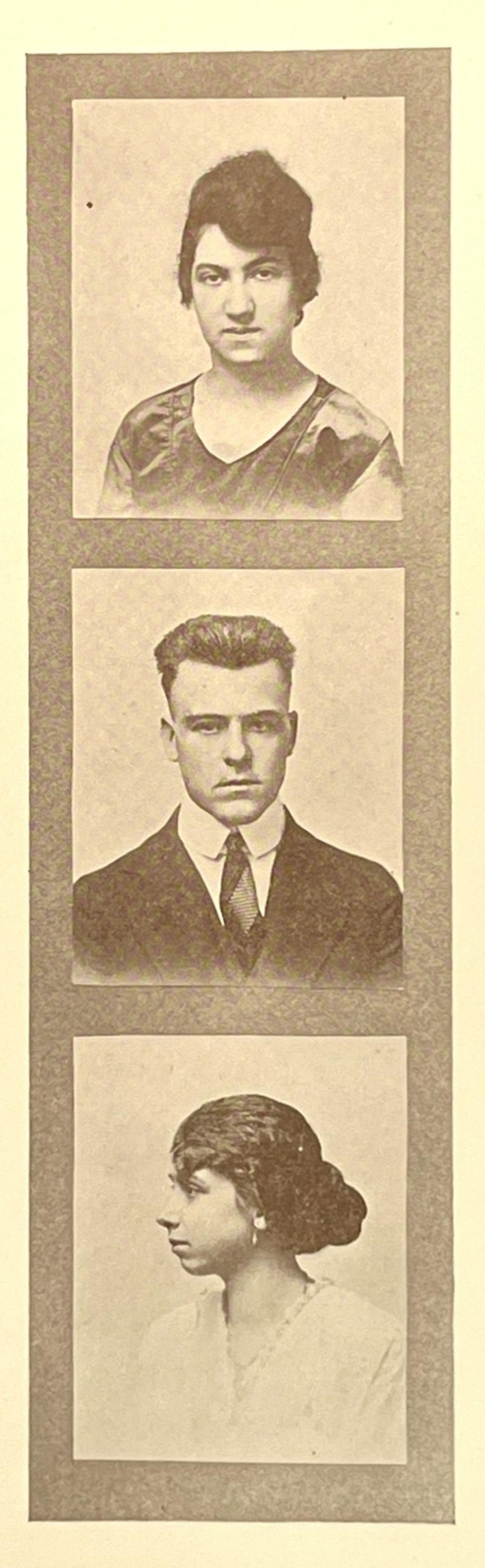
"Triumphant smiles the victor's brow, Fanned by some angel's purple wing."

A star! a star! What, in the sky
Does he shine brightly up on high?
No, on the diamond he gives light,
For baseball playing's his delight.
As captain of the '15 team,
His work at first base was supreme;
In football, too, he's eminent,
And he is our Class President.

MARIE FREDERICKA OCKERSHAUSEN.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare, And beauty draws us with a single hair."

She's very bright up in her head,
For she has brains, her hair is red.
But where she shines most is in drawing,
Her marvelous skill the Freshie aweing.
She'll likely be an artist great,
Her talent never will abate;
Meanwhile she has been teaching art
In graded schools; 'tis just a start.





MILDRED AILEEN PAGE.

"Meemy."

"To make a happy fire-side clime— That's the true pathos, and sublime, Of human life."

Our Mildred has domestic tastes,
She cares for children, sews and bastes.
She's pleasant, frank, and open-hearted,
We'll miss her when she has departed.
In our library she began,
She was instructed by Miss Mann.
In California next she'll be,
At Stanford University.

ROBERTA MITCHELL PATTERSON. "Bobbie."

"She's a winsome, wee thing."

Here hast thou the portrait of the littlest girl in our illustrious mid-year class. But, though Bobbie may be small in size, large is the place she hath won in the esteem of her classmates. Bobbie doth set forth for us the truth of that old adage that the best things come in small packages.

JOHN HARTLEY POTTS.

"Johnny."

Art Editor Brecky.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily."

Beneath his great and massive dome Artistic muses make their home. He likes to paint and figures trace, The drawing room's his favorite place, And here he hopes to get a start, Which will lead him to higher art. So, Johnnie, when you great shall be, Invite us to a studio tea.

LOUISE PROTAS.

"Lou."

"Que dire, je ne sais pas."

To those who do not understand French, "I do not know what to say." But Louise always seems to have something to say, so much so that we fear (tangible proof, fourth finger on left hand) that she will say "Oui" once too often this year. One thing about Louise irritates her friends, for when they are struggling (even the last week) to get through, she merely giggles, but

"She can afford to give the laugh,
For she got through in three-and-a-half."

MARY MARGARET ROGERS. "Polly."

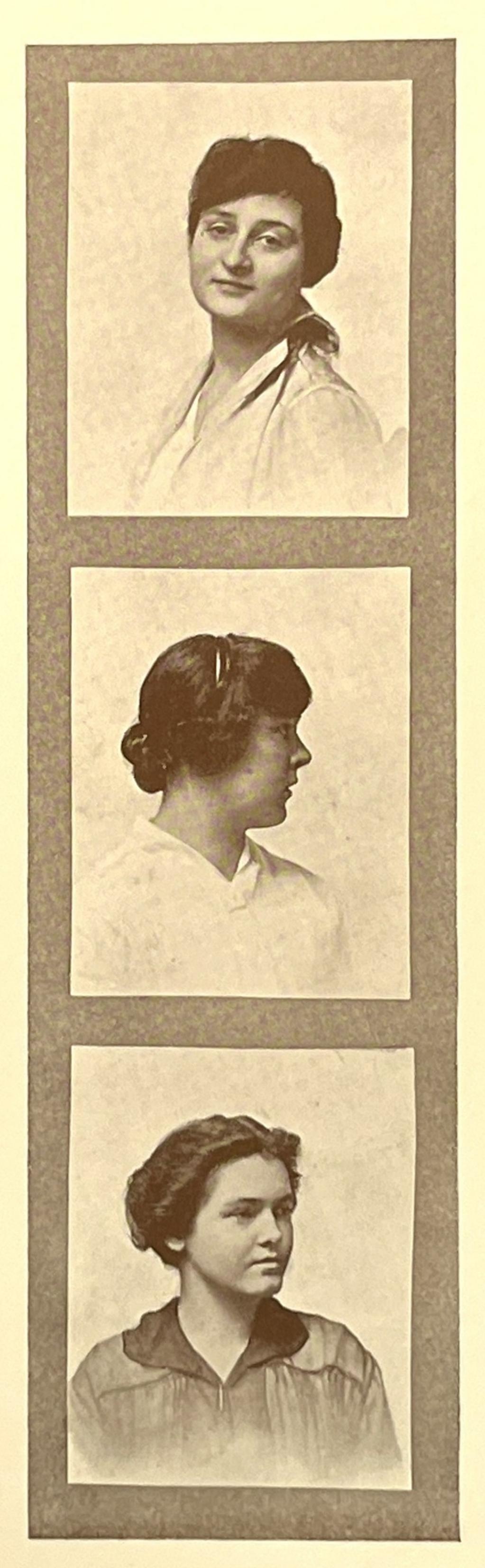
"A cheerful temper joined with innocence."

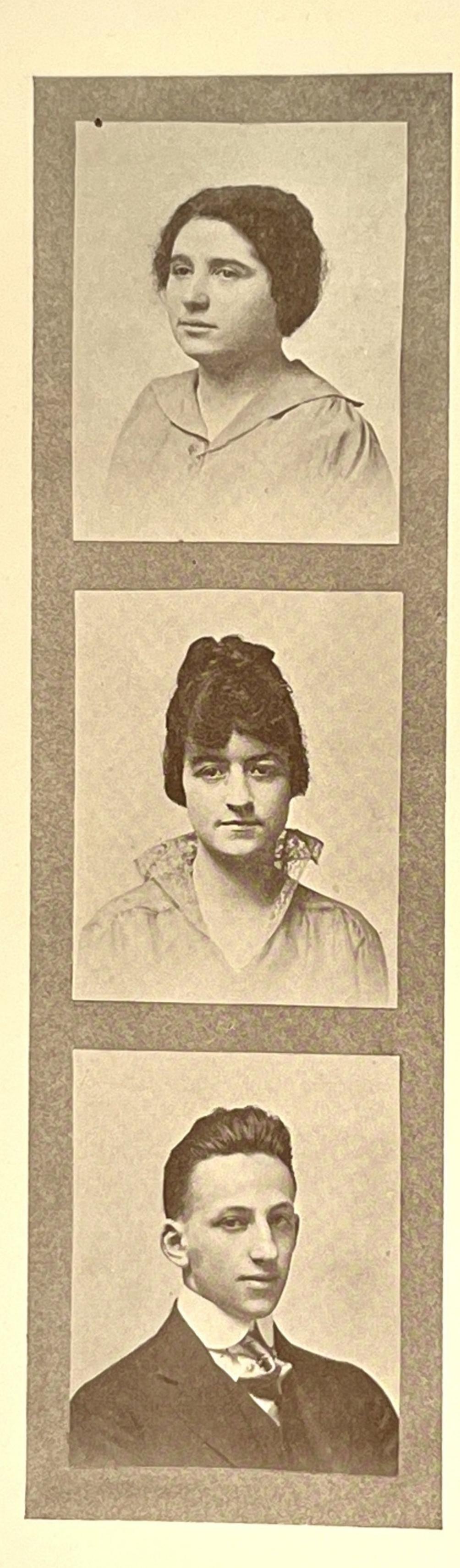
Three years, and then we say, "Good-bye."
(She spent a year at Eastern High),
But since to join us she consented,
We think that she has been contented.
For music she has quite a fad,
Her merry tinkling makes us glad.
Next year at Normal we can reach her,
For she would like to be a teacher.

ARMINA MANNING ROOT. "Marna."

"Fairest and best adorned is she whose clothing is humility."

I sought the muse out in her lair,
(That doesn't sound quite right.)
She said, "I don't see how you dare
To write this wretched verse. You ne'er
Can do your subject justice."
I know the muse has spoken true
For Marna's a real poet.
Her nature's fine right through and through.
If she's your friend I hold that you
Are most uncommon lucky.





ALICE BELLE SCHILLER.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

Oh! Alice is a genius.
She's smarter than the rest of us
Can ever hope to be.
For, what it takes four years to do,
And that with difficulty, too.
She did in only three.

OLA SPRUCE.

"Eyes, black like the berry that grows on the wayside."

Who doth not know and love Ola's charming personality and southern accent? A pleasant companion and valuable friend is she, and lo! how she doth shine when it cometh to getting into mischief! Insomuch as she taketh a great interest in art, mayhap we will be some day gazing upon a canvas which hath won world fame for our schoolmate. Ola telleth us not unto what else her interest might turn (?).

PAUL WAGER STEIN.

"Steinie."

Advertising Manager, Review.

"Some few who ne'er will be forgot."

Unfortunately Paul did waste two perfectly good years of his career at Tech, yet in his short stay at Central he hath certainly made up for lost time. Not having had enough after graduating in February, he needs must come back to tarry until June and let us hearken unto his footsteps through the corridors during classes. But after all in sooth, life is one grand walk, and if thou believest it not, ask thou Paul.

DOROTHY HART STOKES. "Dotty."

"To hear her sing—to hear her sing— It is to hear the birds of Spring, In dewy groves on blooming sprays, Pour out their blithest roundelays."

There's music in the very name of Dorothy; we're glad she came From her old home in New York State; And we will be disconsolate, When to her home she has returned. We know her lessons she has learned. Her face is full of pulchritude, The dimples also we include.

EDITH SWARTWOUT. "Eda."

Basket-ball; February Class Prophetess.

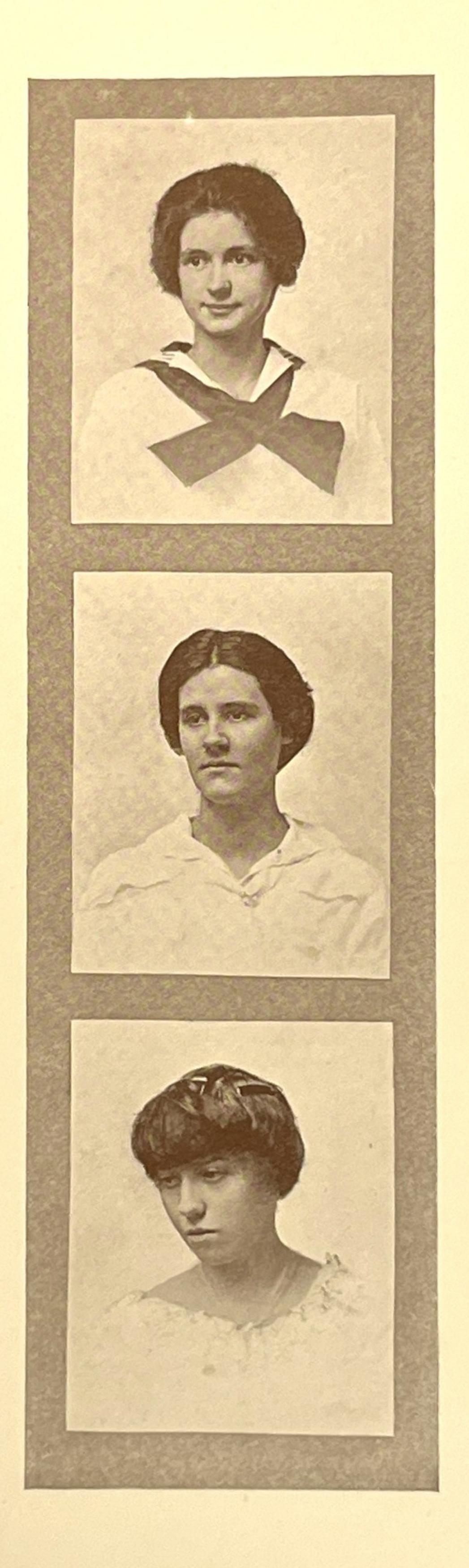
"Tall and straight as a sapling."

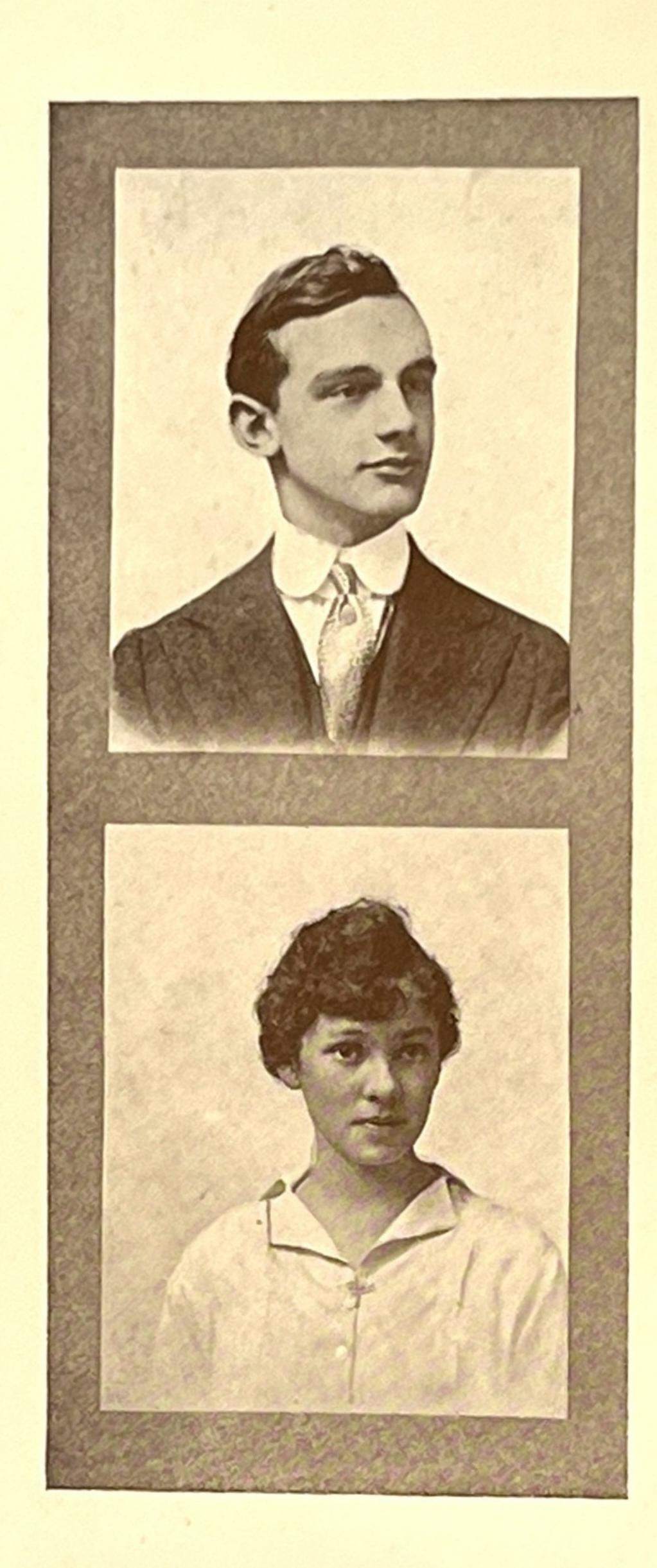
In all her studies she gets "E,"
In basket-ball, this year a "C."
Another honor, can you guess?
She was chosen Prophetess.
And we prophesy in turn,
That other honors she will earn
For this, our tall and dark-eyed lass
Is a leader in her class.

GRACE TAYLOR.

"And she was of a quiet disposition."

In all her classes she's a light,
For oh, she is so very bright.
She smiles, a teacher gives her E,
While we work hard for only D.
She'll go to Normal, we believe,
And many honors she'll receive.
She has a kindly disposition,
And power of mental acquisition.





EDGAR ALLEN VANSANT.

"Literary ambitions had he, and at times a studious one."

Tis just such little pomes as this
That Edgar Vansant writes;
But in some future day, I wis
He'll rank with shining lights.
But really, he is very smart;
He can all gloom dispel,
And now that he must hence depart
His classmates wish him well.

ETHEL YOHE.

February Class Prophetess.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er has it been my fate to meet."

Now everyone liketh Ethel except those who know her, and they do love her. Yea, the youngest girl in the class is she, but none however older hath gotten ahead of her in anything she hath undertaken. Behold thou here a regular little chatterbox according to Professor, but in sooth how could her volubility lessen her in anyone's esteem? This maiden it is said, hath a great fondness for flowers, her favorite among them being sweet William.

JUNE CLASS POEM

The day has come, dear class, to say farewell, And with our going sounds Old Central's knell; Of all her famous classes, ours is last, Soon she will be a mem'ry of the past. This is the last time that a class will meet Within this dearly-loved assembly hall; Let us be happy now; the hours are fleet That bear us hence; and now at duty's call We hasten outward into paths unknown; Alas, our days have all too quickly flown; But we should pause upon the future's brink; Before we part forever, comrades, think: Oh, let us not, for riches or for fame, Do aught unworthy of Old Central's name, For our diplomas we have justly earned, And with our lessons three things have we learned; The first is loyalty, for we have been To Central faithful, did she lose or win; The second, steadfastness; in all the years To come, we should not from our purpose swerve; The third one, courage; whatsoe'er the fears Let us not falter from the cause we serve. O class of nineteen sixteen, ere we part, Let us these words forever bear in heart: Remember always Central's white and blue, And to our school and her ideals be true.

LOUISE CARMAN.

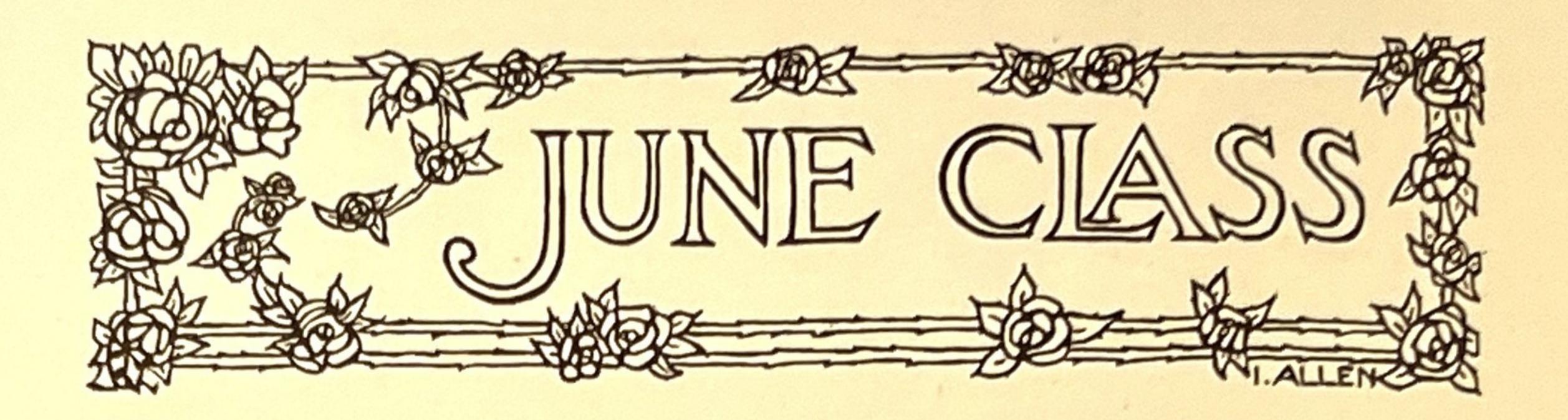


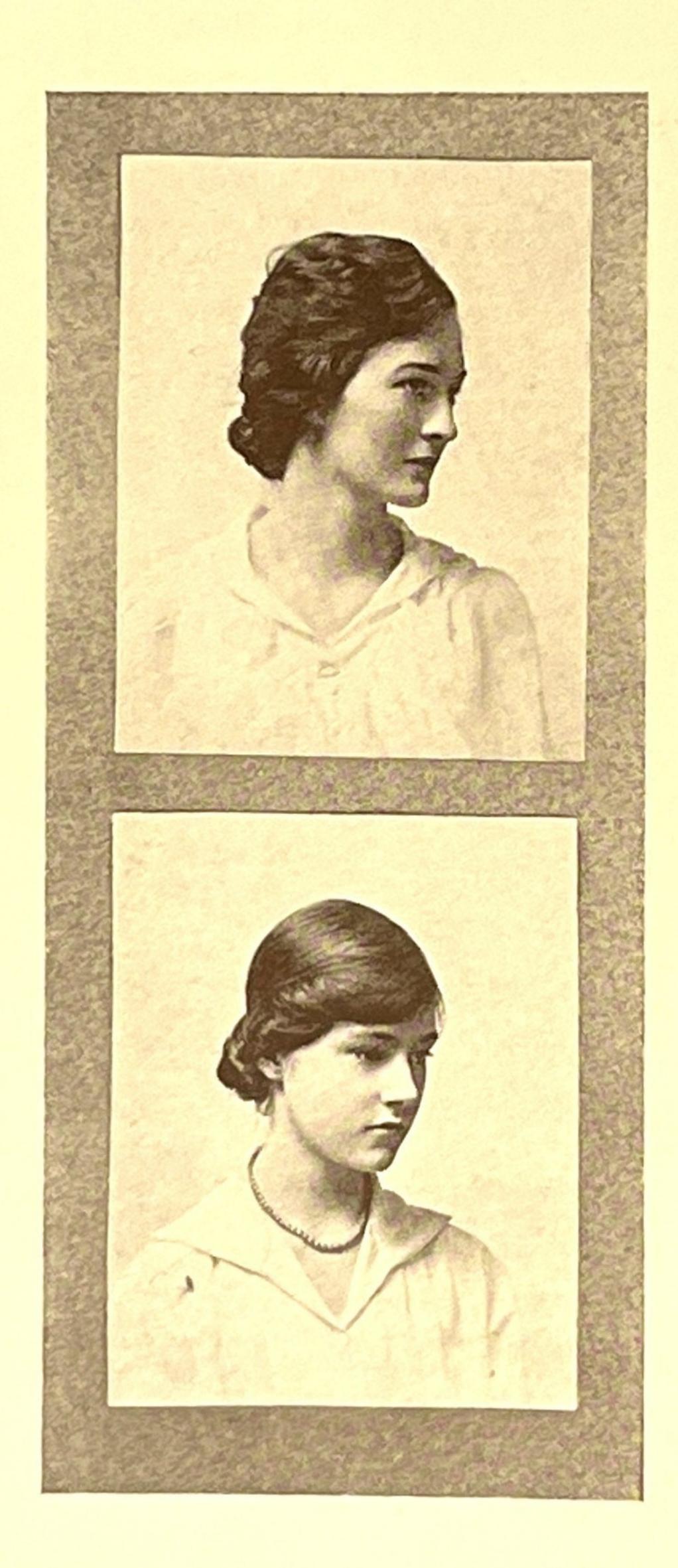


OFFICERS OF THE JUNE CLASS, 1916

Joseph Belcher	President.
Laura Filer	Vice-President.
Marie Hall	
William Flood	Treasurer.
Dorothy Bopp	Valedictorian.
Louise Carman	
Maurice Roberts	Historian.
Ruth Earle	Prophetess.
Margaret Wilfley	Prophetess.







ELISABETH AGEE. "Polly." "Lib."

Dramatic Association.

"The world's a theater, the earth's a stage."

Here thou dost espy the future best leading lady of the world! Forget thou not to watch the electric lights on Broadway for her name! For what doubt is there of her success, with her wonderful talent and her sense of humor to help her? She liketh the tragic, forsooth, but is likewise bubbling over with wit.

MARY ISABEL ALLEN. "Issy."

"I saw her and I loved her."

Here we have the original Harrison Fisher girl. Yea, verily, Issy looketh like unto one that hath come forth from the cover of a magazine. Her chief virtue and accomplishment is heart-breaking, but she also is some dancer—ask thou "Molly." Normal will claim her attentions for the next two winters; but, forsooth, her friends ask, "Wilt thou become a schoolma'am or a 'Porter'?"

JOHN ANDREW AMAN. "Amy."

Major First Battalion.

"There's a brave fellow, there's a manly pluck!"

All the time that "Amy" spendeth not in studying Latin, he putteth into the cadets and therefore he maketh a good major. That he hath the ability to write well is shown by the fact that he was chosen to write up the cadets for both Review and Brecky. The teachers wish for more "Amans" at Central, for he plieth his book with goodly diligence.

MARY ELIZABETH ARNOLD. "Beth."

"Even though vanquished, she could argue still."

Now, the motto of most of us is: "Shine, bluff, or flunk;" any one of which, if we do it gracefully, is considered somewhat of a feat. But, for sooth, into our midst cometh a child prodigy—one who can combine the former two successfully, as her long list of E's testifieth. Beth planneth going to Grinell next year, thence to emerge a dignified school-marm; and in the future shall we hear of her administering knowledge to her defenceless pupils—perchance.

NOTE: Jack cometh now four times a fortnight.

CARLYLE MARTIN ASHLEY. "Ash."

"Every man is or should be an inventor."

He has a store of general information,
Which won for him his teachers' approbation.
He finds unqualified felicity,
Computing volts of electricity.
Next year he hopes to study at Cornell,
And much success in future we fortell.
If great works surely come from good intentions,
Carlyle will make some excellent inventions.





CLARA CLARK BARCLAY. "Angel Face." "Clarice."

"So sweet of face, such angel grace."

Clara hath come all the way from Riverdale, Maryland, to bring us that sunshine and jollity. Nor doth the burden of seven subjects disturb the unruffled calm of her sweet disposition. Verily she playeth the piano like unto a Paderewski and hath a voice of surpassing loveliness, but she can not decide whether to specialize in music or chemistry. It doth appear that she is rather partial to the medical profession—for hast thou not seen those pins?

EMMA DOROTHY BAURMAN.

"Dark hair, dark eyes-not too dark to be full of feeling."

Two years has Emma with us stayed,
And many lasting friends she's made;
And now that we're about to part,
We wish her luck with all our heart;
For she has quite made up her mind;
Next year we'll her at Normal find.
In earnest tones we now beseech her,
"Be good to the kids when you're a teacher."

MARGARET ELLEN BEALL.

"Her lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone; Oh! such were the charms of that eloquent one."

Verily is Margaret one of '16's most gifted girls. An elocutionist and a musician is she, who playeth the violin and piano. Now her dramatic ability maketh itself most evident when she doth read an English paper. Why, she did hold a class spell-bound once on a time for an entire period. Margaret doth intend to go to college. We do wonder if mayhap she will miss the pleasant company she hath been enjoying every morning on her way to school.

JOSEPH WARREN BELCHER. "Buddy."

Captain Co. D; Class President.

"Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts."

In truth here is one who is born to command. For not only hath he been a right good captain of Co. D, but he hath likewise commanded the trust and affection of his classmates, so that they have e'en conferred upon him the highest office in their power to give. But not alone on the field of military manoeuvres and class leadership doth Buddy shine. He was a right staunch and trusty combatant on the football squad, and hath here done battle nobly for his school. To him—all honor!

WILLIAM VOLLRATH BENNETTS. "Bill."

Second Lieutenant, Company I.

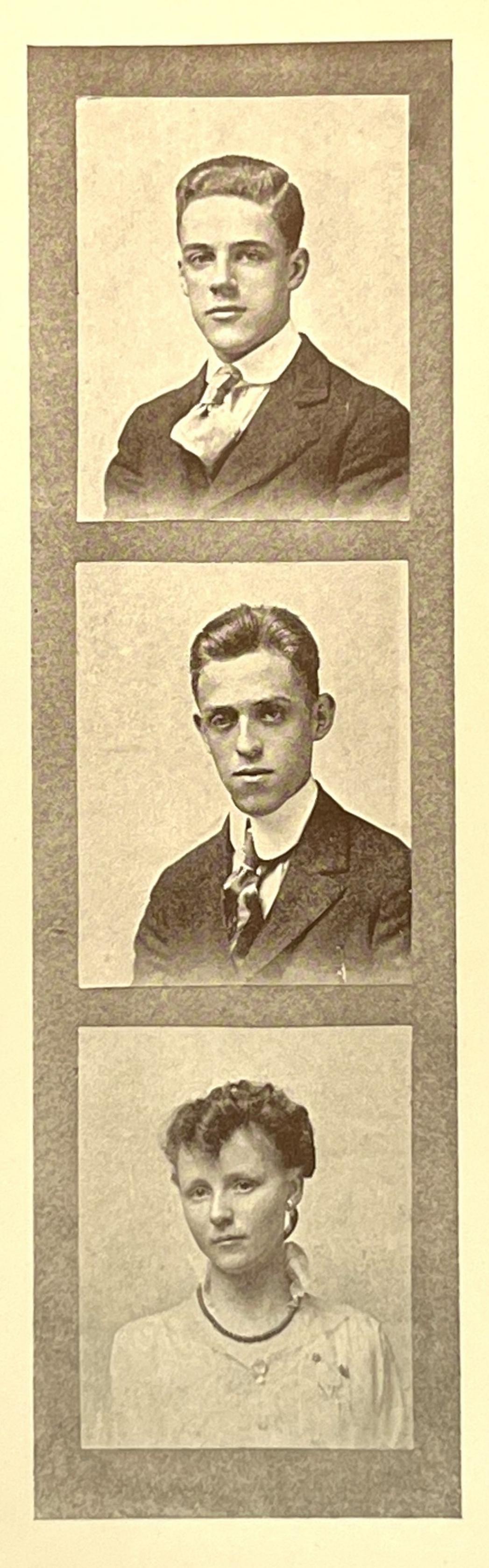
"Girls may come, and girls may go; But I will love them ever."

Here, my good people, have we a specimen of real luck. This summer loafed this guy out west whiles the remainder of us were for our military examinations studying. When he unto us returned, the Military Committee, after only beholding his manly stalwartness—gosh! they did appoint him a second lieutenant. Before our hair turneth white will Bill be a general in the United States (Salvation) Army.

ADA DOAN BENTLEY.

"Her cheek had the pale pearly pink of sea-shells."
"With flaxen hair, and graceful air, and eyes that are appealing."

Why should any one at Central wonder about Ada's future? Yea, here is another romance! Perchance thou hast noticed that Ada is sensible and flighty by turns—forsooth, what canst thou expect of these engaged girls? Of a surety, the ardent Romeo hath nothing on "Reggie."





MILTON PARKINS BIRTHRIGHT.

"Park"

Track 1915-1916.

"For we who hold sage Homer's rule the best, Welcome the coming and speed the departing guest."

Oh, little boy, wouldst thou desire to outrun the swiftest policeman or wisest truant officer, then thou shouldst take lessons from "Park." For two years he hath been on the Central Track team and once on the High School Champion Relay team. But alas, he is different from most athletes, for sometimes he knoweth his lessons. He also possesseth the good habit of loving the ladies.

ELIZABETH WILSON BLAKE.

"Lizzy."

"Let books and all such trash slide."

Lizzy expresseth most frankly her views upon the gentle art of plying books, and they are not the nicest things one could say. Verily should she turn her mind upon Abraham Lincoln, or how our fond parents had needs must struggle through snow, yea snow unto their very ankles, barefooted, etc. She hath her hand in all the fun and misseth it never, hence the views on the afore-mentioned art.

DAVID BLANKEN.

"This social slavery makes me sick when I think of it."

Here beholdest thou the likeness of one who is a Socrates, Jr. Blanken hath a knowledge as great as the combined fortunes of Vanderbilt, Belmont, Carnegie and Rockefeller and as deep as the Atlantic Ocean. But with this great attraction of learning he maketh love to none of the ladies.

DOROTHY GREY BOPP.

"Debbie."

Editor Review; Brecky Staff; Senior Play; Valedictorian.

"Placed on her throne of state she seems a god And sophs and freshmen tremble at her nod."

Here dost thou behold the Editor of the Review, the mighty one, the fair damsel who hath done so many things for the school that 'twould be impossible to do her justice herein for all. Among the rest, let it not be forgotten that she did take the part of Hymen in the Shakespeare Pageant. As for the Review, what need we to speak—for of course thou art a subscriber. Concerning her future career, there is nothing forsooth that she hath not intended to be, from a missionary to an actress—just now 'tis a journalist or a farmer.

MARY EVELYN BULLOCK.

"Ev." "Bully."

"Ah, me! how weak a thing the heart of woman is."

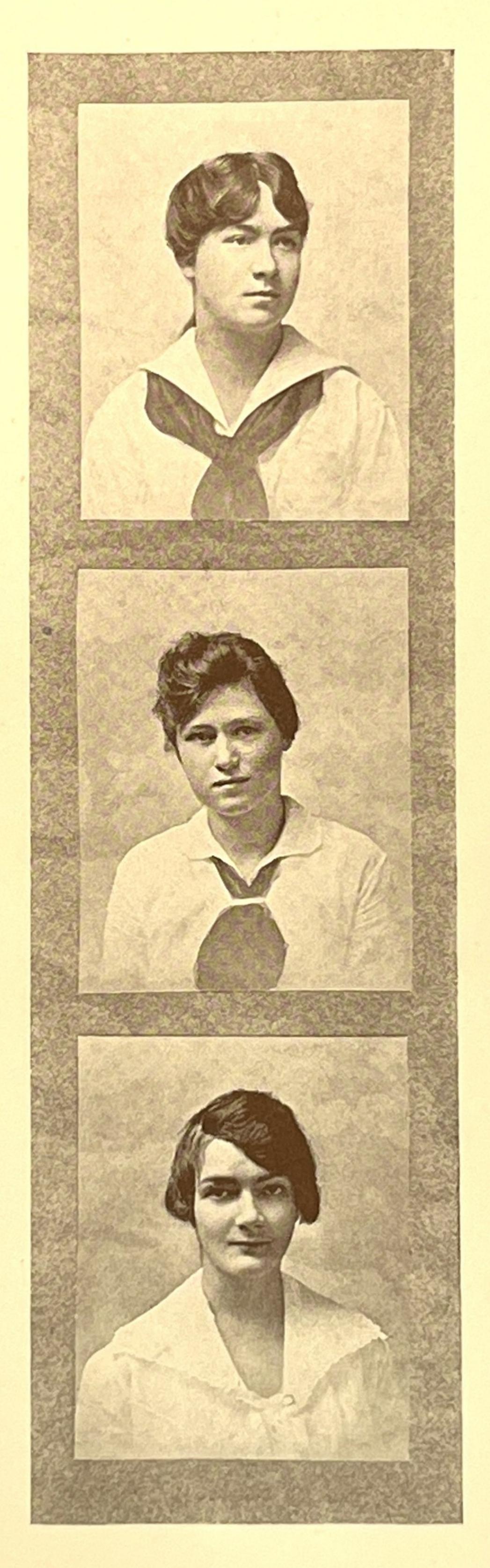
Ev's highest ambition is to put Paderewski out of business; but her fondest desire is to—well, ask thou "Mac." Ev even telleth us that she intendeth to be a cartoonist; all very true, perhaps. If so, "Bud" Fisher needs must seek his living in other walks of life; and the splendor and fame of the hitherto glorious "Mutt and Jeff" will be supplanted by something like unto this: "Their Married Life," by "Mac."

LOUISE CARMAN.

Class Poetess.

"But are ye so much in love as your rhymes speak?"

Biographies galore she versed,
Until she thought her head would burst.
And still Hortense cried, "More and more!"
'Til she thought she'd go crazy sure.
She gave the German Club much aid,
Tennis and basketball she played,
Until, alas, her foot she sprained,
And so a C has not attained.
She'll get some knowledge in her head
At Swarthmore (secret: It's co-ed).





ETHEL LAMB CARNEY. "Eth."

"She smiled all day and at night she smiled some more."

Behold ye, Ethel, who hath an ability to listen, which doth far surpass human conception, for it needs must be thus. She keepeth company with Edith Pierce. See ye also one who marks the time with noteworthy accuracy. She gaugeth her pilgrimage from her respected abode to the house of learning, by the sun; ah, but woe is Ethel! The sun doth beat her to it.

MADALINE HANNAH CARR. "Skeeter."

"When she will, she will, and that is the end of it."

Now do we gaze on the likeness of Madaline, otherwise known as "Skeeter." She is one of the girls who showeth a lot of Central spirit by walking two-miles-and-a-half to the car every morning—except forsooth, when he bringeth her in his car. Madaline hath made no definite plans for the future, but perchance someone hath relieved her of that task—thou never canst tell!

MILDRED MARJORY CAYLOR. "Millie."

"Her very frowns are fairer far Than smiles of other maidens are."

Verily is Millie sweet, gentle, and mild. Ever is she ready to lend a helping hand or to give a struggling classmate a boost. Her cheerfulness is the kind, I warrant thee, that maketh Central to shine with brightness, even upon a rainy day. Now this fair maid hath skill in painting and doth expect to continue studying art after her graduation. Success be thine, Millie!

NATHANIEL CAYTON. "Nathan."

"Every word he speaks is a siren note To draw the careless heaven."

Verily "Nathan" hath the ability to hypnotize. Thou believest it not? Then thou shouldst listen to him, oh doubtful reader. He hath the wonderful fluency of a Cicero, the insurmountable logic of a Burke, the sonorous voice of a Webster, the gestures of a Bryan, the reputation of a Walter Johnson, and the vocabulary of all of these. Whether he intendeth to become a politician, a preacher, a lawyer, or just an ordinary orator we predict a great future for this young Demosthenes.

A. VICTOR CERCEO.

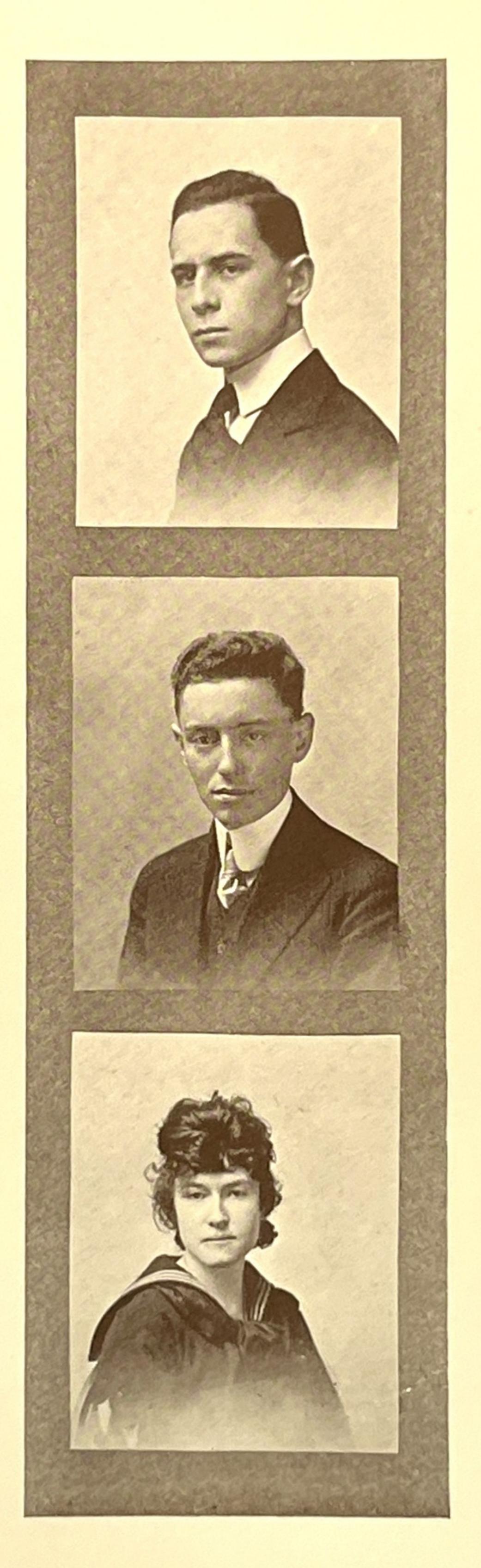
"This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I."

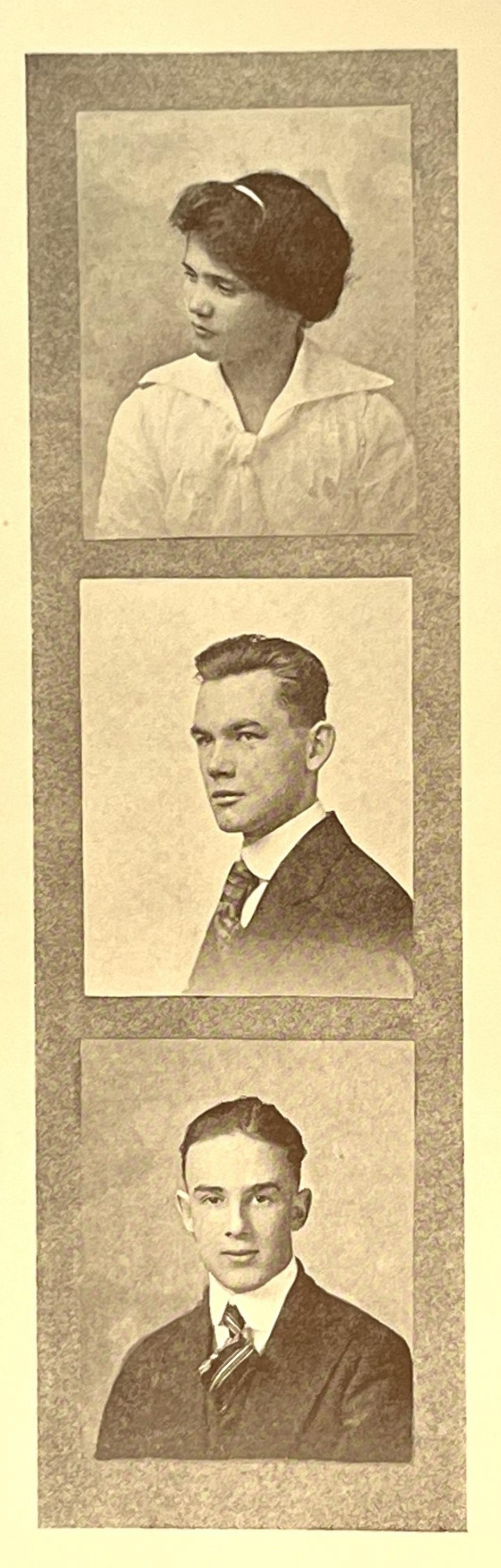
Although Cerceo hath not the title of a major or a captain, nor a long string of C's or E's, he holdeth tightly to one thing; that is, the reputation of being a good fellow. Aye, and think ye not lighly of this, for hath he not alway been there with bells on to lend a hand? He hath, and more thereto; his worthy companions have, indeed, a way of sticking to him; for they have gained knowledge of what his friendship means.

LUCY MARY CLARK. "Buddy."

"Then a little dab here, and a wee pat there, And a touch or two to her hindmost hair."

Verily one time she was held up for her life's history, when she was not looking, which occurreth not often. She looketh always, for which reason hath she found good times in abundance. She stateth that her leaving Central grieveth her deeply, for she would needs must do a little work as her Maw and Paw would have no loafing around their house. Nevertheless see we other attractions at school, and they be not studies.





AMY ISABEL CLARKE.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

In industry this little maid
Casts all the others in the shade,
For she is busy with her tatting
When other girls would just be chatting;
Though she does not her skill display,
We've been informed she can crochet;
She thinks that teaching's her vocation,
She'll take a Normal preparation.

JOHN W. CONNELLY, JR. "John." "Nellie."

Track Team, '15-'16; President German Club, '16.

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Once on a time before he came to Central did John betake himself to Germany, wherefore since then he hath ever been the star German pupil. That is why, forsooth, he is president of the German Club now. Some there are who call him "Nellie," but just thou start playing with John too much, and soon wilt thou find that he's anything but what his nickname doth seem to indicate.

THOMAS FRANCIS CONNOR. "Con."

"All his ways are pleasantness, And all his paths are peace."

Knowest thou what it is which talketh and yet remaineth quiet? No, thou dost not. It's Connor. It's funny how this guy raveth in English and math, and when physics rolleth around remaineth silent—which meaneth that the wise chap speaketh only when he knoweth that of which he speaketh, verily.

RUTH MERRILL COOK.

"Rufus." "Cookie."

"Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow Bright with intelligence."

There came once on a time a freshman of surpassing timidness—and now, lo! do you behold this same little maid blossomed into a young lady, still somewhat quiet, yet delighting in gayeties as well as anybody. But especially doth she walk off with the E's—five of them. Truly must it be monotonous to get such a report always! Some one hath called Ruth a budding authoress. And how she doth read Greek! Verily, what can she not do?

FELIX ERNEST CRISTOFANE, JR.

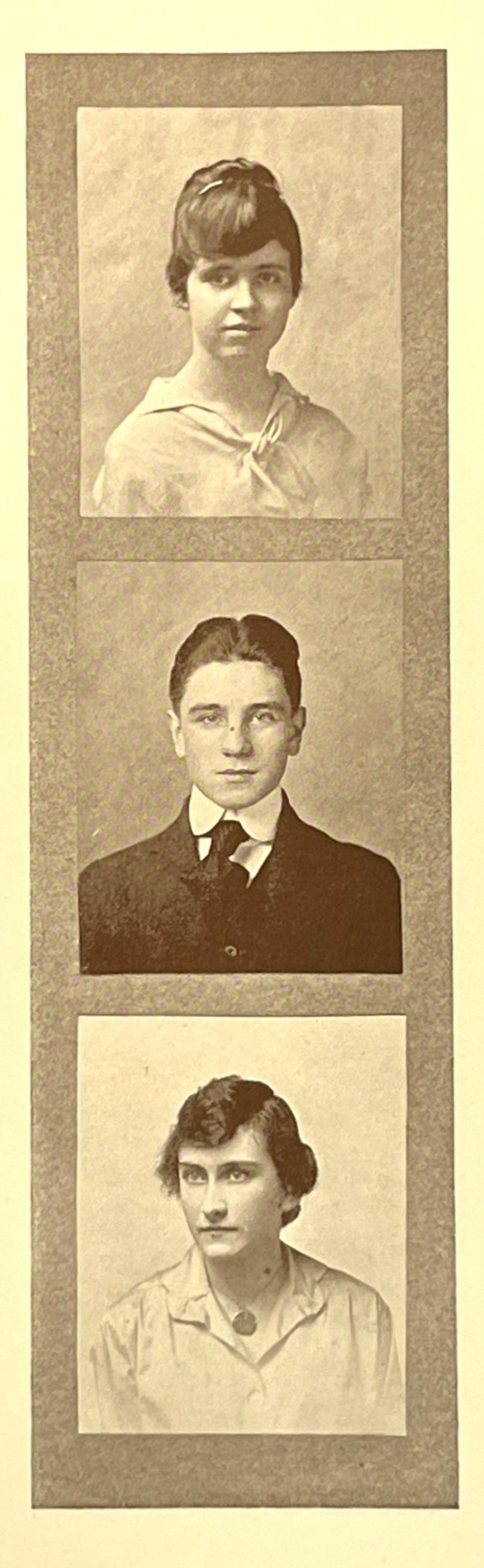
"Exhausting thought, And living wisdom with each studious year."

When those of this illustrious class were once poor little sophomores, did Felix once recite Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and quoth Mrs. Walton, "Verily, do I doubt mine own ears; hath this youth spoken Lincoln's words, or is it Lincoln who hath the imitation been?" And as a runner—

MARY ESTHER CROGGON.

"Her deep blue eyes smile constantly."

Here do we have the young lady that can't be "bossed"—willful Esther. Everyone admireth Esther's "spunk" and doth know that she will ever be the leader of her friends. She hath made for herself not only an enviable scholarship record, but also a host of friends. Verily she scorneth not a good time; so prithee think not that she doth incline to be serious. Next year she hath hopes of going to a finishing school.





FLORENCE CELESTE CROSSMAN. "Henrietta."

"Far from the gay city and the ways of men."

She dwelleth at Falls Church, but blame her not; for she had but few years, but little experience, and less judgment, when her parents did spy out this place from where it did hide, to make it their most respected abode. Thou shouldst see Florence as she danceth the polka during physical training. She saith that her grace cometh from

"Looping the loops, And shooting the shoots, On the old Fall River Line."

GLADYS ISABEL CULBERTSON. "Glad."

"Not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves."

Behold ye, for this is the history student of the class of Mr. Jones. For, can she not impart to thee all wisdom and knowledge from the goodly height of Thomas Jefferson to the goodlier financial measures of Alexander Hamilton? She can. Aye, and e'en more, too; but, alas, we do lack space. Next year, 'twill be at Vassar that she will her good record continue.

TRACY ENFIELD DAVIS. "Legs."

"The best clowns are never seen in the circus."

"Legs" is not out for school athletics, but for making the girls laugh. He hath no equal in Central at sight translation of Latin (which he is supposed to have prepared.) Besides his scholarly virtues, which are beyond question, and his great height, which no one dareth assail, Tracy hath the reputation of being a good fellow, for he willingly taketh a joke, and entereth into anything, no matter how risky it may seem.

ALBERT STANLEY DeNEALE.

"Stanley."

Captain Company B.

"In stern fight a warrior grim, In a camp a leader sage."

Tak'st thou off thy specs, and look again, saith the Brecky reporter; and, for sooth, look thou close, for this is no ordinary specimen. Not only is this guy, verily, the captain of Company B; not only doth he, of a truth, secure all E's—yea, from this time forth, even for evermore; not only is he a goodly shot with the fire-arm; but indeed, hath he an extreme infatuation for our only Flower. Yea, and he is also some fine fellow.

EMMA ELIZABETH DEUTERMANN.

"An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair, And fell adown her shoulders with loose care."

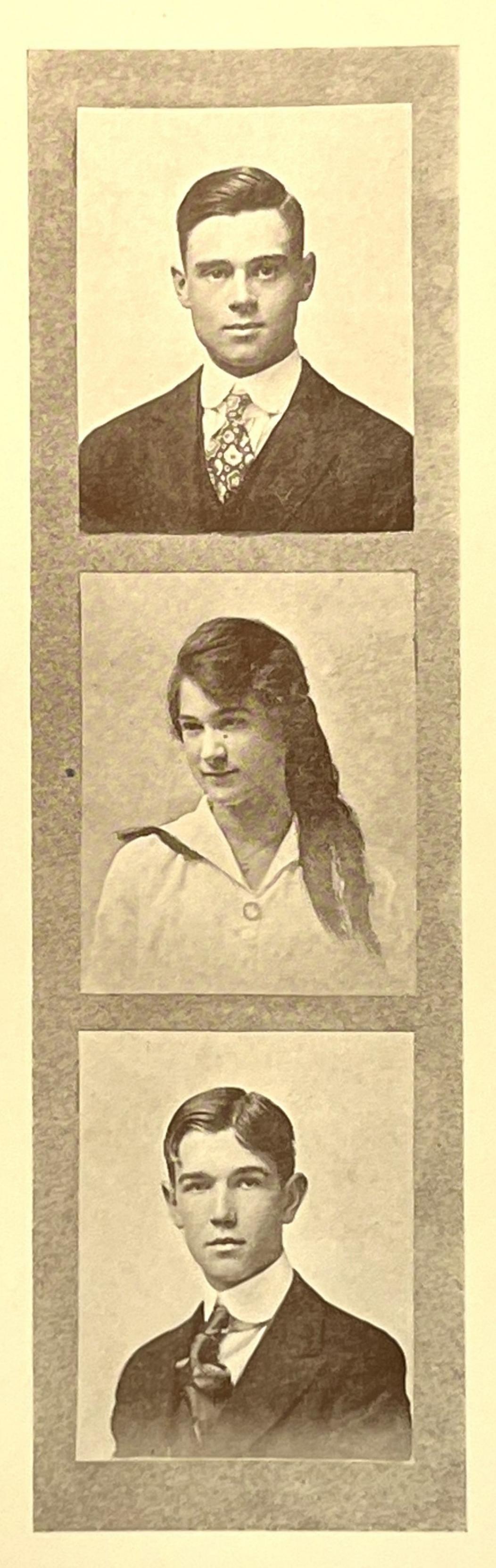
This gracious girl, whose name is Emma, Was once found in a sad dilemma, When in a skating costume nice, She reached the pond, there was no ice! She spends her time, when she's not skating, The violin manipulating. She doesn't like affairs too formal; And next year she will go to Normal, To study history and logic, Preparing to be pedagogic.

HAROLD H. DEWHIRST.

Battalion Adjutant.

"He was a scholar exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading."

Or rather, "He saith naught, but saweth wood." And, gentle reader, thou canst bet thy new straw hat—the one with the dinky little ribbon round it—that the wood he saweth is of a truth the best there is. The scribe knoweth not what this youth would fain do after he leaveth Central's halls of learning, but, whatever his aim, he will succeed, an he doth pursue it with e'en a fraction of the energy and steadfastness of purpose which he hath shown here.





DOROTHY EUGENIA DIAMANT.

"Lo, I was born for rejoicing, come with me, all who would be gay."

Have ye all heard of the slow train through Arkansas? Yea, but it needs must have likened itself unto the Twentieth Century Limited; for see what a charming maid it brought into our midst. Ye who consider yourselves educated, hearken and blush; for, after gleaning all the knowledge held out by Jonesboro High School, did she come unto us. Twas not here that she did call a halt upon her thirst for learning. Nay, next year she goeth to Randolph Macon.

ANNIE MARIE DOBKIN.

"Dark eyes-deep dyed in all that's true."

Annie's liked on every side,
Her industry fills us with pride;
For, long detained away by sickness,
She made up all her work with quickness.
George Washington will be her college;
Then she will use the heaps of knowledge
She in those classic halls amasses
To edify her little classes.

LORRAINE DORAN. "Lorry."

"How know you that I am in love?"

This is our sweet obliging Lorry,
And when she leaves us we'll be sorry.
She spricht her deutsch extremely well;
And yet we've often heard her tell,
That chemistry's her favorite class,
We wonder how this comes to pass.
At history she is not bad,
Yet Cupid is her favorite lad,
Because he's such a clever Bowman.
Now isn't that just like a woman?

MARIAN J. DROWN. "Speed."

"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes."

The sky rolleth up its clouds in darkness, even unto three Latin exams in a row, but still she weareth a cheerful smile. Yet wherefore should Marian be daunted when she doth make good marks and still see every new "movie" at the same time? And who is there that hath heard and remembereth not, how she doth recite "On the Road to Mandalay"? And knowest thou not her verses inspired by our English class in war over Jane Austen?

STANLEY B. DUFFIES. "Duff."

1st. Lieutenant Co. C, 2nd Alumni Cadet Prize '14.

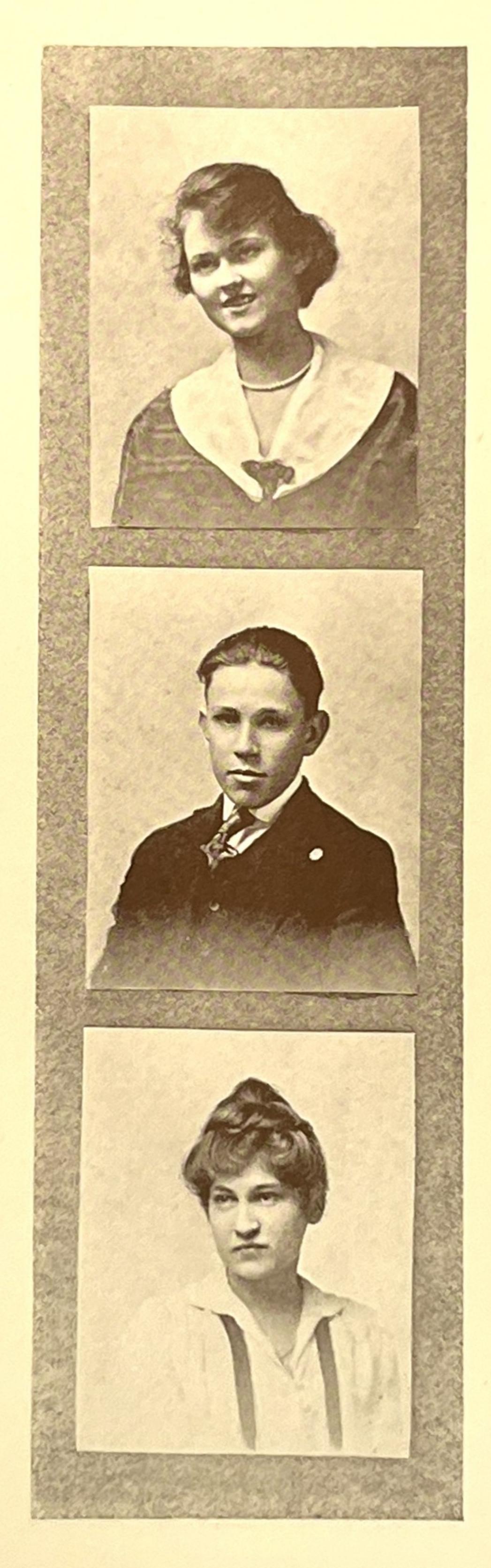
"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Think not, friend, that our gentle Duffies is a woman hater. Not so. But the fair maids all round about just cause him great anguish of spirit. But in the company of fellow-warriors and other members of the sterner sex his is the wit that most often doth turn a merry jest—in good sooth the life of the occasion. Everybody doth give Duff a hearty welcome, and all men like him for his many sterling qualities.

LILLIAN STODDARD Du PAUL.

"Her face betokened all things dear and good."

To be sincere is Lillian's aim, and truly doth she appear to be successful too. Now for knowledge concerning her intellect must thou rely on the number of E's on her report; for Lillian is not addicted to making a pedantic display. She doth wish to attend a Domestic Science school next year. True there are some who have been inclined to believe that a certain young man desireth her to acquire knowledge in this line more than doth Lillian.





MARTHA E. DYER. "Marthie."

"And little Marthie is sweet sixteen."

Of what thinkest thou when thou thinkest of Marthie? Martha, in sooth, and yet something else; and it is this: "Wantest thou to buy a ticket for the German Dance?" For such was Martha's slogan from February to April 23, when the memorable German Club Dance came off. Then, too, when thou thinkest of Martha thou needs must see in thy mind's eye something fearfully bright; for she hath passed through, and with laurels, in three and a half years. She now hath the intention of going to Wellesley next year. Nay, friend, Wellesley is not co-ed—but, forsooth, Marthie is but sweet sixteen.

RUTH SARAH EARLE.

"Brownie."

"I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,
I am no orator as Brutus is; I only speak right on."

This fair countenance showeth not the marks and scars of exams, alas, lost and unpassed. She loveth not over-muchly to study, but gladly cooketh, talketh, yea very gladly, and readeth of "King Edward." One suggesteth that she give unto others a chance to even murmur faintly, but on she chattereth, remarking, "Soma lika de salt, soma de sug, but I lika de pep." She loveth also Betty Murray, and—

MAY BLANCHE EINSTEIN.

"O this learning, what a thing it is."

"But O, she dances, such a way,"
She is graceful, she is gay,
All these nice things we can say
Of our merry, lively May.
And though around the room she looks,
This does not keep her from her books,
For with her study and her brains,
We know that many E's she gains.
But when with high school she is through,
She does not know what she will do.

OLIVER B. EXLINE.

"A light heart lives long."

Behold the photo of the man
Who through the high school halls once ran,
And gained the class room just in time
To hear the morning bell's last chime;
Or else at half past nine strolled in,
And greeted us with cheerful grin.
When e'er he oped his mouth and spoke,
There always issued forth a joke.

ROBERT LEE FARIS.

"Bob."

First Lieutenant, Company B; President Rifle Club.

"Sweet are the words of Love, sweeter his thoughts; Sweetest of all, what Love nor says nor thinks."

"Flirt, and the world flirts with you; love and you love alone"—this putteth Bob in a class unto himself. Moreover, in sooth, the guy is some shooter (who said bull—?) and is president of Ye Olde Rifle Club. Again goeth he into a class of his own. But, verily, indeed, is he also a First Lieutenant in that respect also. Thus one needs must see that our general opinion of Bob is still a trifle "Haysey."

ROBERT ASHBROOK FARMER. "Bob."

"Guide, philosopher, but friend."

Bob haileth from Oklahoma. But he showed that he had that much sought after virtue, "good sense" when he picked out Central. Bob hath taken his due share in school activities, although not quite his share of the honor for it. He firmly maintaineth that he is neither a "guide" nor a "philosopher," but if thou hast seen how kindly he guideth his erring class mates by his philosophy of life, which seemeth like unto that of Mark Twain, thou wouldst then understand the truth of this quotation.





LAURA MARIE FILER.

Class Vice President, Manager Basketball, Art Editor Review, Brecky Staff.

Born to excel and to command;
As by transcendant beauty to attract all eyes,
To rule all hearts.

It hath been said, "Actions speak louder than words"—so let it be with Laura. Look thou to the Review covers—for verily they need not our poor word to praise them. Or look thou to Laura herself—and nowhere in the class shalt thou find a maid more beautiful. Nor shalt thou find one more beloved—for truly have we not unanimously made her our class vice president to show our appreciation of the unselfish services she hath always rendered the school?

MARIAN FINCH.

"Finchie."

"To love is human."

Finchie we call her, yet verily is she better known as Marie's "bigger" half. Finding the schools out West inferior, she did wisely determine to join our Junior Class, making a "large" addition. Insomuch as she did not arrive in time to "gather the rose of love whilst yet 'twas time," she findeth Civics class at once the delight and abomination of her soul. Now in truth hath Finchie an especial dislike for competitive drills, for 'twas there she learned the unfortunate truth.

AUBREY D. FISCHER.

"Fish."

Sergeant Co. B.

"If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number, Yet there's pleasure at least, in a change."

Hast thou not heard the roaring voice of Aubrey as he maketh some little rookie in Company B mend his ways? Indeed Aubrey maketh many friends, both boys and girls, but nary an enemy hath he. He reciteth French even better than the teacher speaketh it. So thou seest that this young man possesseth a brilliancy in his studies, which surpasseth all.

WILLIAM JOSEPH FLOOD.

"Bill"-"Floodie."

Business Manager Brecky; First Lieutenant Company I; Review Staff; Senior Prom Committee; Chairman Senior Night Committee; Class Treasurer.

"The man that's worth while is the man who can smile When everything goes dead wrong."

Listen and attend, oh Best Beloved, for here seest thou the man behind the gun of the class. Perchance thou hast wondered about the success of the class activities? Then cease, for Bill solveth the problem, at least financially. The unfortunate merchants of Washington crawl beneath their desks when he approacheth; but it profiteth them not, for he departeth with his pockets bulging with their worldly wealth. Tis his unruffled and eternally calm disposition which hath averted many a crisis in our financial world.

KATHERINE HARRISON FLOWER. "Kitty."

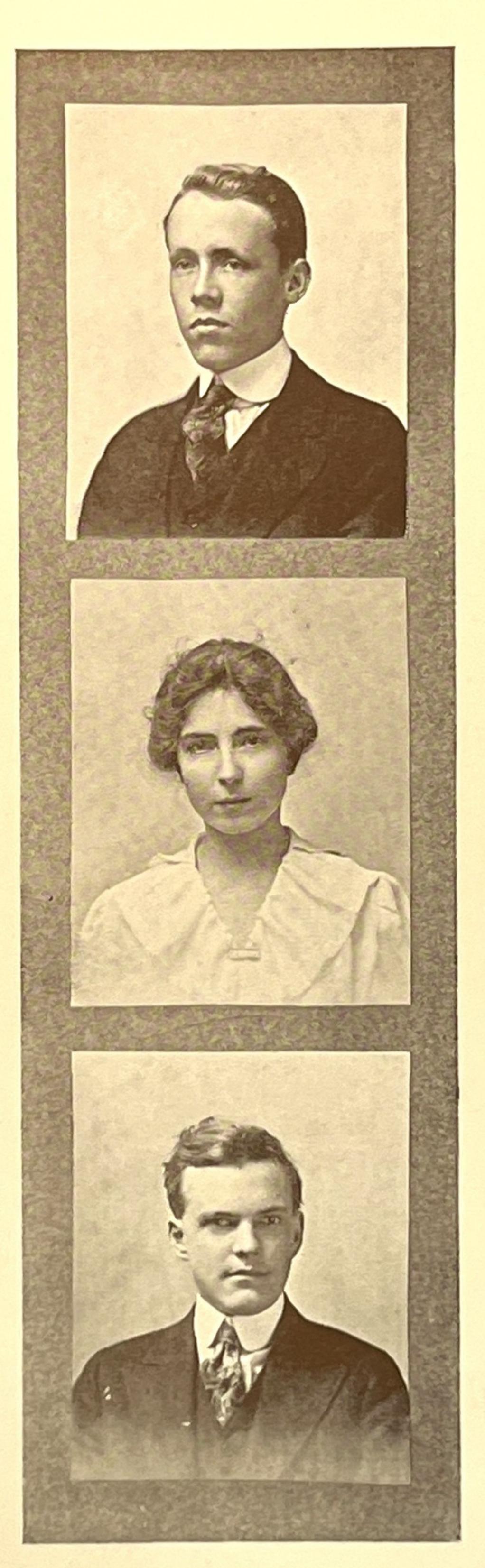
"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

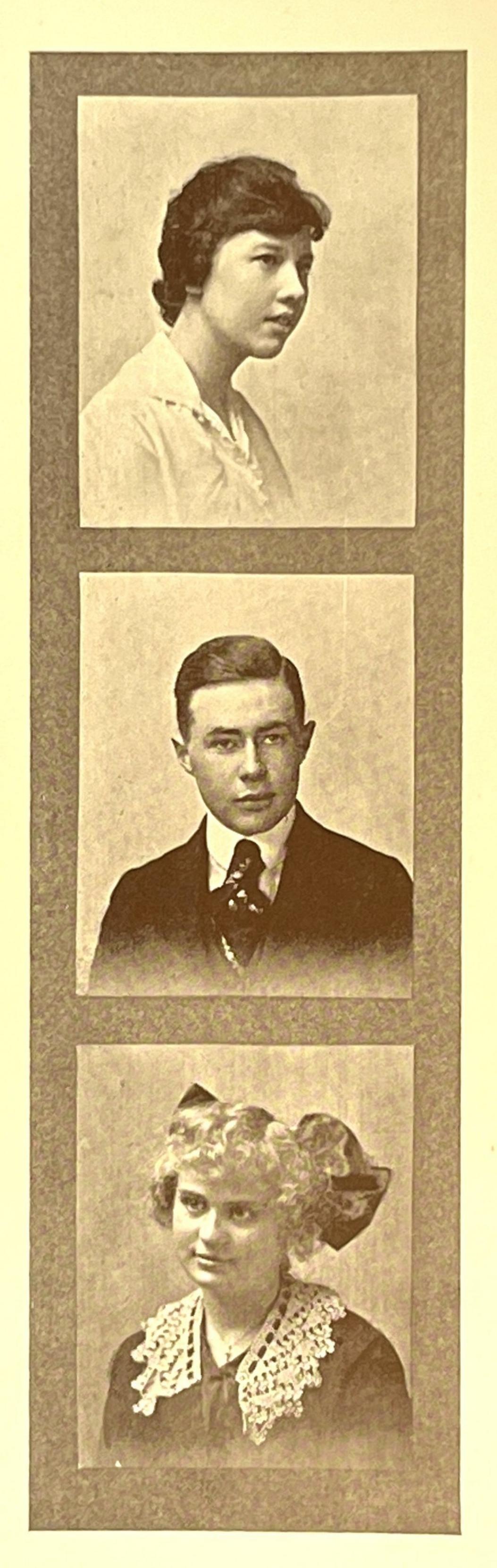
Katherine hath entered not any of Central's interests, except the pursuit of "excellents," at which she succeedeth well—yea even unto college Latin. Verily now, ought not Company B to win the drill with such a sponsor? This so lovely a Flower will bloom at Smith College next year, though for sooth she preferreth to study for the manly profession of an architect.

THEODORE E. FORBES. "Teddy."

"I love tranquil solitude, and such society as is quiet, wise, and good."

Look into those eyes, friend, and there see genius burn. And, withal, thou wilt see as well a right frank and honest wight. Dost thou think 'twould embarrass him to tell a member of the august faculty his opinion on any subject whatsoever? Not on your life—that is, odsbodikins, no! His friends know him as the very personification of good nature—but beware! Woe unto him who transgresseth too far thereupon.





DOROTHY LILIAN FRIDLEY.

"Dot," "Dodie," "Jack D."

"I never saw an eye so bright, And yet so soft as hers."

When we did ask Dorothy what she intended to do after leaving Central, thereupon did she blush and murmur, "Don't be so personal." Later hath she emphatically denied having any serious attachment—now forsooth, was 't a quarrel, or hath Dorothy become fickle? Anyway she doth surely make a merry companion and she graceth any place wheresoever she doth happen to be, classroom, ballroom, or home.

DEAN GALLEGHER.

"Duke."

Manager of Track.

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a colossus."

Dean in his Freshman year was a cadet and a student, which occupation becometh all good little freshies. Verily Dean feared to occupy his time by staying in the corridors, but he feareth such a thing no more. He spendeth much of his spare time outside of class room 5 "looking them over." This year he manageth the track team and talketh to the gentler sex.

ALMA MARIE GARBER. "Miques."

"There is a garden in her face Where roses and white lilies blow."

Nor can we speak of Alma without mentioning her wealth of golden curls (now doth this sound like poetry, but none the less 'tis true.) In truth we need not to sing its praises here, for who is there that hath not beheld it with envy? Alma is more like unto the legendary tortoise than the hare, yet what she doeth, is always done well, I warrant you. Her happy disposition will ever straightway make her welcome anywhere.

JAMES RAYMOND GATCHELL.

"Jimmie" "Ray."
Basketball, '16.

"O! those sad, quiet eyes-do they mean anything?"

In the year three and twenty of the twentieth century this sign on Ray's door shall we see: "Plunk ye down three bones and hear the renowned Gatchell perform." Do we it? Nay. Being fellow-Centralites enter we under special dispensation at the rate of two dollars, eight and ninety pence. But believe ye us, it is full worth the coin; for like unto a genius playeth he.

MINNIE GESCHICKTER.

"Her love was sought, I do aver, By twenty beaux or more."

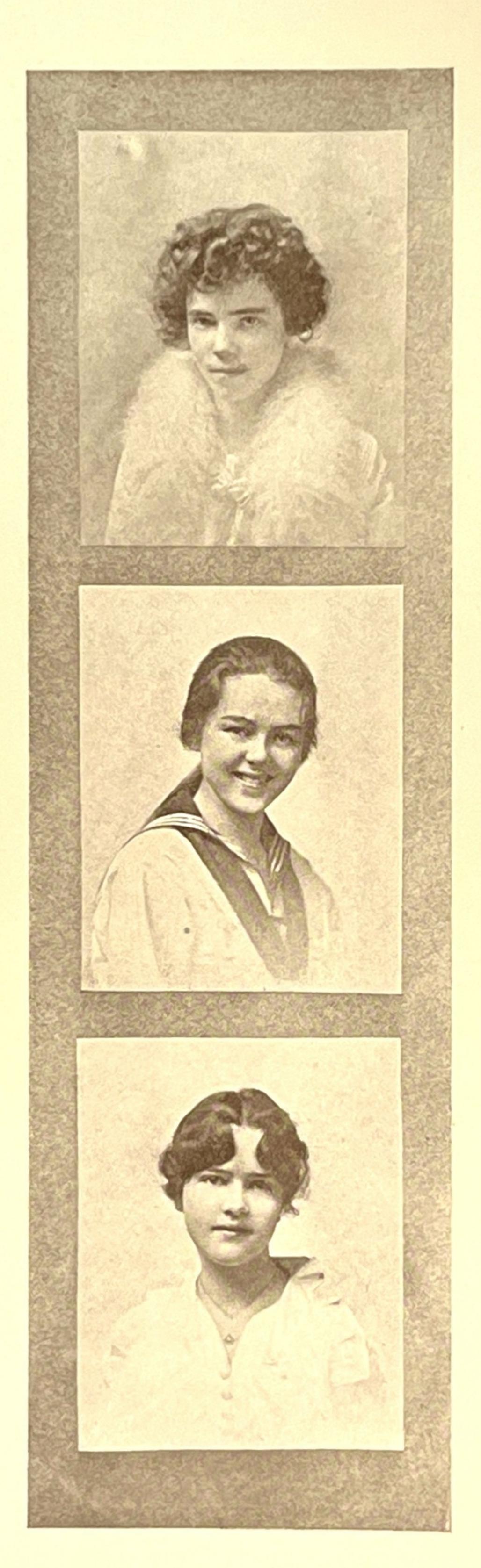
The mid-year class has graduated,
Her love of Central has abated.
When Minnie, too, from Central goes,
Just what she'll do, she scarcely knows;
But since she's in the drawing class,
We hope that it will come to pass,
That she a cartoonist may be,
And that her name we'll often see
With those of Goldberg and Bud Fisher;
All this success and more we wish her.

KATHERINE LOUISE GIBBONS. "Kitty."

"O, miracle of noble womanhood."

Thou mayest miss her abundance of Titian hair and her loving self-sacrificing disposition and her smiling frank eyes—but, O ye struggling French pupils, whatever will ye do without thy true "friend in need" who hath given ye generous and helpful guidance? She knoweth not what she will do upon leaving Central, but we doubt not that with such a heart and smile she might conquer the world if she would.





MARY ANNETTE GIBSON. "Peg."

"But oh, she danced in such a way No one upon an Easter day is half so fair a sight."

Another case of a pupil who out-fameth his master. For when Mary trippeth out upon the ball room floor, Terpsichore fain must hie away in shame. Mary hath been out of school a great deal this year with an "affair of the heart" (yea, literally, as well as otherwise.) We should tell ye who he may be; but Mary objecteth on the grounds that he might read the Brecky. And, of a surety, it is not becoming to let them know that thou talkest of them, even if thou dost (which, of course, she dothn't.)

RUTH ETHEL GLINES.

"Her lovers' names in order to run o'er, The girl took breath full thirty times or more."

A merry girl is pretty Ruth,
And at a fair she likes a Booth.
She also was a girl athletic
'Til she had a mishap pathetic;
Alas to say a rib she broke
And this, dear friends, is not a joke.
On games in which St. Albans plays
And Harvard, too, she likes to gaze.
She spends her time in a canoe
Though next year she will art pursue.

FANNIE ELIZABETH GRAY.

"Music hath charms that will soothe the tired heart and give the soul sweet rest."

Observe ye this wonder, for in June becometh she the recipient of two diplomas, one from Central, the other from the Washington College of Music. Know ye, also, that only upon the special request of this fair maiden, appeareth it in our annual that she haileth from Texas. Verily hath it been told us that that most honorable section of the wild and woolly west is some place, but Fannie saith, "You can bet your boots it is."

HELEN GERTRUDE GRAY.

"Loved by all, and purely loving with a love that never cloys."

Talkest thou about sunshine girls! Yea, here dost thou espy one. Helen is just the girl who driveth away the blues—a jolly companion, and sympathetic friend. Moreover she formeth a true part of that spirit which maketh Central what it is. Sure are we that she will forget not the old school when she hath gone to Oberlin College next year, wherein without doubt a brilliant career doth await her. We say only "Adieu," Helen, not "Good-bye."

ROSE GREENBERG.

"What passion cannot music raise and quell?"

Rose is in truth a regular little cut-up, as lively and full of fun as can be—all of which only maketh her more attractive to her friends. Verily can she play the piano in such a way as to wring tears from the Sphinx (also for sooth in such a way as to make the Statue of Liberty fox-trot). Wilt thou not be proud some day, to say that thou didst attend school with the star of the concert halls?

CATHERINE HOWELL GUTELIUS. "Kitty."

"La plus belle Katharine du monde."

If you would know the latest style,

Look at Kitty;

If you would half an hour beguile,

Call up Kitty.

When down the corridor you walk,

Look for Kitty.

(Also look out for Miss White.)

If you would have a pleasant talk,

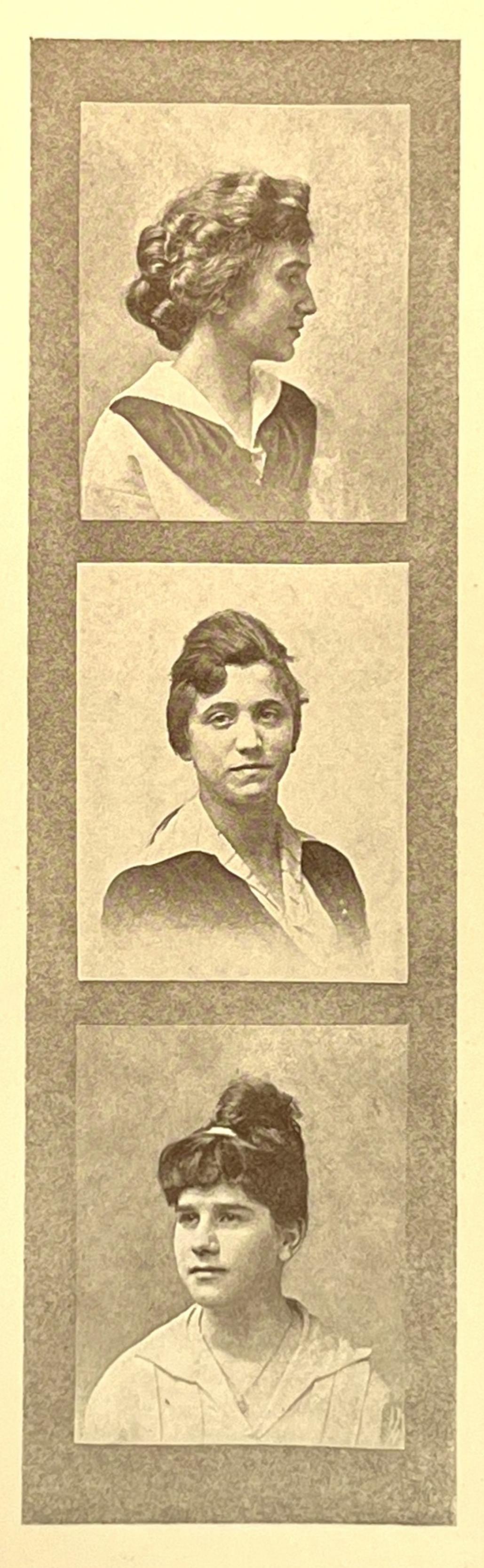
Talk to Kitty;

If you'd enjoy a blissful dance,

Dance with Kitty;

If you would like a winning chance,

Be a captain.





ESTHER VIRGINIA HALL.

"Mine be a cot beside the hill and a bee hive's hum to soothe mine ear."

Gentle reader, dost thou know the whereabouts of that delectable city known to men and commuters as Hyattsville? Nay? Then thine is the loss; thou shouldst soon make its acquaintance, for there abideth our Esther. This maiden hath a memory as long as her daily journey—which. I prithee believe us is, as the poet saith, going some. She doth ply her book right diligently on her travels and thus doth prepare for Normal school. She saith she will spend her future years imparting knowledge to her pupils, but— a certain doughty youth doth hold another opinion

MARIE EVELYN HALL.

"Wedah."

Class Secretary.

"Small in stature; in ambition large."

When woman hath come into her own, well do we know that no less will Marie be than Presidentess of the U. S. No amount of coaxing hath availed to separate from her a confession as to what kind of brain food this little prodigy doth absorb. Now in truth is Marie noted for great volubility—she is some talker, so to speak. But forsooth, since usually she hath something to say, we object not to this habit—in fact it doth constitute her chief charm.

GERTRUDE CHARLOTTE HAMILTON.

"Charlotte."

"Dance, laugh, and be merry."

Hast thou never seen Charlotte dance? Ah! say not so; for surely then hast thou missed a wonderful treat—she is in truth a professional. Nor doth she lack generosity in her knowledge of the "intricate mazes," and many are the ones whom she hath taught to "tread the light fantastic." Beware, boys, lest straightway she danceth herself into thy hearts!

ELSA MARGARETHA HANSEN.

"Her stature tall-I hate a dumpy woman."

This Elsa plays the violin,
What else we do not know;
But sure it is no mortal sin
To handle well a bow.
To Normal School she plans to go;
It will be no disgrace,
If e'en a young and handsome beau
Should usurp Normal's place.

KATHRYN HARRIS. "Kath."

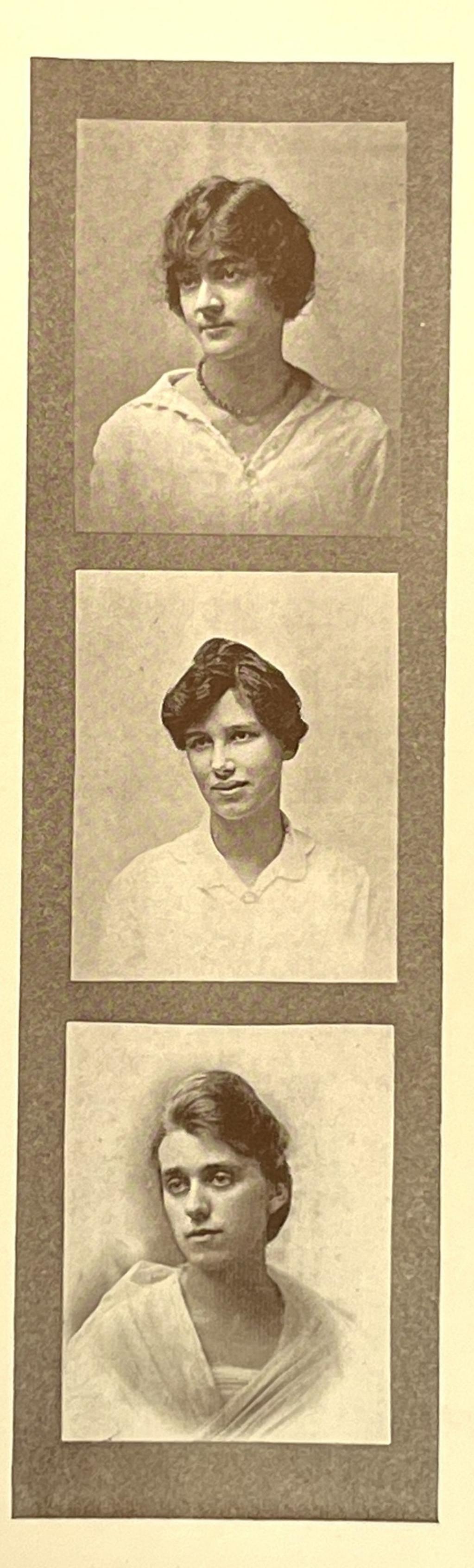
"Hard features any bungler can command;
To draw true beauty takes a master's hand."

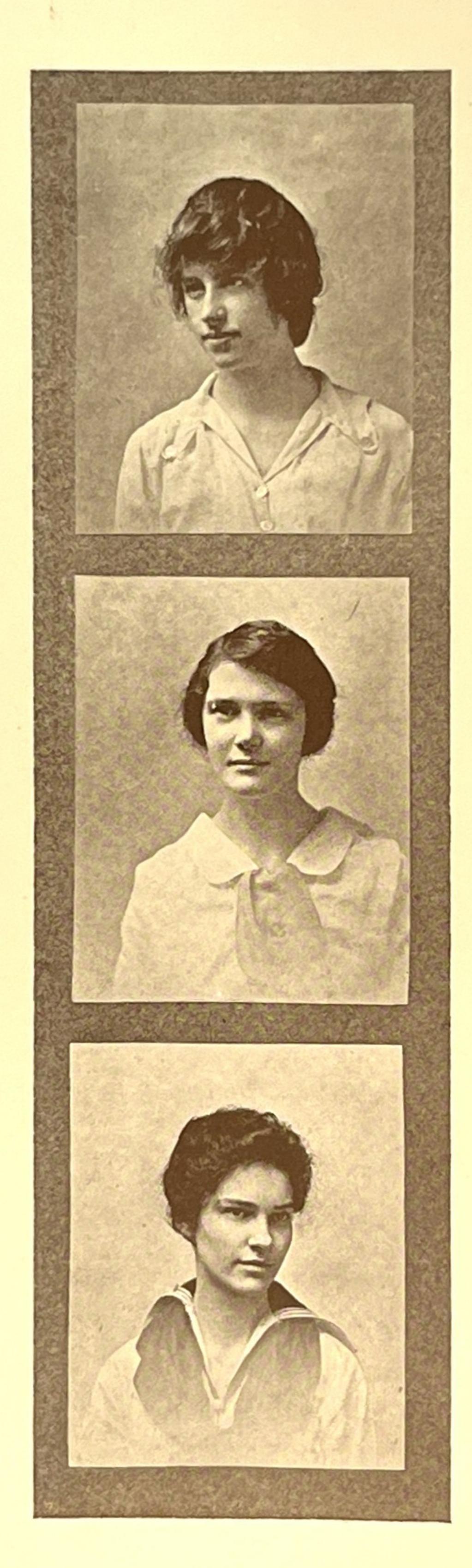
Poor little "Kath." Her chief business in life seemeth to be telling folks that she spelleth her name with a "K" and a "ryn." Seriously, Kathryn hath so many gifts that it is difficult to decide what to feature. She is a very clever artist and intends to study at the Corcoran Gallery of Art next year—whence she will return to Central and show Miss Coolidge what art really is. It is beyond our ken whether she e'er hath studied Latin; very fond is she, however, of "Horace."

ROSAMOND FRANCES HARVEY.

"Her very frowns are fairer far Than smiles of other maidens are."

With eyes so yellow, hair so pink,
And cheeks of azure blue, we think
That Rosamond's a pretty maid;
We know her roses will not fade.
She's always bright and full of fun,
And she is liked by everyone.
Her greatest fad's collecting E's,
Which she procures with wondrous ease;
In spite of this, we think perhaps,
She's rather fond of shoulder straps.





MILDRED MAY HAWXHURST. "Milly."

To spend too much time in studies is sloth."

Be thou not deceived, gentle reader, by the above quotation; for Milly doth not loaf seven days of the week. In truth she just believeth in having a good time, but when examination rolleth around it doth always appear that something heavier than air occupieth that little cranium of hers. But let us whisper—we wonder if it be that she hath brains only in her head. Nay, we think not, for have ye seen her dance?

MARY ERNESTINE HAYDEN. "Ernie."

"Fairest and best adorned is she, Whose garment is humility."

Ernie hath been with us three years, and ever verily hath she been a regular hustler, so to speak, who never doth fritter away recess in empty talk and foolish acts. Far rather would she peruse a fat volume of Latin, math or history. And yet, hast thou not seen that smile of hers?—yea, it cannot be beat. Well do we know that she deserveth all the honor and credit Central can give her.

JEANNETTE ELIZABETH HAYS. "Jean."

"Jean, Jean with eyes of blue."

Friends; let us state first that she haileth from the Blue Grass State; for now, sad Fate, she needs must daily emigrate from the wilds of Silver Springs in order to honor us with her presence. The gods, however, deeming it only fit that trials and joys should go hand in hand, fifty-fifty so to speak, have endowed this fair maiden with an ability to draw, which hath made no small number envious thereof. And if thou wouldst hear what a thorough peach she is, I might refer you to Bob, but I don't believe she would care for us to mention his name here, so we won't.

ALTA HEAP.

Basketball '16-Dramatic Association.

"If music be the food of love, play on."

Of Alta we could say a Heap,
But some of it will have to keep;
She dances, sings, and paints and plays,
But basketball's her greatest craze.
Besides all this, she leads the yell
Of C-E-N-T-R-A-L.
She sometimes goes to M. A. C.
A music teacher she will be;
She will instruct the young to play,
To all the neighbors' great dismay.

ELAINE RUTHE HEDGCOCK. "Ruthie."

"Virtues had she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show."

A splendid girl! is the general verdict upon Ruthe. Of a truth, thou couldst attach nothing frivolous to her until—well—no doubt thou hast heard the saying that the sweetest things are nearest us, yet we know it not. And verily, after a month's sojourn in C-8, a certain aspiring youth saith with the ancient seer, "Yea, even so." Since when, Takoma hath a regular (may we not say, an almost permanent) visitor. Ruthe goeth to Nebraska next year for to attend college. Congratulations to the University!

RUTH MILDRED HILLYARD.

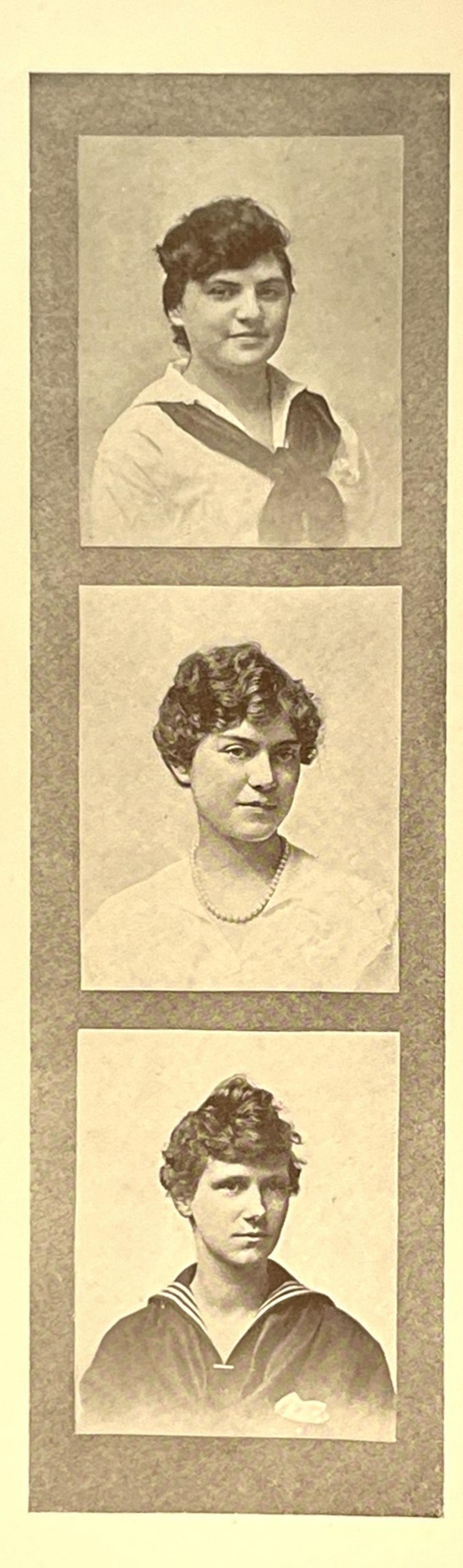
"Rufies;" "Curly."

Dramatic Association.

"But then her face, So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth, The overflowing of an innocent heart."

Now, forsooth, what will become of Central without Ruth's contagious good spirits? Some one hath said that Ruth verily bubbleth over; and, in good sooth, that describeth her to a nicety. She is remarkable even in other ways, for she hath completed the course in three and one half years, after a semester of illness. And dost thou not envy her report full of E's? She intendeth to go to Normal next year (canst thou imagine Ruth being serious long enough to teach one of the "three R's?)





ADA MARIE HIMELFARB.

"Brownie."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Her worldly goods packed, Ada did leave Baltimore and did come to Washington; and with her usual good judgment, did she Central choose as the place most fitting for to practise her charms upon the boys, and incidentally, to study. If thou askest Brownie what she intendeth to do, she stammereth, groweth a trifle rosie, and endeth by saying nothing at all. Therefore, out of respect for her feelings, continue we not her career beyond Central.

JOSEPHINE MARIE HUBER. "Jo."

"The fairest of the fair.".

In truth dost thou know that little need there is for to wish her success, ye awe-struck ones that have seen her demonstrations of genius in college algebra class—for Jo expecteth to be a Math teacher! She enjoyeth automobiling; not the hurry, forsooth, but something that rhymes therewith she liketh. Her capacity for fun doth make her a favorite with all, and her graduation leaveth a space at Central that will be hard to fill.

FRANCES ASHLIN JOHNSON.

"She was ever of a mild, sweet disposition."

All who watch Frances know that in spite of her seeming bashfulness, she doth truly possess much charm. She hath a diversity of accomplishments, ability to play basketball and getting a report full of E's being chief among them. Now, in sooth, this maid of the golden hair and ready smile doth intend to stay home next year—and who knoweth but that, perchance, her interest in church socials will terminate in a far more serious interest?

PAUL DEXTER JOHNSON.

Sergeant Company C.

"In youth and beauty, wisdom is rare."

If thou wouldst a lucky person see, then look at Paul. He hath been in companies that have won second and third honors in the drill, but this year he hopeth to be in the winning company. Paul hath a true love for the theater (also for the ladies). He can be seen at the National every evening—not as an actor.

MAXWELL L. JOHNSTON.

Rifle Club; Track.

"Fashion wears out more clothes than the man."

Had it come to pass, gentle reader, that Max's feet had appeared in this exhibit, then wouldst thou have seen a pair of gorgeous yellow socks striped alternately with red and green, and dotted with blue—the Zebra socks, so-called. Always of colors so beautiful, so harmonious, and yet of a goodly loudness that doth suffice to keep his feet awake. Max hopeth to obtain his fortune, after he leaveth our valuable company, by selling to an art gallery or a junk shop his bee-yu-ti-ful socks.

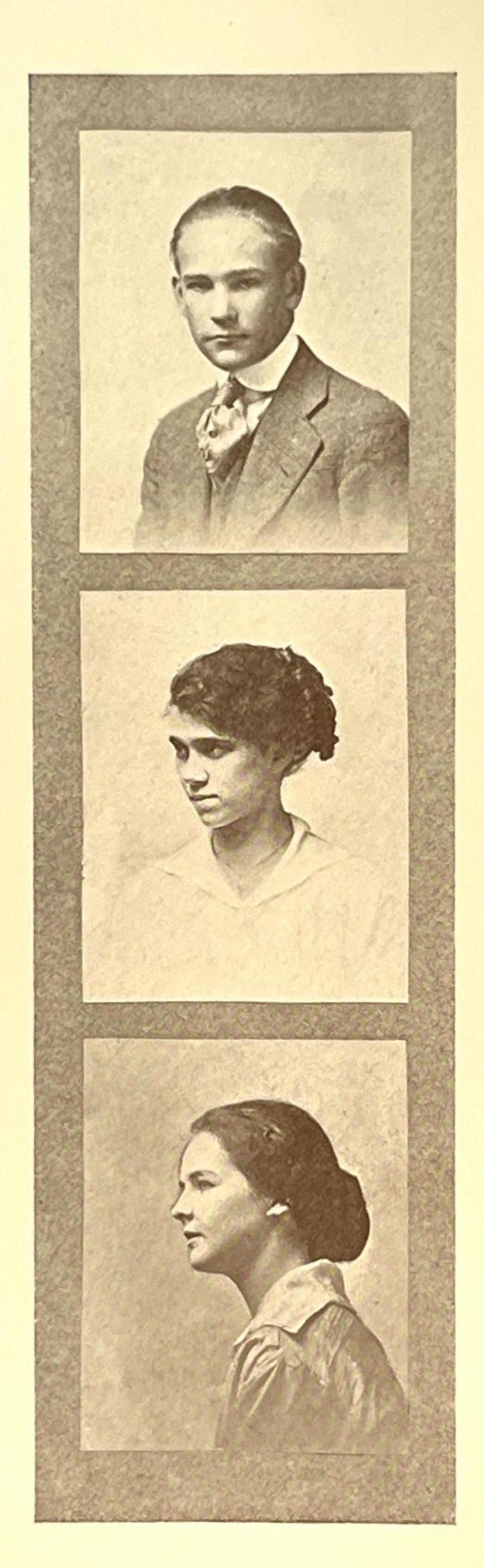
ALLEN STANLEY JONES. "Tubby."

Manager Baseball, 1916.

"And when a lady's in the case, You know all other things give place."

Tubby as thou wouldst guess from that poetical cognomen is a youth of a slight embonpoint. True to the fame of those of the portly brotherhood, his good nature doth wax great as his avoirdupois. Doth he fear ye, oh gentle damsels? Nay, no more than the doughty warriors to whom he gave battle on the football field. In good south they say that Tubby doth enjoy society of the ladies and athletic sports with equal zest.





HERBERT MAURY JONES.

"Herby."

Captain Company C.

"O! love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It will not let a poor body
Go about his business."

A goodly fellow in every sense of the word. But especially is he in his element where the fair sex are concerned; this semester hath he specialized in that branch of student activity known as "queening." And besides, hath he shown himself as efficient and capable a captain as we have. If his West Point career is as successful as that at Central, some day shall we read: "Herb Jones, the new Secretary of War, has given some real rifles to the High School Cadet Corps."

ANASTASIA GRACE JUDGE. "Ann."

"I would have no one to control me; I would be absolute."

As saith the poet, "Ye gods! what have we here?" With Ann there is no time "to be silent," with the result that C8 (or rather, Miss Clark) suffereth during the five-minute period (that is, when Ann is present at that time—very seldom). And then after angelically informing the culprit that she needs must stay an hour after school, Miss Clark gracefully readeth, "Bear ye one another's burdens." "Oh, would that they could!" thinketh Ann. But, forsooth, is Ann a good scout and would "Risk" anything for her friends. All of which goeth to prove that she is a good "Judge" of the relative importance of things.

LILLIAN CAREY JUSTICE. "Peggy."

"Though she bade me go, her eyes bade me return."

Now here thou beholdest Peggy, the maid with so cheerful a disposition, which must in truth make life ever a perpetual smile. What wonder hast thou that everyone loveth this little person from College Park? Straightway hath M. A. C. and Annapolis alike been smitten. Insomuch as none can surpass her thereabouts, her affability may be relied upon to win her a name in whatsoever vocation she doth betake herself to.

HORTENSE MILDRED KING.

Editor of the Brecky; Review Staff; Captain Basketball; Tennis.

"Peace ho! Caesar speaks."

If e'er, O Pilgrim wandering through the halls of C. H. S., thou chancest to come upon a vexed and motley gathering, struggling in heated dispute, and lo! thou of a sudden observest a marvellously unaccustomed silence fall upon them, then know ye Hortense, she speaketh. And behold! at the sound the waters cease their dashings and the mountains lean to listen; for H. M. K. hath more sense and sensibility than is needed—yea, even by an Editor of the Brecky. In addition is she as majestic as her queenly bearing, and ten times as interesting. But of a surety, we have left out the best of all her—say, bo! hast thou never heard her laugh? If not, thou hast missed one of the best known occurrences at Central.

MYRTLE MARION KING.

Literary Editor Review; Associate Editor Brecky.

"O young Lochinvar is come out of the west."

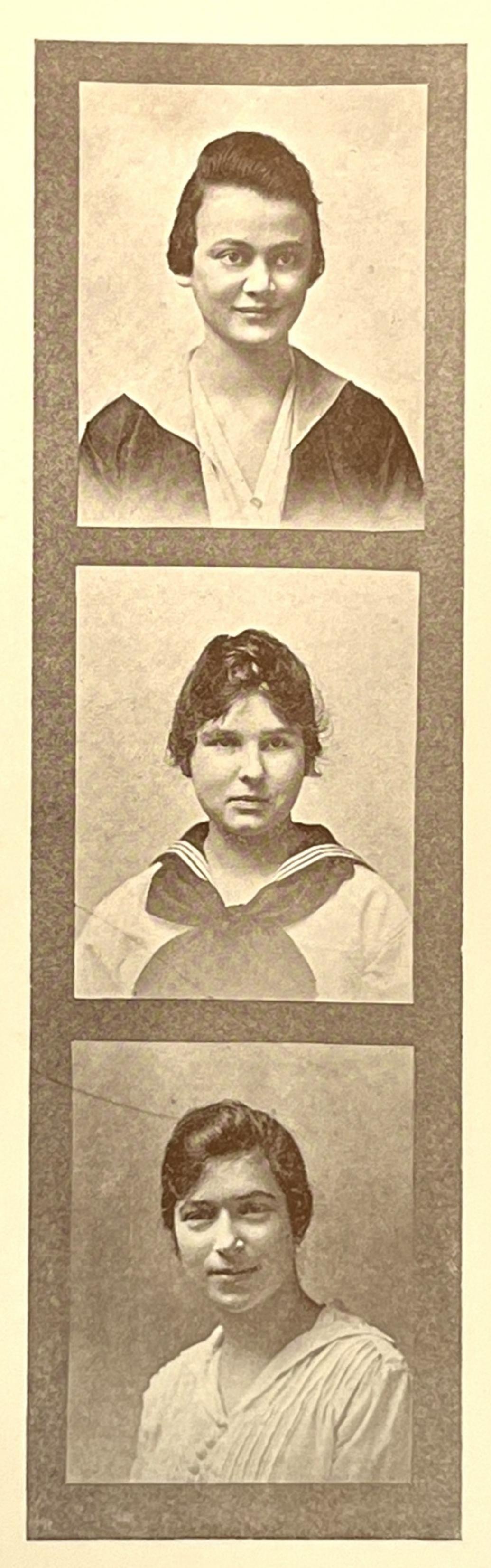
Yea, all the way from Oregon, but she hath not the prancing steed—instead a little green canoe maketh a fair substitute. Not only is she a duck in the water, forsooth, but also a shark in Greek. She doth make great assurance to us that a homestead in Alaska is her destined goal; but i' faith Myrtle is too good a thing to be allowed thus easily to escape to the wild and woolly West—so here's hoping something or somebody will keep her in our vicinity for a long time to come.

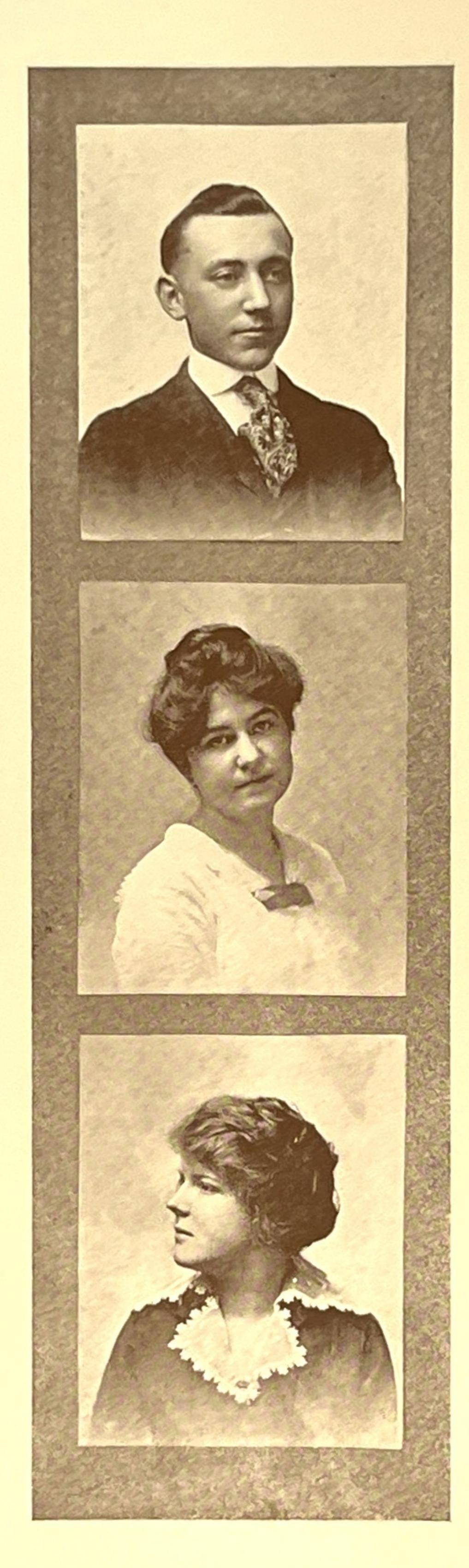
MIRIAM BEATRICE KLEEBLATT.

Tennis Manager.

"But only Love may lead Love in To Arcady, to Arcady."

Our Miriam loves the strenuous life,
Her time she spends in friendly strife;
As guard, she watches that the ball
Shall not into the basket fall;
A tennis ball she strikes with ease;
Her sweater should be full of C's;
She dances, too, with footsteps light,
Exertion cannot cause her fright;
And so we say, with voice prophetic,
"Much fun you'll have, O maid athletic."





FRANKLIN COBLENTZ KNOCK.

Cadets, '13-'15; Dramatic Association.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free! Oh why ain't everyone like me?"

Think ye not, oh patient peruser, that friend Franklin is an echo of ye anvil chorus. Nay, not so. An thou art a pessimist, and wouldst be cured, come only to class room three, ask for Frank and lo! Thou wilt henceforth look only on the bright side of life. He hath labored well for his school—as one of those who tread the boards in goodly plays, and eke as a soldier bold. Frank loveth well ye society of ye fair maidens and they do pronounce him a second Vernon Castle.

JANET RIPPEY KOLBE. "Jean."

"The love of a soldier can suffice."

Oh may sweet Janet's lustrous hair
As black as shining Kol be ne'er
O'errun in time with streaks of gray.
Our Janet has a winsome way,
And is a lively pretty miss;
We think she's on the road to bliss.
She'll spend two years at some good school;
We know according to the rule
That it will be domestic science,
Before she forms a life alliance.

AGNES I. LEE. "Aggie;" "Lee."

"All that's best of dark and bright Meet in her aspect and her face."

If Aggie were judged by her smile, universally would she be recognized as being related to a Kewpie, for hath she not indeed a grin ineffaceable? Now leavest thou it to Aggie to start some fun, and verily will some fun be started. In truth it doth appear a wonder to us how she keepeth serious long enough to prepare those smile-killing lessons, but everyone knoweth that she hath always been up to the notch in this line.

BENJAMIN LE FEVRE. "Bennie."

Dennie.

Manager Football, 1915.

"It was a childish ignorance
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy,"

Lo, here is the smiling face of Bennie. As a foot-ball manager he hath not a superior. The same thing holdeth true in regard to his ability as a ladies' man, for when it cometh to the gentle sex, Bennie shineth like a searchlight or a new diamond ring.

RUTH MARIE LOUIS.

"As merry as the day is long."

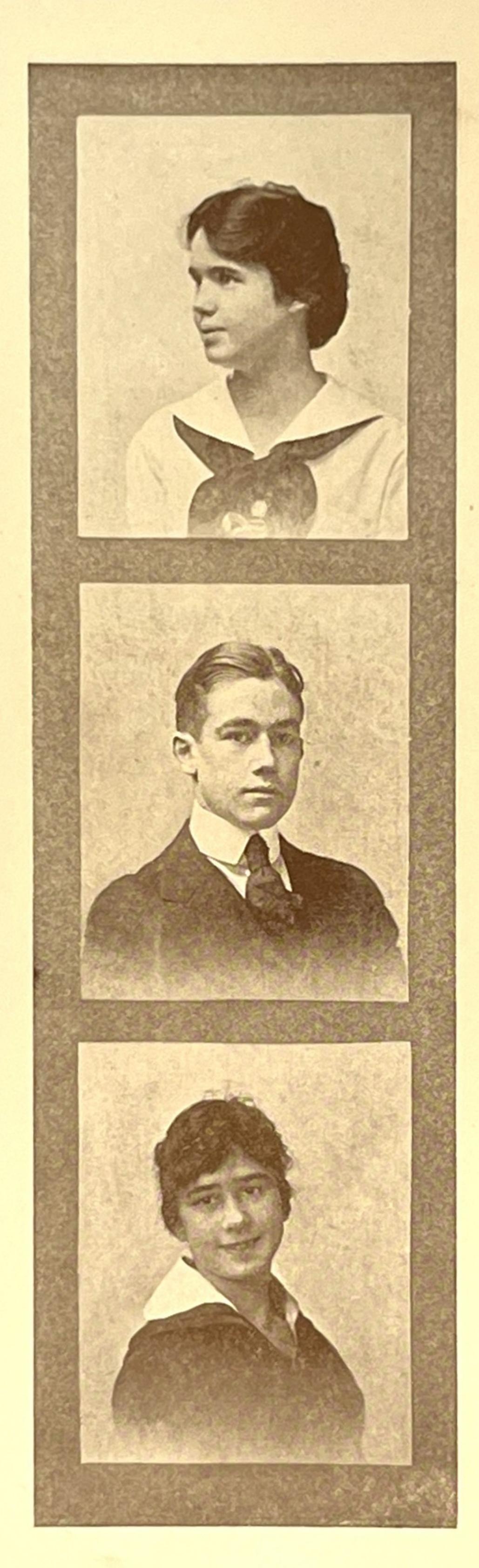
Now here thou see'st Ruth, a maiden whose most striking characteristic is her good spirits; for none hath e'er discovered her in a grouch. From her casual way of mentioning certain "dates," we thus assume that she mayhap is in love; or are there two or three? With a will did she begin work at Central four years ago—all E's on her first report. She intendeth working for the Government next year, unless—but ask thou Ruth about that.

DOROTHY HELENE MAGUIRE. "Dolly."

"And violets, transformed to eyes, Enshrined a soul within their blue."

An Irish beauty is our Dolly,
And like the Irish she is jolly.
Her Spanish class she likes the best,
We'll leave you to surmise the rest.
And in the world she'll fight her way,
For hardships cannot cause dismay;
To obstacles she gives a smile,
This maiden of the Emerald Isle.





ANNIE FLORENCE MAITLAND.

"Flossie."

"The sweetest noise on earth a woman's tongue; a string which hath no discord."

Here see we the maid who did originate the smile. Flossie possesseth an exceeding fair-weather disposition, the like of which was a body ne'er blessed with. She believeth, in all truth, that plying the books is casting to the winds that amount of time which could with goodly ease and grace, be otherwise employed. If, because of studies, furrows find their way into snow-white brows, then know ye that they be our brows and not Flossie's; for Flossie cometh always with the smiling side up—in addition to which she quoteth with favor, "Blessed are the people whose annals are blank in history books."

LEONARD MARBURY.

Captain Basketball.

"Is in the very May-morn of his youth, Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises."

Oh, reader of basketball news, hast thou not heard of Marbury, the expert goal thrower of Central's team? Then thou shouldst look well at this picture of one of Central's many stars and bluffers. Central esteemeth highly the services of this young man as he was the first basketball captain that she had. Marbury loveth the ladies, but to what extent they love him, we dare not say.

KATHERINE ELIZABETH MARSDEN.

"Kitty;" "Kats."

"But I've lost my heart to her, Naughty little Kitty."

For reference concerning Kitty's ability to talk betake thyself to Miss Morgan. No fault do we herein imply, by any means. A disturbance in class ever causeth the teacher to look toward Kitty—'tis simply that she knoweth her. Studying doth seem to worry her little, yet always she saileth through her classes in some way. One adjective alone doth describe Kitty correctly, and that is accepted not by our English teachers, but, grammatical or ungrammatical—Kitty is cute!

LUCIA REBEKAH MAXWELL. "Lou Lou."

"Then let me be where the balmy breezes of the southland blow."

Lucia haileth from the Sunny South and possesseth all the charms thereof. Constantly are we reminded that opposites attract each other by the Damon and Pythias friendship of Lucia and Kitty Ross. Next year contemplateth Lucia pursuing a kindergarten course; but, verily, we see not how anything so practical could be thus, after a visit to Louisiana this summer.

WILLIAM JULIAN McELHINNEY. "Billy;" "Mac."

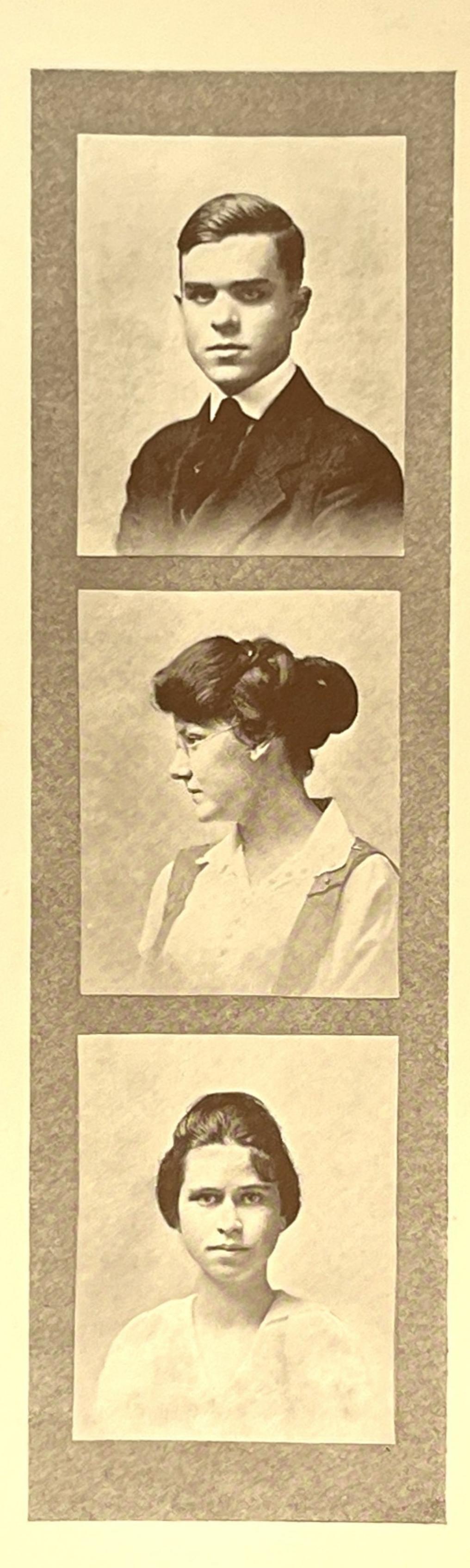
Mac hath a good reason for completing his course in three and a half years. We have been informed by the dark spirits, who all things ken, that it was not merely his desire to be with an eighth semester class that caused him to join C8 in February. But aside from these things, Mac shineth in other ways: as an artist, he has few equals; and as a dramatic star, he—say! hast thou ever beheld him in the "Quarrel Scene" from "Julius Caesar?" Mac planneth to be a scenic artist and to own a farm (that is, in partnership with another).

PHILLIPPA W. McJILTON. "Phil;" "Phyllis."

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Nay, she hath not been one to rise to the dizzy heights of fame in school life. But not until we do realize that "Actions speak louder than words," are we able to see all that there is to this gentle maid. In sooth 'tis her unpretentious disposition which hath won for her her host of friends.





ARCHIE McLACHLEN. "Arch."

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Here is a youth who, since first he did set foot within the portals of our school, hath been a right faithful worker for some of her many worthy interests. Think not from this that he hath been a "Jack of all trades and master of none." Nay, he hath shown a goodly prowess in all. Indeed he doth possess the surpassing skill which enableth him to mingle social diversions and school tasks, and yet let neither suffer.

ESTHER MAY MELICK. "Hon."

"When duty and pleasure clash, duty needs must go to smash."

Here do we espy the most valuable rooter in the school! Can'st imagine a game without Esther's encouraging shriek? True she is usually too busy helping win the tournament in tennis season to make much noise, but not for long doth she "bottle up." Dost thou desire to see Esther become dramatic—then say thou just a word against the south; for she will defend it with all her ability. Now, in truth will Central lose a valiant supporter.

GERTRUDE KIRK METZEROTT.

"Cissy;" "Gert."

Basketball team; Associate Editor Review.

"Fair is she, pleasing fair, Learned, but with modest air."

Thou seest here one of our brightest English students who hath contributed many delightful stories to our school magazine during her four years with us. Her future in the literary field holdeth forth great promise, and verily it seemeth that her name is like to live in the world. Here's wishing for her success. Take thou care, though, dear Gertie, lest thy numerous visits to Princeton interfere with thy career.

LENA JOSEPHINE MILLER.

"Seemingly so humble."

Yea, Lena is a quiet little miss upon most subjects, but, indeed, she adoreth economics and "everything" connected with it. Upon this subject and its "associations" she daily expendeth a volley of eloquence. However, Lena is characterized by being always willing to lend a helping hand; yea, even when it necessitateth satisfying so tangible a demand as a financial one. All of which goeth to prove that she is a favorite among her schoolmates.

MILDRED DORIS MINSTER.

Basketball, '16.

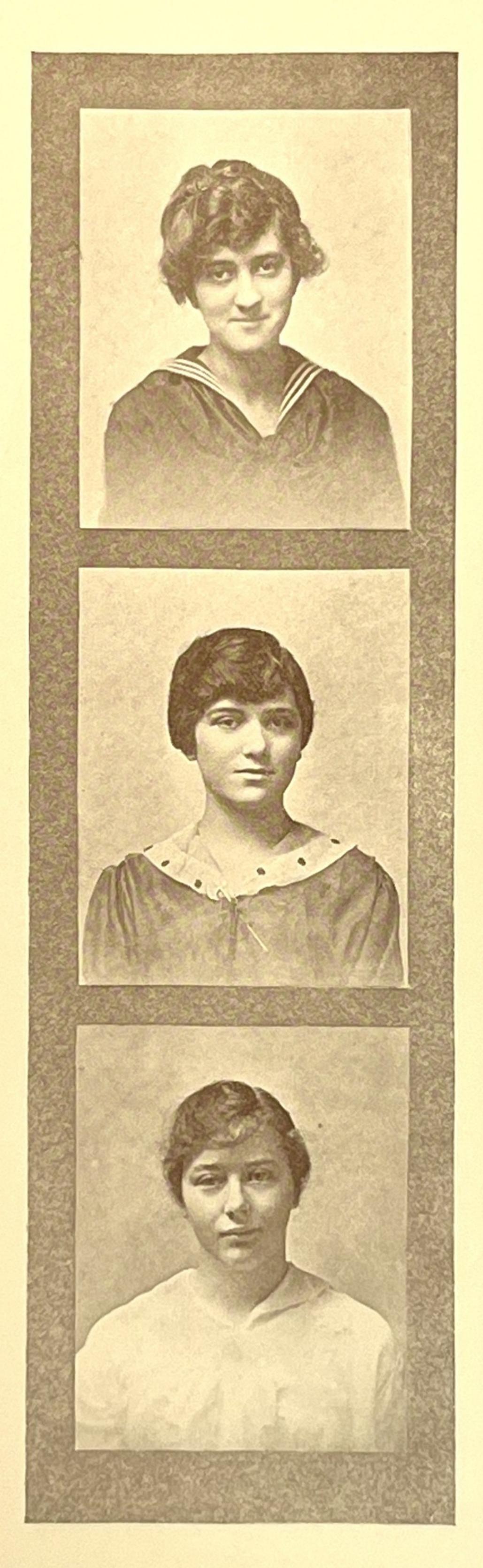
"The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread, Are opening roses in the lily's bed."

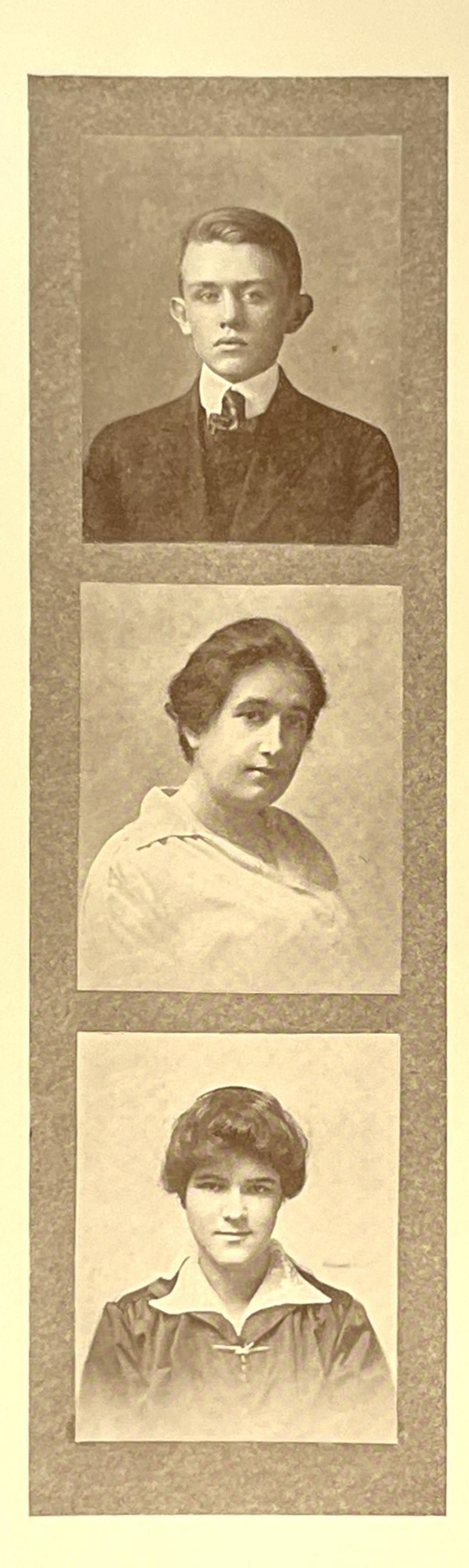
The people turn, on her to gaze,
Admiring much her dainty ways.
A Frenchman called her "très petite,"
And we all know she's very sweet.
At sports like basketball she plays,
Her tennis playing would amaze.
She will attend George Washington,
We hope she will have lots of fun.

JENNIE FRANCES MITCHELL.

"With softest manners, gentlest acts adorned."

She's from Nebraska, far away,
She could with us but one year stay;
But in that year she made us friends,
And this at least somewhat amends
For such short time. We learn from here,
She will begin her freshman year
At Lincoln, Neb., the 'Varsity seat,
And all good wishes we repeat.





WILBUR BURSON MONTGOMERY. "Monty."

"I know a hawk from a handsaw."

Few have the gift of wisdom and modesty therewith—so speaketh the reporter for the Brecky. And when it cometh to pass that a guy pulleth four E's in his sixth semester and saith it's an accident, then speaketh the reporter also, "Indeed, for sooth that youth is one of the few." It preventeth him not, however, from being universally liked. He's a good fellow.

FLORENCE LILLIAN MOODY.

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds Were in her very looks."

One regret alone have we, that not sooner hath she joined us. A senior she entereth Central, coming unto us from Pennsylvania. And lo! There appeareth in her smile much sunshine, until it doth make us wonder whether any more be left back there in that part from whence she cometh. And some there are who do suggest that mayhap there is some "nice" reason.

MILDRED JOSEPHINE MOORE. "Milly."

"Infinite inches in a little room."

Here hast thou a secret, friends—Milly is not the quiet, demure little maiden that her angelic looks lead thee to believe. To be frank she hath a surpassing amount of knowledge stored up in her, wherefrom she useth some for mischief, and the rest, judging from her record, she exerciseth in cramming Latin, Greek, German, etc. Now unto her friends will her image always appear as running pell-mell down the corridor, loaded with books, calling, "Pray for me this hour—I have a Latin exam."

ESTHER MURRAY.

"Betty."

"Her head was thick with many a curl that clustered 'round her head."

Betty came unto us when but a wee maiden, but hath grown steadily in our affections. Verily did we fear us that the five score and twelve pounds of masculine attraction at Tech would be too strong to keep her in our midst. Nay, Betty would be nigh unto the last to forsake the school she loveth, for a mere man. P. S.—Betty saith, "Whatsoever thou doest, say not that I do speak continuously, or possess curly locks!" and thus did we promise by our troth.

GRACE AGNES NETHERLAND.

"Gracie."

Vice-President German Society."

"And wit's own grace to grace."

How gracious is this graceful Grace,
And when one looks into her face,
A wealth of intellect one sees,
And this is why she gets all E's;
For we have known her to determine,
That she would rather study German,
Than make a soup for teachers' lunch.
But Grace has given us a hunch
That she would like to go to college,
And there acquire some further knowledge.

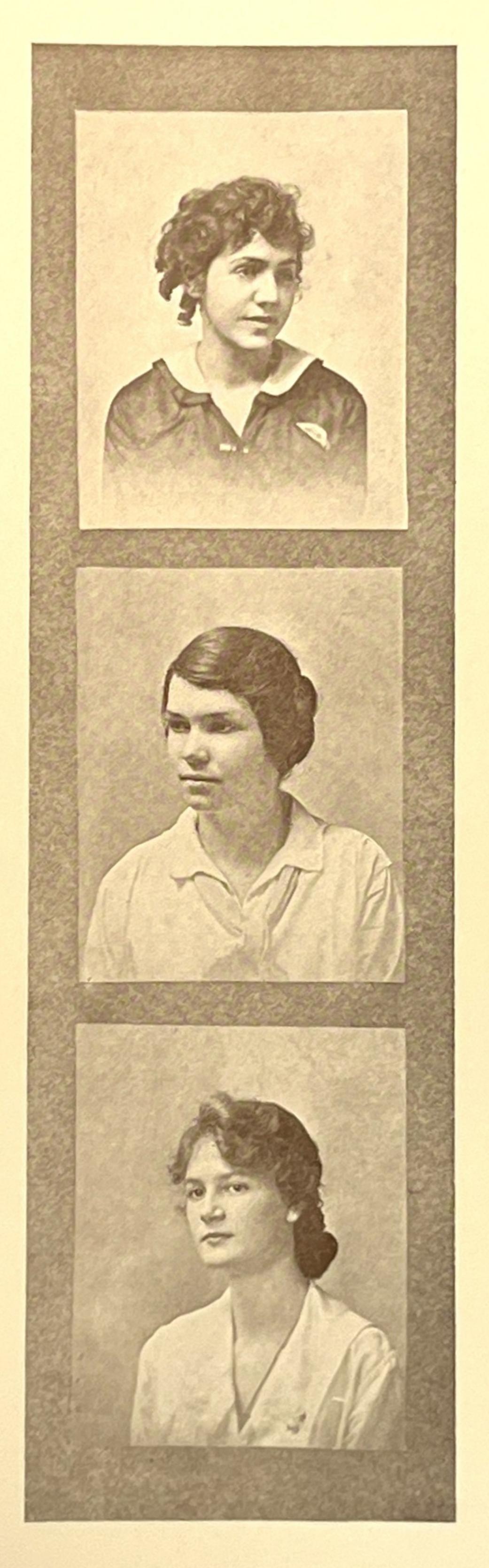
ELEANOR MARIE NORTH.

"Billie;" "Cutie."

Vice-President Athletic Association, '15-'16; Basketball, '15-'16; Dramatic Association.

> "To stand apart and to adore, Serene, imperial Eleanor."

No better nickname couldst thou find, for sooth, for this fair member of our class, who beareth a close resemblance to that famous actress, Billie Burke. Let Billie Burke beware; for Eleanor hath ambitions to be a "movie" actress herself, after she hath finished college. Great skill doth she have in basketball, nor in that alone in truth, but in every sort of sport. And verily is she a fine swimmer of many wonderful aquatic feats.





RALPH EVERSON NUBER.

"Ralph;" "Nupes."

"I love to fish. I can fish. It is a beautiful art."

Now in truth as a student, Ralph is a very good canoeist; for therein he shineth. But a much better fellow he is even, than a canoeist; for will not "Nupes" do anything for you, anything except a lesson? True, however, his real hobby is fishing. Rather would he fish than sleep, and for proof thereabouts know thou that once on a time last winter he did stay out a whole night to catch a few.

SYLVIA FANNYE OPPENHEIMER.

Basketball, '16.

"And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes."

This girl's a star at basketball,
Where she plays well because she's tall.
Her merry giggle wins all hearts;
And when from Central she departs,
She'll leave behind a host of friends.
To study music she intends,
Because she plays piano well.
But all her friends are wont to tell,
That Sylvia seeketh not for fame;
Domestic Science School's her aim.

EVELYN MARIE PATTERSON.

"Tempting dishes laid before the warrior by fair white hands."

Evelyn hath been endowed by the gods with that nature which adapteth itself with most becoming cheerfulness to whatsoever cometh to pass. Diligently hath she labored through her four year pilgrimage of intellect, and fully will her penance be rewarded. She excelleth in that art which leadeth to a man's heart, and now see we how she did apply that experience which one obtaineth who juggleth trays at a football supper.

J. E. PENNYBACKER. "Penny."

"The bold, bad man."

Now verily is Penny a serious, level-headed fellow—when the occasion demandeth—with a great deal of spirit and ambition. Ofttimes he hath displayed surpassing ability in making extemporaneous recitations and in maintaining friendly relations with his teachers. Perchance might Mr. Bryan and Mr. Ford accomplish their ambition if they would send Penny over to stop the big conflict.

MABEL HARBAUGH PETTIT.

"She's adorned amply, and in her husband's eye looks lovely."

A pretty tale of romance hear:
She stayed away from school one year,
The call of Central was so strong,
That she came back to us ere long,
And although she had changed her name,
Old Central welcomed her the same.
We hope that love and happiness
For many years her home will bless.

EDITH MARGARET PIERCE. "Ede."

"She talked-she knew not why, she cared not what."

Edith is one of Central's gentle sex who doth perform feats athletic. So many C's hath her prowess brought unto her, that we aspire not to total them. Like unto Ethel doth she gauge her arrival at school. Greater than her athletic ability is the way in which she glideth into class room four as the clock tolls nine—or after.





MARGARET MARIE PREINKERT. "Margie."

"Her wit was more than a man's, Her innocence more than a child's."

Margie is of quiet nature, but her mind moveth always alertly. When, however, she cometh forth with a volley of words, be thou sure that they will be chuck full of sense. She will complete her surpassing fine education at George Washington. Forsooth, have we forgotten to mention that she is of an artistic temperament, being particularly fond of bright "Hughes."

NAN PRIEST.

"'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word, By whose magic the depth of thy spirit is moved."

Nan hath more than her good looks that maketh her attractive. Verily she hath a personality. In truth to analyze her charms thou art beset with difficulties. Perchance 'tis the straightforward way she hath of speaking or the manner in which she rolleth up her eyes; for at any rate she hath captivated more hearts during her four years' stay at Central than thou couldst find in a full pack of cards. Every one doth just naturally fall in love with Nan.

HELEN MARIE PRIMM. "Pinkey."

"How pretty her blushing was— And then she blushed again."

Nay, we wonder not that this so very accomplished young lady possesseth the "eyes of a thinking goddess." She singeth and is also very clever at rattling the ivories. Pinkey doth shine conspicuously brilliant in her various classes, being in sooth one of our brightest. Now do we suppose she will turn her attention to the concert stage. At any rate, thou knowest that she is like to devote her future to pleasing others more than herself; for verily is generosity the keynote of her nature.

JAMES BYRNE RANCK.

"Where is thy learning? Hath thy toil O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Verily history runneth thusly: Virgil is dead, Napoleon hath croaked, Caesar hath kicked the bucket—but have we not Ranck with us? Look thou well to thy laurels, O Spazarewski, for Central produceth a worthy competitor. Next!

JOHN ALTON REED. "Johnny."

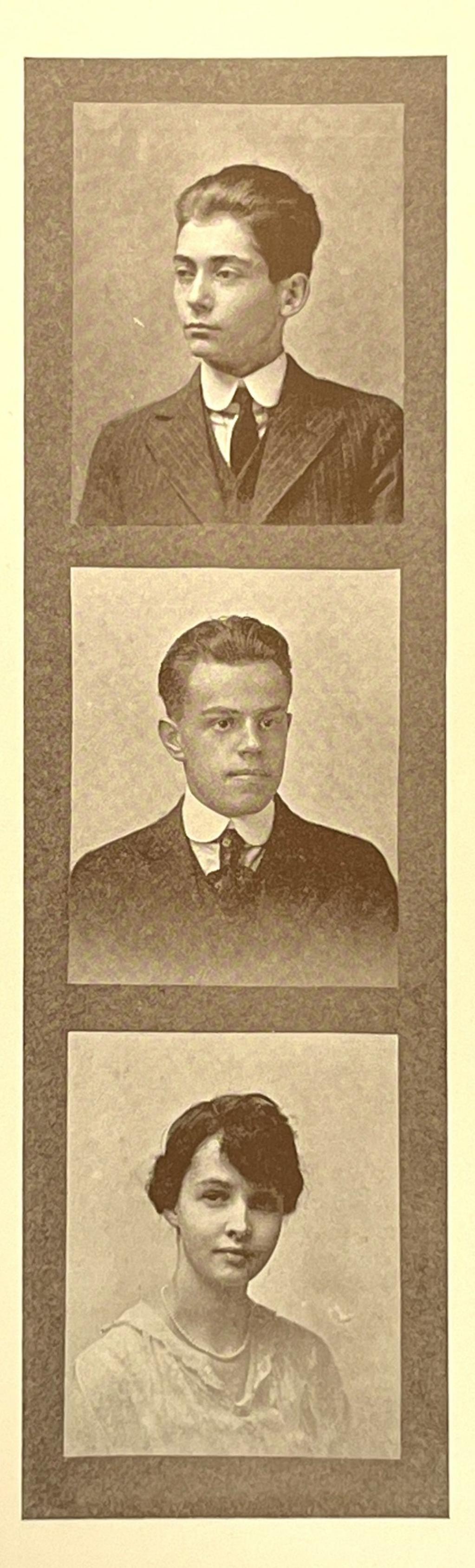
"Formed on the good old plan, A true and brave and downright honest man."

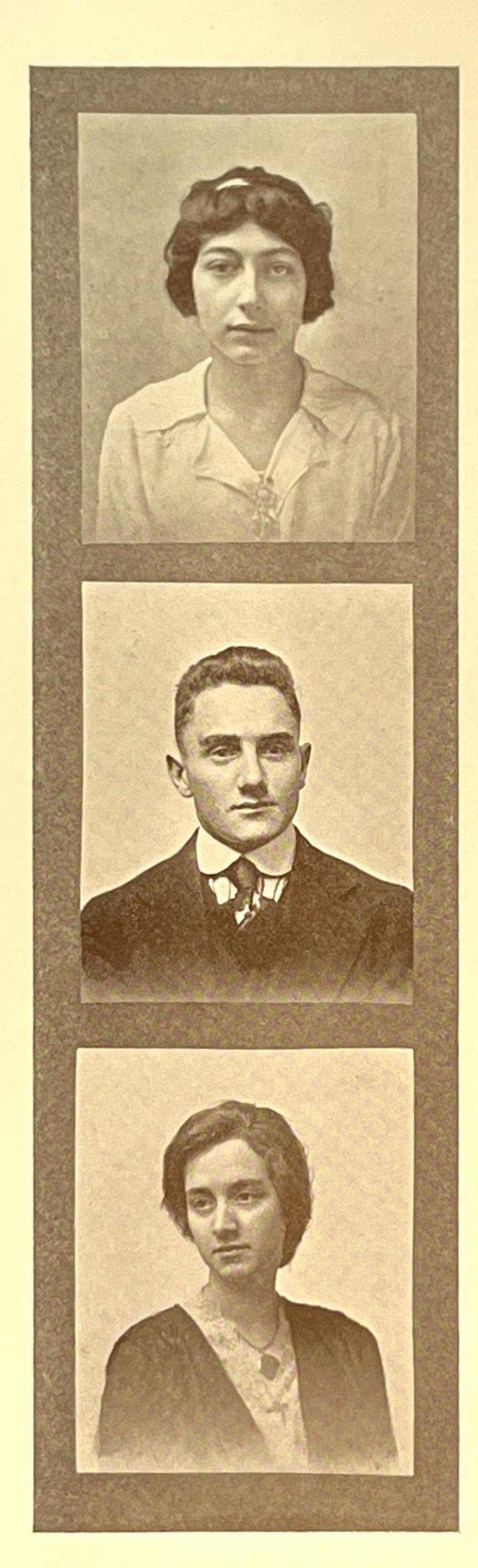
Wouldst thou like to know the true meaning of "Central Spirit?" Then thou shouldst know "Johnny." Last October he enlisted in E Company so that Central might have six companies. If all the cadets in that company drill as well as this one, then indeed, Company E the drill will win. Besides, what it taketh to play guard on the basketball team "Johnny" surely hath.

MAUD RICHARDSON. "Sis."

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair; Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair."

Now, if thou knowest not Maud thou hast missed half thy life, and wouldst well spend the other half cultivating her acquaintance. For would not Patrick Henry give his Liberty and woman her rights to possess Maud's friendship forsooth? Besides being a jolly companion she is in truth an accomplished young lady. She is some artist forsooth, and out-danceth Terpsichore. So sunny a disposition and cunning ways maketh her simply irresistible.





GRETCHEN RING.

"Gret."

Dramatic Association.

"All the world's a stage."

Yea, Gret is very fond of Shakespeare, not only because she hath peculiar talents in interpreting him, but also because he is the author of the rather popular sentiment which Gret slightly reviseth to: "Throw Latin to the dogs." In good sooth, Gret doeth two things particularly well; she can and doth translate Latin as it was never translated before; and she can scream, as was manifested especially in "The Mouse Trap." Gret is also an interested Biology student, being much concerned with the development and future life of "The Chestnut."

MAURICE ROBERTS.

"Molly."

Captain Baseball; Football; Class Historian.

"Behold the conquering hero comes."

To name the achievements of Molly would sound like the dope of a Sunday's "Pink sheet." Indeed the presence of Molly seemeth necessary to the success of a Central baseball or football team. Verily Molly hath an athletic ability which Central appreciateth and others acknowledge. He possesseth as many C's as nicknames and the latter range from "Rowboats" to "Historian." Any knocker who thinketh that Molly danceth not well should go up to the Arcade some evening and be convinced to the contrary.

RUTH CAMPBELL ROBERTSON.

"Grace is to the body, what good sense is to the mind."

Ruth is the girl who can fit any circumstance or occasion, be it serious or frivolous. Now because of the so constant repetition of the cherished event, she no longer hath a sensation when she doth espy her report full of E's. As an English star no rival hath she! Now were Ruth a boy, we would call her a "mighty good sport," but as she belongeth to the gentler sex we do call her a delightful acquaintance.

JOSEPH MILTON ROGERS.

"Whenever he speaks,
Heaven, how the listening throng
Dwell on the melting
Music of his tongue."

Now in truth hath he just arrived from Kentucky, bringing with him a dialect that would make Al. Jolson green with envy, I warrant you. Courteous and gentlemanly in all his actions he embodieth the spirit of the true southerner. Furthermore work waxeth not strong in his realm. Ay, he hath a decided distaste for it, so that one of his diversions is to search out the easiest way of avoiding it.

LILLIAN MYRTLE ROSAFY.

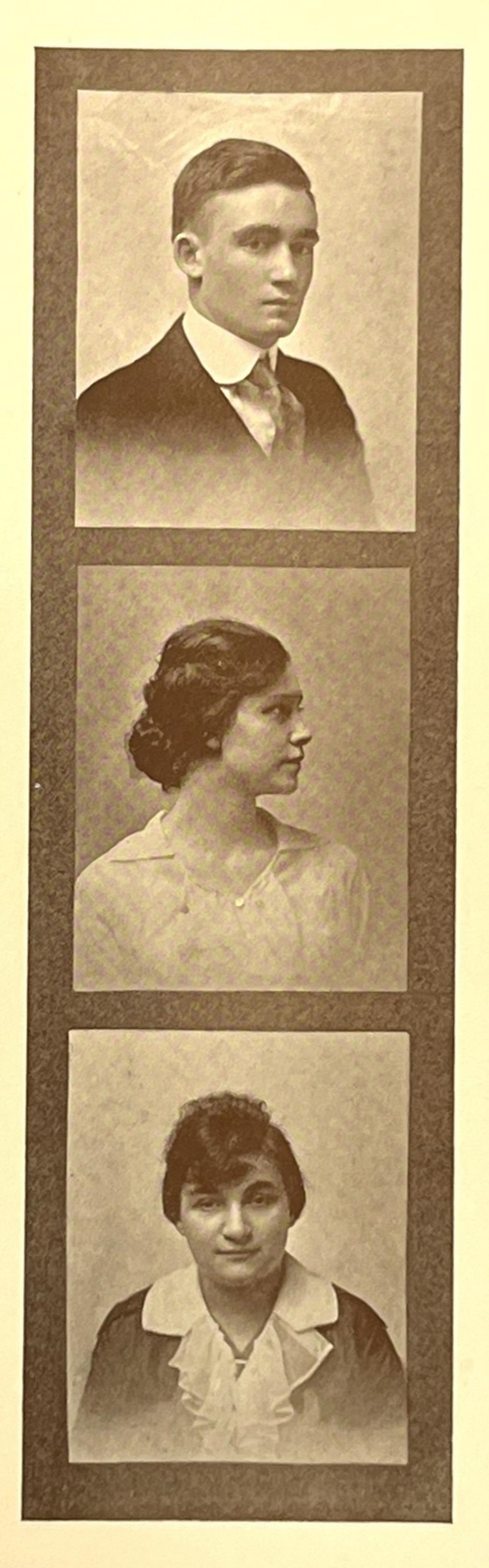
"Thy talk is the sweet extract of all speech, And holds mine ear in blissful slavery."

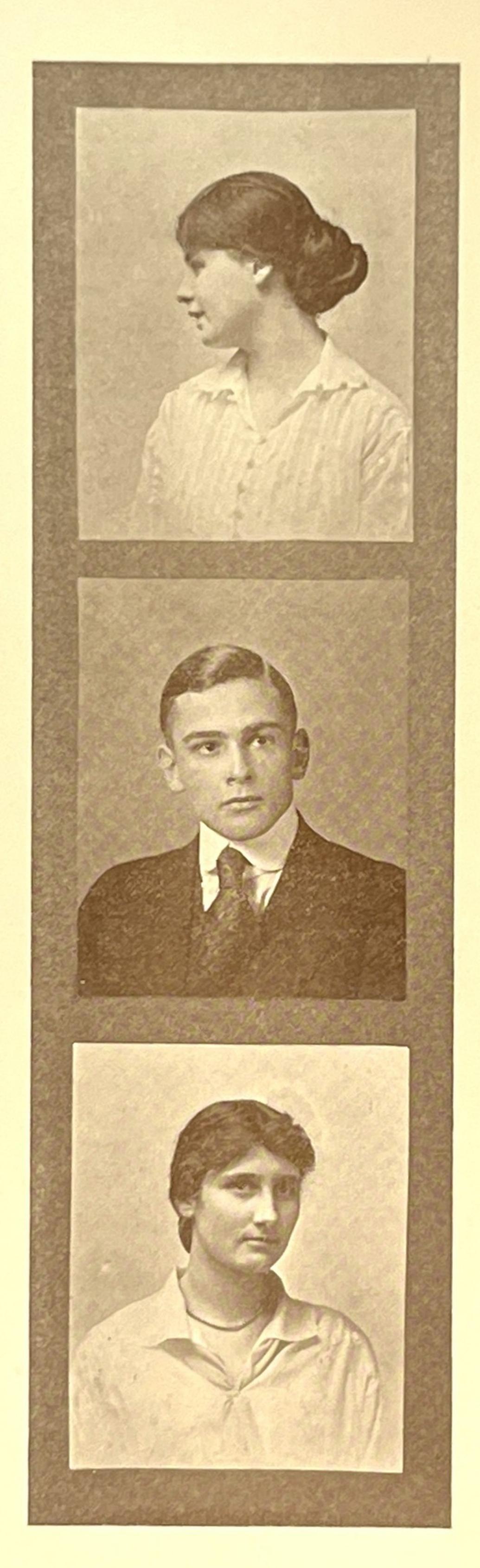
How many times a day doth Miss Botkin say, "Talking, Miss Rosafy?" And even doth Lillian "fess up," like the sport she is, and taketh her punishment. True, there seemeth to be time for other things, for behold thou the shining star in History and Economics, and where hast thou seen such absolute delight over French irregular verbs? Now let it be said to any remaining "Bobs," if there be any still uncaptivated, "Tis no use. Surrender!"

ETTA ROSENBLOOM.

"Her world was ever joyous."

If thou seest a broad smile approaching down the corridor, then mayest thou be sure that Etta is behind it. As the day is long, even so jolly and mischievous is she; and if there be aught of jollity that goeth on, thou canst bet that she will be on the spot. Ne'er hath it been known that excessive study wrought Etta overworked, but whenever an examination cometh she always displayeth sufficient intelligence for to keep upon the good side of a D. She knoweth not what she will do next year; but be it whate'er it may, she will have a good time doing it.





CATHARINE RUTH ROSS. "Kitty."

"Fair was she to behold, this maid of seventeen summers."

Kitty cometh unto us from far away Canada, from hence resulteth her fondness for French, and forget not the rosy cheeks. She hath a goodly sense of humor, and can always be counted on for a new "Ford" joke. She stateth that next year beginneth her career as expert dietician. (We know not what that is, but suppose that it be surpassingly nice if Kitty undertaketh it.)

HAROLD FREDERICK SELDEN.

"Bunny."

Football, '15-'16; Baseball, '15-'16; Tennis, '15-'16.

"The world knows little of its greatest men."

Welcome thou strangers unto thy midst, for they shall bring thee glory—so do we speak. Harold hath been with us only two years and he did come all the way from Florida, but hath he not brought us glory? He hath. For hints thereof look thou above. Verily his list of achievements doth resemble a menu card. What would Tennis do without him forsooth? He loveth the ladies, too, some hath said. Now henceforth will we welcome all who hie from Florida.

MARTHA RICHARDSON SHANNON. "Mattie."

"Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay."

Here seest thou her in all her glory, and nary a mite outshined by the most beautiful of all the Mrs. Solomons. Yea, the first spring hat issueth forth with Mattie under it, and she initiateth the sun shade upon its maiden voyage of the season. She spendeth her time conversing with the gentlemen, and counting the minutes 'til lunch time. Furthermore, Grant hanging around Richmond did have nothing on Mattie camping around class room five.

ADRIENNE A. SHREVE.

"But O, she dances such a way No sun upon an Easter day Is half so fine a sight."

Adrienne's ambitions for the future being of a strictly personal nature we mention them not here. Bettest thou thy bottom dollar though, that meanwhile she will have a good time, for if she be proficient in anything, verily it is having a good time. Yet thinkest thou not that she doth interest herself only in making people love her; for she hath shown interest enough in the serious things to make for herself a very good scholarship record.

SHERMAN C. SHULL.

"Much to the soldier, but more to the man."

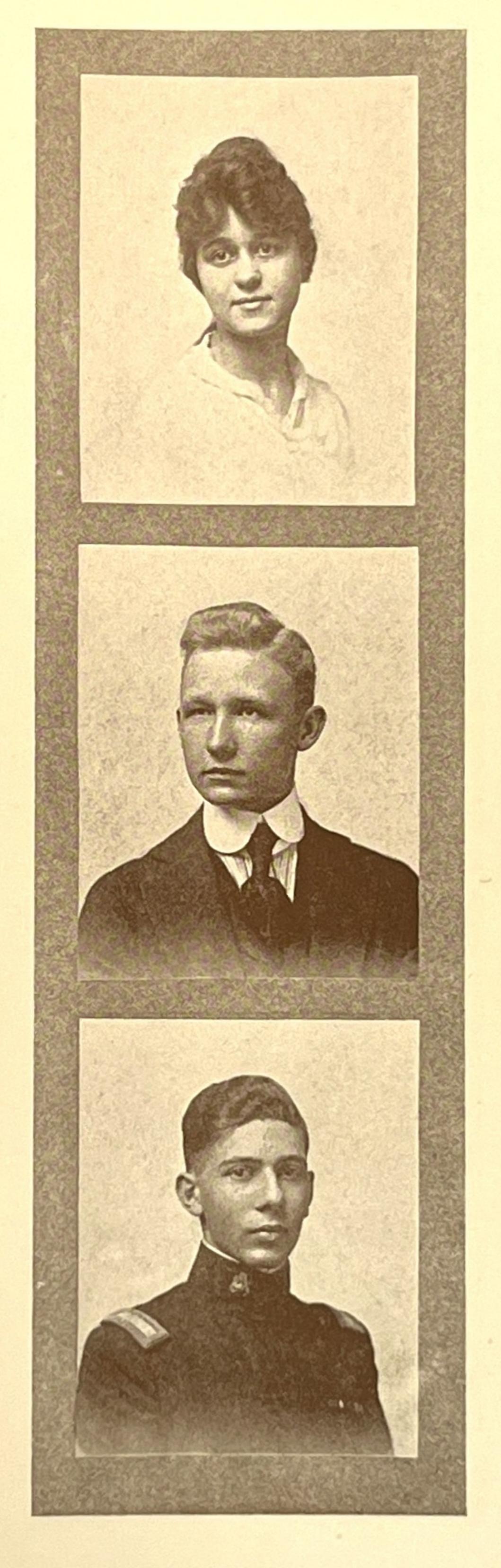
See ye one whose irresistible personality hath made for him a worthy reputation, and hath gained for him the love and respect of each whose luck it hath been to partake of his friendship. And, verily, hath he not brought honor unto Central by winning a place in the inter-scholastic competition for parts in the Shakespeare Pageant? Indeed, Friend Reader, he hath! But alas, sad world, it hath been but the last year that he hath given unto us the honor of his company.

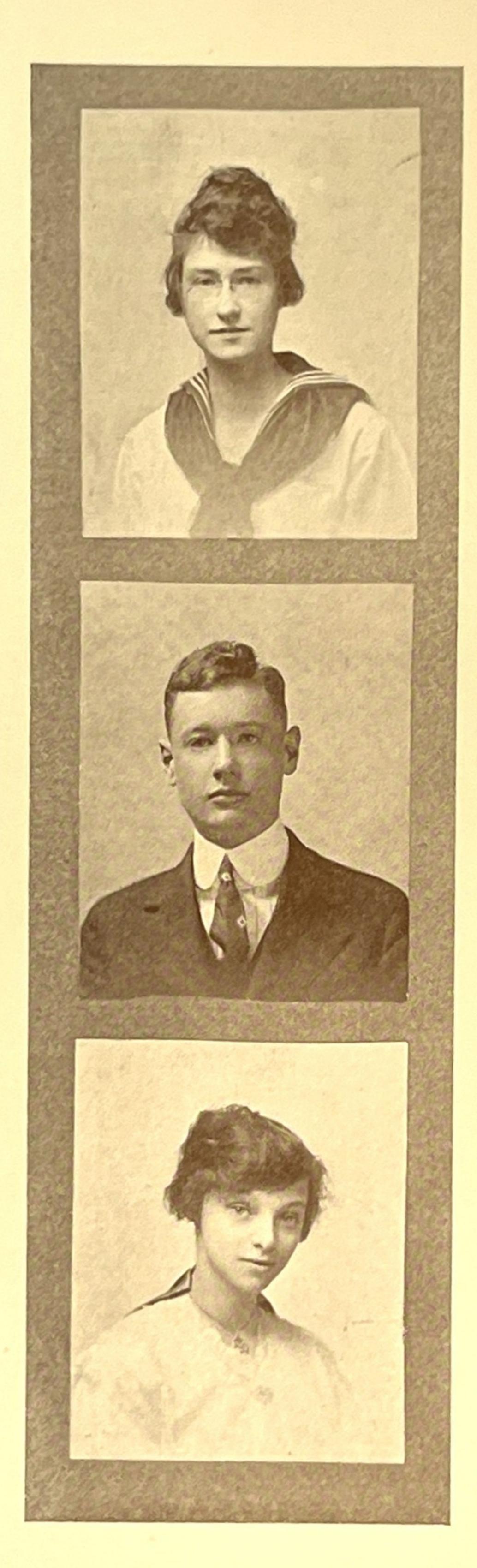
LEO WILLIAM SIMON.

Captain, Company A; Review Staff; Brecky Staff; Dramatics.

"Many have the gift of wisdom, but few have the gift of speech, and, when the two are combined, ah, there's a man!"

To him who knoweth Leo it giveth great pleasure to state his numerous accomplishments. As an orator he maketh Burke look like an amateur. As a student, his average for the four years is about 113.23, and as a gentlemanly officer, verily, forsooth, he is indeed in a class of his own. As a lover—well, Leo sticks a thumb tack in his desk everytime he breaks a girl's heart, and last week he sold two pounds of them to the junk shop for six cents.





DOROTHEA MILNER SMITH.

"Smithums;" "Thea."

"She said (I only give the heads)—she said She meant no harm in scribbling."

Notwithstanding the many prizes she hath won in her youth for stories as well as photographs, she hath abandoned a literary career. Take heed lest thou forget her; for some day perchance thou wilt be thankful to say, "I am a Centralite," and get thy pictures reduced to only sixty dollars a dozen. A most loyal Centralite is she, who hath ever supported the Review and the luncheon, even since leaving us two years ago.

E. DONALD SMITH. "Donald."

"O majesty! how high they glory towers!"

Like "Honest Abe," Donald unfoldeth when he ariseth from his seat; and by the time he hath lengthened out thou fearest for the ceiling. However, he resembleth that honored statesman in more than length; his honest, sincere straightforwardness hath won for him one hundred nine and sixty friends out of a class of one hundred seventy. Yea, even every one is Donald's debtor as far as friendship and good nature go. For, in good sooth, Donald hath never been known to lose his temper.

ELIZABETH MERCER SMITH.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, In every gesture dignity and love.

When on Mercer rest your eyes
You see a girl of medium size.
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown
Her forehead never knew a frown.
Her friends all love her gentle ways,
And speak of her in words of praise.
She finds it hard—which we deplore—
To keep the "Wolfe" from 'round her door.
She will keep up her education
By gaining business information
At Central on its new foundation.

MARGARET FISHER SMITH.

"Snowdrop."

"Water is wet, Dust is dry, Life is short, And so am I."

She fitteth into her niche at Central so well, that nary a student realizeth that she is a post-graduate. But if this fact be mentioned, then gazeth each awe-inspired class-mate upon her countenance, and wondereth "How one small head, etc." When she hath got to school on time two mornings in succession, then hath she reached her highest ambition. Thereafter hopeth she to do well at Cornell, next year.

NORMAN JOSEPH SMITH.

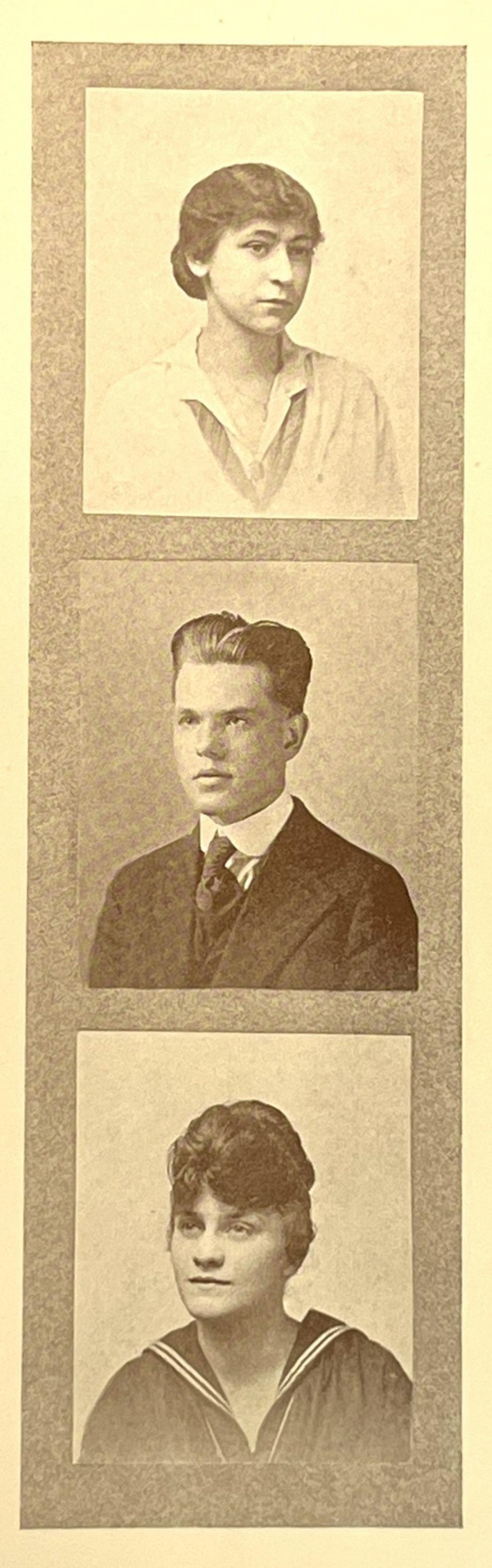
"Nothing is more useful than silence."

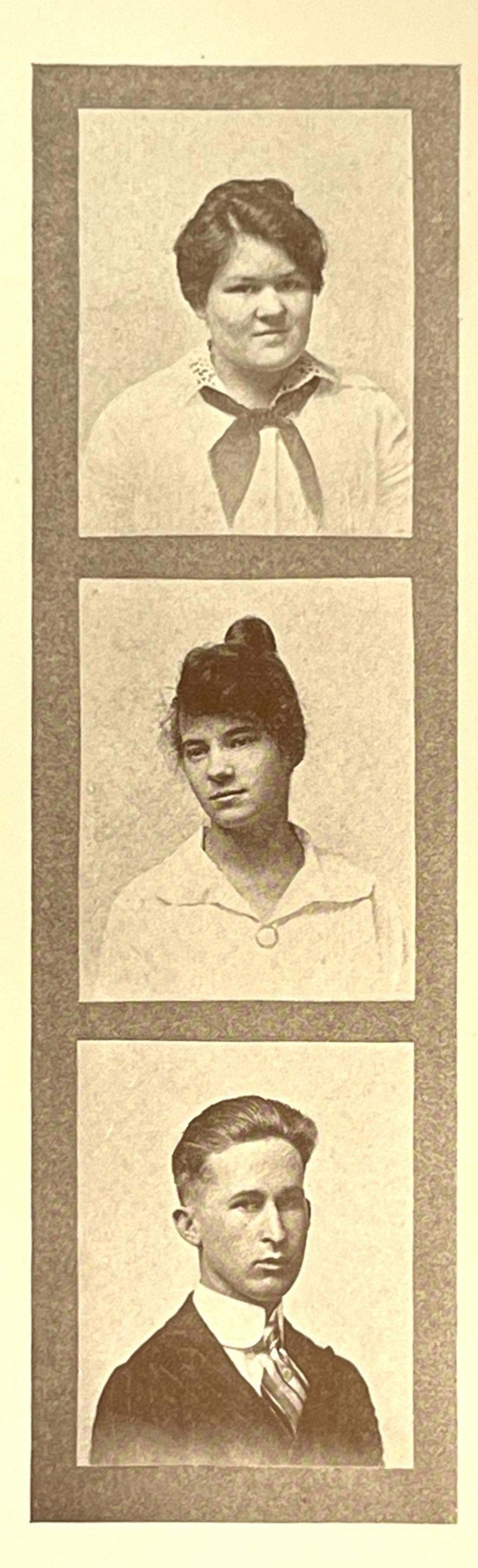
He who all things knoweth, the Brecky reporter, saith, "Verily, a season is there to speak, likewise a time to be silent; and "Schweigen ist Gold" not only during the "five-minute period." Then, truly, by this token, Norman hath a gold mine hid somewhere.

RUTH GENEVIEVE SMITH. "Gen."

"I love its steady ripple,
I love its gentle flow,
I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go."

The fact that Gen liveth in Brightwood and still hath ofttimes managed to get to school on time, doth prove that there is nothing slow about her. This young damsel hath a surpassing command of the English language and may be espied at any time surrounded by a group of curious listeners. Her favorite expression is "Tut! Tut!" Next year she will betake herself to Normal to prepare to be a teacher,—old maid, never!!!





ELIZABETH AUGUSTA SNYDER. "Betty."

"A countenance in which did meet Sweet records, promises as sweet."

"Bet" was so quiet that she was among us some time before we were aware of it; however, we found it out, and from that time forth have we ne'er been allowed to forget it. Neither doth that mean a slam to Betty, for she hath become a necessary element to most of our existences. Betty, being a daughter of the South, will return unto her Virginia home this June and thereby will Virginia's gain be Central's loss.

ERNESTINE AUGUSTA SPIKER. "Tottie."

"Such another little queen, Only could her mirror show."

Lottie taketh all things easy, talketh in abundance, eateth her fill of her noon repast, and rideth in a wee, sma' Saxon. Sometimes getteth Lottie to school on time, but those times are, verily, seldom. She hath a new wrist watch which should enable her to keep better hours. Doth it? It doth not. She'll change all that when she groweth up.

DOUGLAS OEHLKERS STARR.

"Doolie;" "Stella."

"Don't bother me with trivial affairs."

If thou wouldst fain have a thing done well—do it thyself? Nay! Let Doolie do it. For example, when to rise upon this earth the sun had but eighteen more times before the Competitive Drill, one of the corporals in Doolie's company goeth and getteth ill. Then, forsooth, the captain appointeth Doolie to act as corporal on the field. And nobly indeed did he acquit himself. Next year he planneth trotting to the University of George Washington.

ROBERT EDWARD STEIN. "Bob."

"I never with important air, On conversation overbear."

Dost thou not believe that Robert is a fast one? Then thou art mistaken. Although a "Star on the cinder path," he hath never run in a meet, purely out of consideration for his adversaries. Robert's Saxon breaketh many a speed record, when he is at the wheel, and he maketh Oldfield look like unto a bush leaguer (so he says) nevertheless he mindeth not to give a fellow a lift some times.

HORACE L. STEVENSON. "Steve."

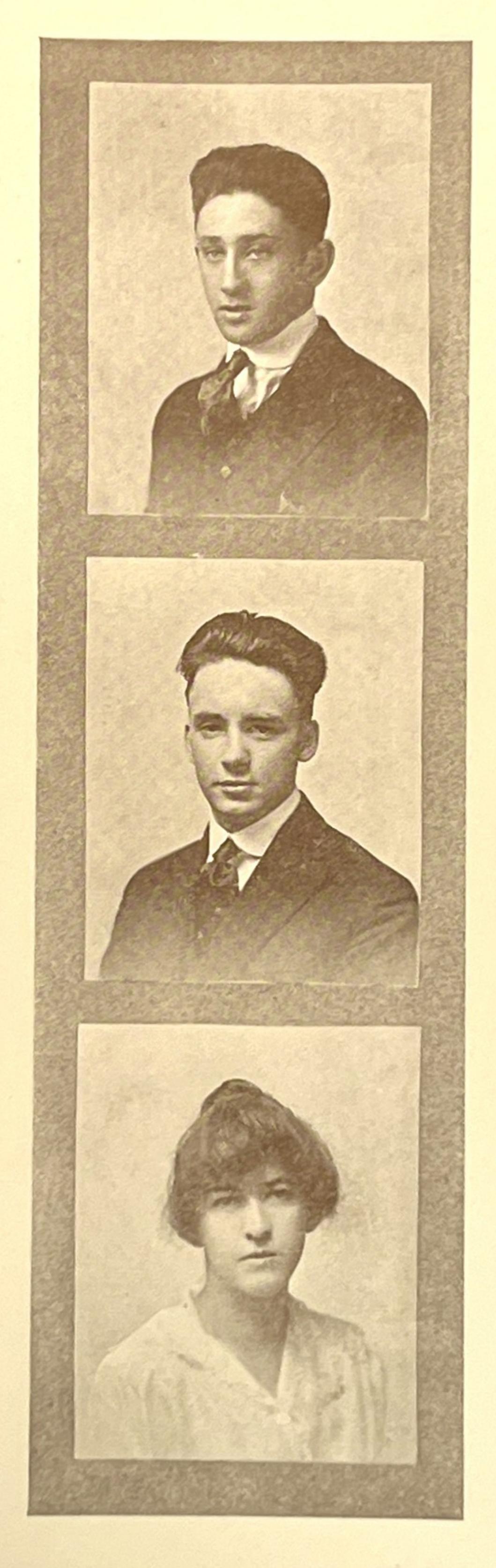
Associate Editor Brecky.

"The race by vigor, not by vaunt is won."
Horatius is one of those spirits rare whom we at Central may not part with at the close of four brief years. Nay, five hath he sojourned with us, tho' one of these five he was much absent from our midst. What caused this, do you ask? I' faith, 'twas perchance a lacerated heart, for which we may blame several charming damsels. In future years mayhap Dr. Stevenson may carry his searches after knowledge so far that he'll find a cure for this dread malady.

ROWENA LUCILE STOCKBERGER. "Cile."

"Tall, slim, and graceful as a willow wand."

For to see as great a multitude of funny things as possible, even that is Cile's object in life. To accomplish which end we wonder doth she e'er look into a mirror. Seriously now, Cile hath one thing on us—she doth not have to wait unto that time when Ivanhoe shalt meander along. Thereupon we wonder whether she is going to Dennison Ohio, next year to study music. If 't is so, many a future Central chapel do we envy a charming hour.





EVANGELINE GRACE STOVER. "Venus;" "Giggles."

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat; therefore let's be merry."

Very gracious is this our Grace, who bubbleth over with good humor. In sooth, is her name identified with a willingness to share everything with her friends (with a single exception, of course). Further than this, is she a jolly good fellow,—a marvel of versatility; for she can do everything from using powder effectively (with which defense doth she approach even Burke with marvelous equanimity) to selling fireless cookers to reluctant housewives. Nay, more! she liveth up to her first name, as did Longfellow's heroine; for she would follow Jack to the ends of the earth!

RUTH ALBERTA STROBEL. "Bert."

"Along came Ruth, and to tell the truth, She stole my heart away."

A maiden fair, a maiden jolly,
To dub her prim would be a folly.
Now loudly Normal to her calls,
As she goes from our classic halls;
And may she not long have to wait,
From there to proudly graduate;
And when in after years she looks
On Central's four years filled with books,
And to our class her thoughts she sends,
May we then still be her old friends.

LEANDER DUNBAR SYME. "Lee."

"Born for success, he seemed With grace to win."

After wasting two years of his life at Western, Lee came to Central, where he now displayeth his ability as a soldier and as a "Romeo" among the ladies. When he is neither drilling nor talking to the ladies (which is seldom), he driveth a twin six (Ford) around the town. He expecteth to make use of his military genius acquired at Central by going to West Point. The Brecky predicteth a great career for this brave soldier.

ROBERT S. TRIMBLE, JR.

"Brains and love go not hand in hand."

Here hast thou one of those quiet, unassuming young men who doeth things; nor doth he use a brass band to do them either. If he continueth to do as well up at West Point, whither he hath hopes of going in the near future, as he now doth in English down here, verily is he like to be an honor man up there. Here's hoping he does!

WALTER VALE TRUITT. "Trudy;" "Vale."

"He is complete in features and in mind."

Thou seest here the face of one of Central's former cadets. Although Vale hath forgotten his tactics, he holdeth on to something much more valuable—tact. Perhaps he will some day be an artist, judging from the decorations on his books. But he would make a fine Mexican soldier as he hath the ability to run swiftly. If thou believest this not, then ask some of his competitors in the fifty-yard novice races.

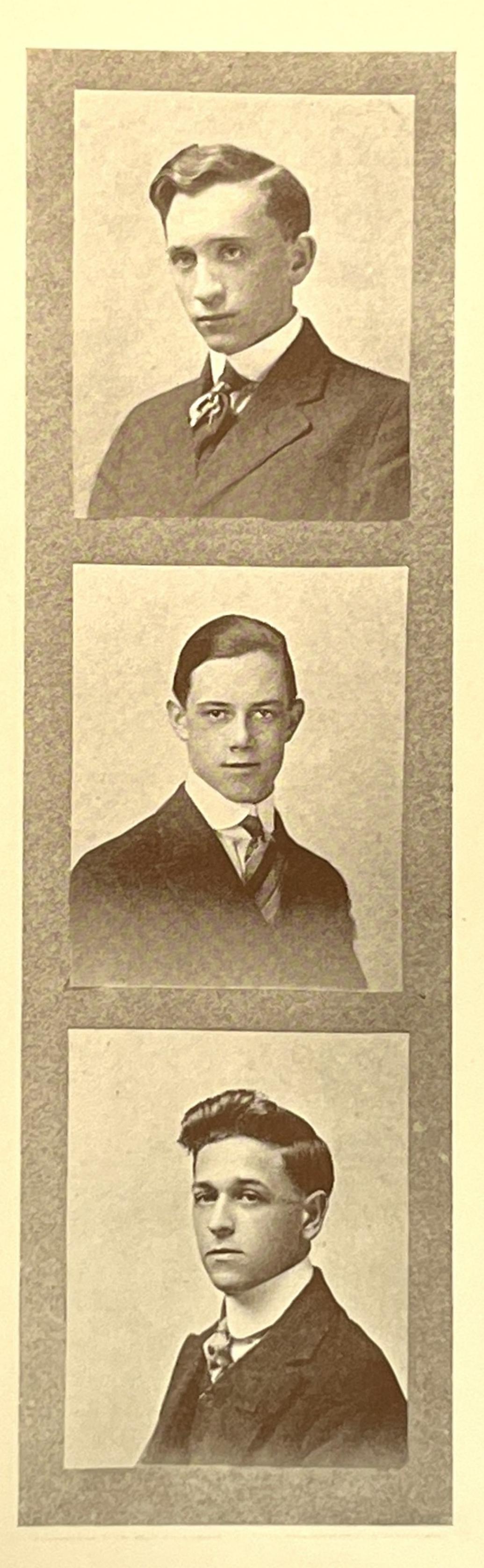
LOUIS WEBSTER TUROFF.

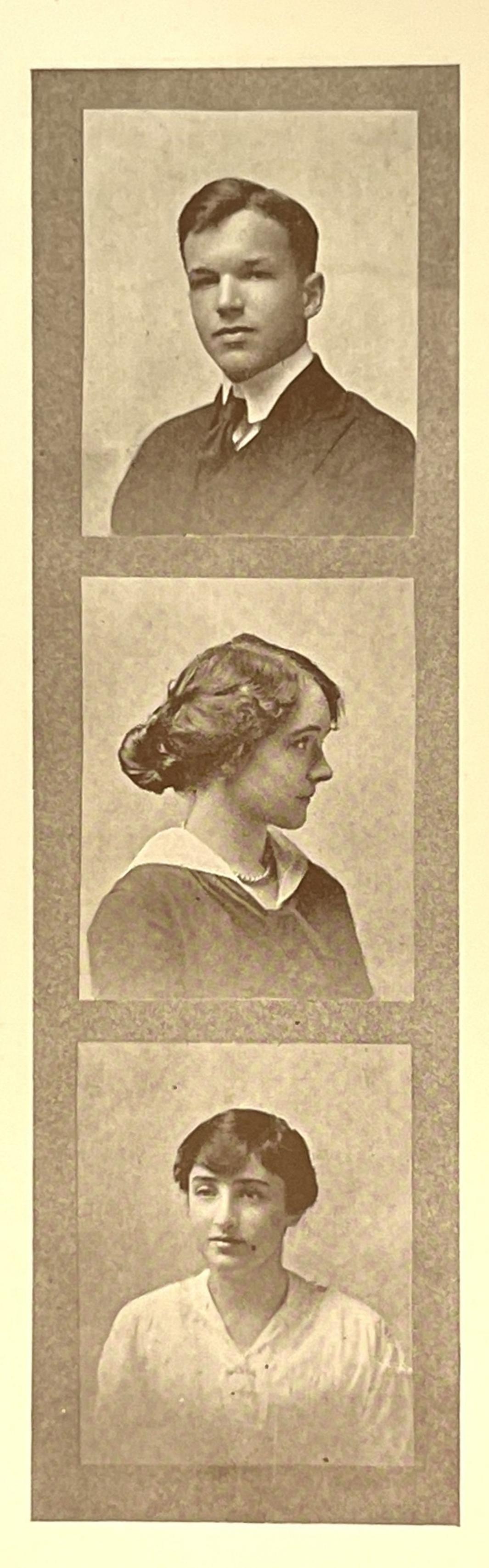
"Looie."

Captain, Co. I; Review Staff.

"Praise from a friend or censure from a foe Are lost on hearers that our merits know."

What difference doth it make if he ain't as big as a lamp post? Hath he not clearly demonstrated his superiority as a scholar and his military skill as a private, corporal, and sergeant? Forsooth, no wonder then, that the school hath to his paternal care entrusted one of our companies. (Some company, believe ye us!) Of a surety, will his skill in the classroom, his military genius, and his tenacity of will gain for him a perpetual page in the annals of Central.





CLARENCE HALL VINCENT.

"Vince."

"O, foster-child of silence!"

There are they, who thou canst tell, by looking upon, are devoid of sense. Of them Vince is not. Verily, did he not come to Central even from the Roxbury Latin School, in Massachusetts (Vince hath put this place on the map). Sense—hath he not? Yea, even from the month of February unto June, moreover, hath he remained with us, for to be as long as possible in Old Central. More sense, sayest thou? Before this noble youth showeth Oberlin what a Centralite can do, busteth he all manner of records in the mile and half-mile foot race.

ELLEN SAULSBURY WALLER.

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

Ellen greets us with a smile
When she's at school, once in a while.
Yet we would like to know her better,
And we would not so oft forget her,
If oftener she'd come to classes;
In spite of this, she always passes.
Because her interests are divided,
Her future course is not decided.

MILDRED THERESA WALLERSTEIN.

"Her ivory hands on the ivory keys Strayed in a fitful fantasy."

Sweet Mildred can play basketball;
She throws good goals, although she's small.
Music will be her life's vocation,
Unless she change her name and station.
She's just as sweet as she can be,
And pretty, too, as you can see;
Her lovely ways won our affection,
We'll keep her in our recollection.
We think this speech earns fair requital,
So send us cards to your first recital.

KATHERINE LOUISE WELLS. "Kitty."

"And then her looks—oh where's the heart so wise, Could, unbewildered, meet those matchless eyes?"

Whosoever glideth through four years of high school on no apparent effort and still getteth good marks, revealeth somewhat more than an ordinary brain supply. Such is Kitty, forsooth. See'st thou how she can entertain three or four friends in History class even while she answereth Mr. Noyes' rapid fire of questions! True, there is also the mad whirlpool of society, which likewise affecteth not her scholastic standing. But now loometh up Normal School in her path!

FLORENCE IRMA WENGER.

"Flossie."

"'Tis well to be merry and wise.".

Flossie's two feet propel one of Old Central's brightest math stars. She appeareth rather choicy about her subjects, and doth utterly detest languages, especially English. True she hath hopes to come back to Central next year as a P. G., but we are minded that a pet vocation there is, which she firmly intendeth to follow. Nor can we tell tales out of school but—Irma hath been learning to bake.

MILDRED WERNTZ. Dramatic Association.

"Her mind adorned with virtues manifold."

Verily hath Mildred many virtues, but who is there that surpasseth her in perseverance? None—saith Mrs. Walton; for no one in the dramatic association worketh harder. Nor doth her work end there. Knowest thou not this math shark? She hath not decided whether to go to Vassar or George Washington to specialize in the aforementioned subject. But let that be as it will, thou shalt hear of Mildred again.





FRANK KIGGINS WHITE.

Review Staff.
Captain Company E; Debate.

"There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking."

See ye here, oh, gentle reader, the likeness of a Central leader. Verily this man doth possess such a great oratorical energy and fluency that thou canst hear at the close of the English hour, "Indeed he useth more words to express one idea than doth any other orator." From captain of the Freshman Debating Team to the president of Central's Arguing Society and a captain is indeed a fine record. Such is Frank's.

MARJORIE ELIZABETH WHITE.

"Bessie."

"Her air, her manner, all who see admire."

Bessie is in every way a "good fellow." If thou needest help in any subject, go thou direct to Bessie; if thou wantest to enjoy thyself, talk thou to Bessie; if thou wishest a pleasant companion, chum thou with Bessie. She can translate French in rag-time or iambic pentameter, and hath equal efficiency in all her other subjects. Bessie will go to Normal next year for to prepare herself to join the vast throng of pedagogues; but we see not how so fine a girl can escape the ranks of domestic science.

MARGARET ELIZABETH WHITFORD. "Peggy."

"Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me."

Sweet Peggy is a girl of sense;
She studies with such diligence
That she gets E's in recompense.
She loved her school; she feared not work,
But even then she did not shirk.
Until she studied Edmund Burke,
And when from Central she'll depart,
With needleworking is her heart;
In a library school she'll start.

WILLIAM KNAPP WILBUR. "Bill;" "Bud."

Regimental Adjutant, First Regiment; Business Manager Review; Dramatic Association; Winner Cadet Competition, 1914.

"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

See ye here, oh Pilgrim, one who counteth bills with one hand and his eyes closed and who writeth receipts two at a time. Bill hath the ability to do everything and everybody except translate Latin, but for that the teacher blameth him not. Central hopeth that Bill's next duty will be to say to someone of her company leaders, "Captain, take thou thy company to the judges, for thou hast won the drill."

MARGARET ESTHER WILFLEY. .

"Peggy;" "Mardo."
Class Prophetess.

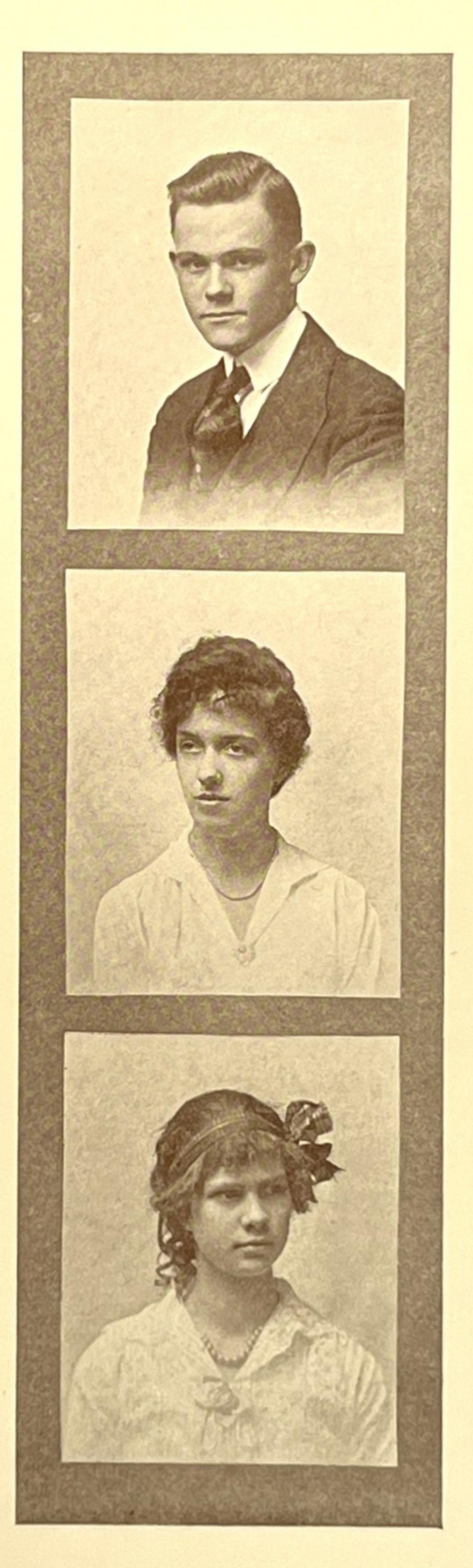
"Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth-it catches."

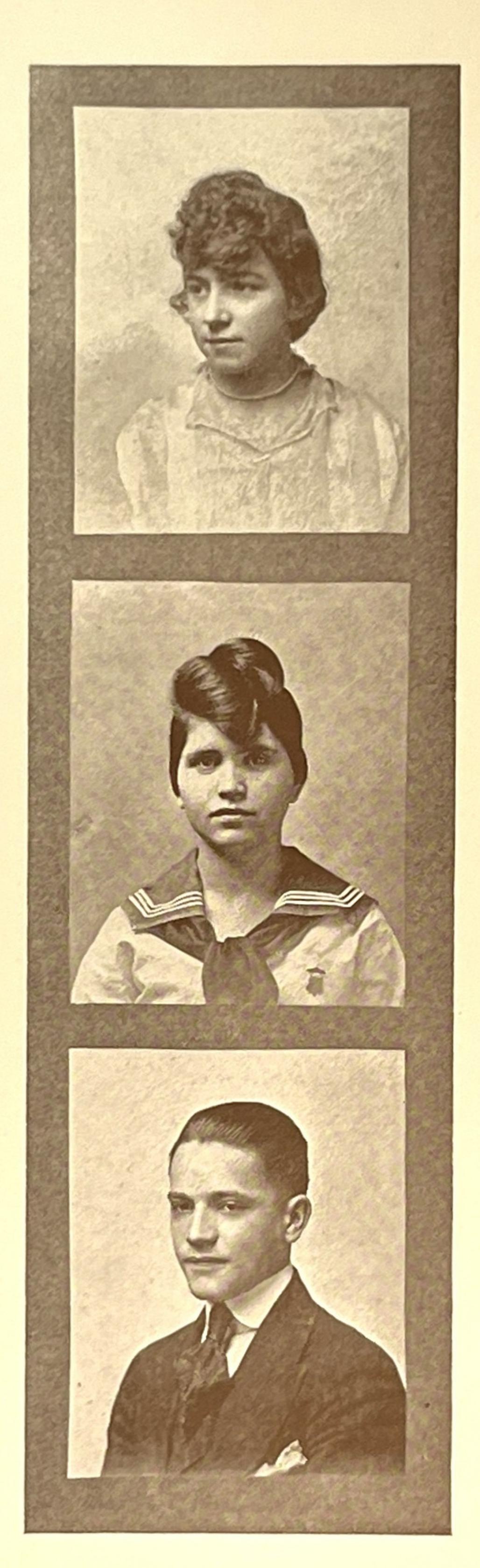
Now, prithee, who couldst thou find more jolly, mischievous, witty, and entertaining withal, than Peggy? In sooth, none!—for have we not made her one of our class prophetesses? Now, verily, was Peggy a clever little journalist, but she just could not resist the temptation of reading the society notes during class. Yet—'tis gratifying to see one's name in print. She saith she will go to Wellesley—but it doth seem like to us Annapolis will beset her path.

JOHNJALINE AISTROPE WILLAMETTE. "Johnnie."

"She is a maid of artless grace Gentle in form and fair of face."

Johnnie hath made a hit with us all—from teachers to freshmen. Now doth her gentle and unassuming manners and attractive ways mark her immediately as a southern girl (not that the north isn't all right—Johnnie liketh it herself). A host of friends hath she and well we knew that as long as she hath that bewitching smile, straightway will she continue to win them. We also predict that there is like to be a brilliant future for this so gifted a violinist.





ANNA L. WILSON. "Ann;" "Blondie."

"Her sunny locks, Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Here is she come, the most lively, lovable girl in the school. We wonder not at the perpetual group of admiring males. Not very big, yet always thou knowest she is there, for if she be not laughing she is talking. Sad to relate, a weakness hath she for maple nut creams and shoulder straps. Yea, verily, always a leader in her classes, doth it not appear that she will become a "Starr?" Normal will claim her attention next year. Good luck, Ann!"

LILLIAN WOLF. "Lil."

"With eyes that looked into the very soul, Bright, and as black and burning as a coal."

Lillian's sweet and she is cute,
And in her German she's sehr gut.
With eyes and hair as black as jet,
A poet calls her a brunette.
A girl demure and small is she.
A Normal pupil she will be.
And she can make a fiddle squeak,
Until the echo lasts a week.
For her we wish a future bright,
Of years all days without a night.

JOHN WILLIAMSON WOOD.

"Jawn;" "Johnnie."

Second Lieutenant, Company B.

"Johnny, get your gun, get your sword, and pistol."

Look ye well, gentlemen, upon this goodly youth, because after the advent of a few winters shall we plunk down five weighty pieces of gold, for to hear this guy lecture on "The Technical Importance of the Superfluity of the Extent of Antedeluvian Deposits of the Orthosulphuric Manganate of Potash," or some like all-important question about which he little knoweth. Notwithstanding, proclaimeth he his intention of going to the University of George Washington for to study for the ministry.

KARL DAWSON WOOD. Major Second Battalion.

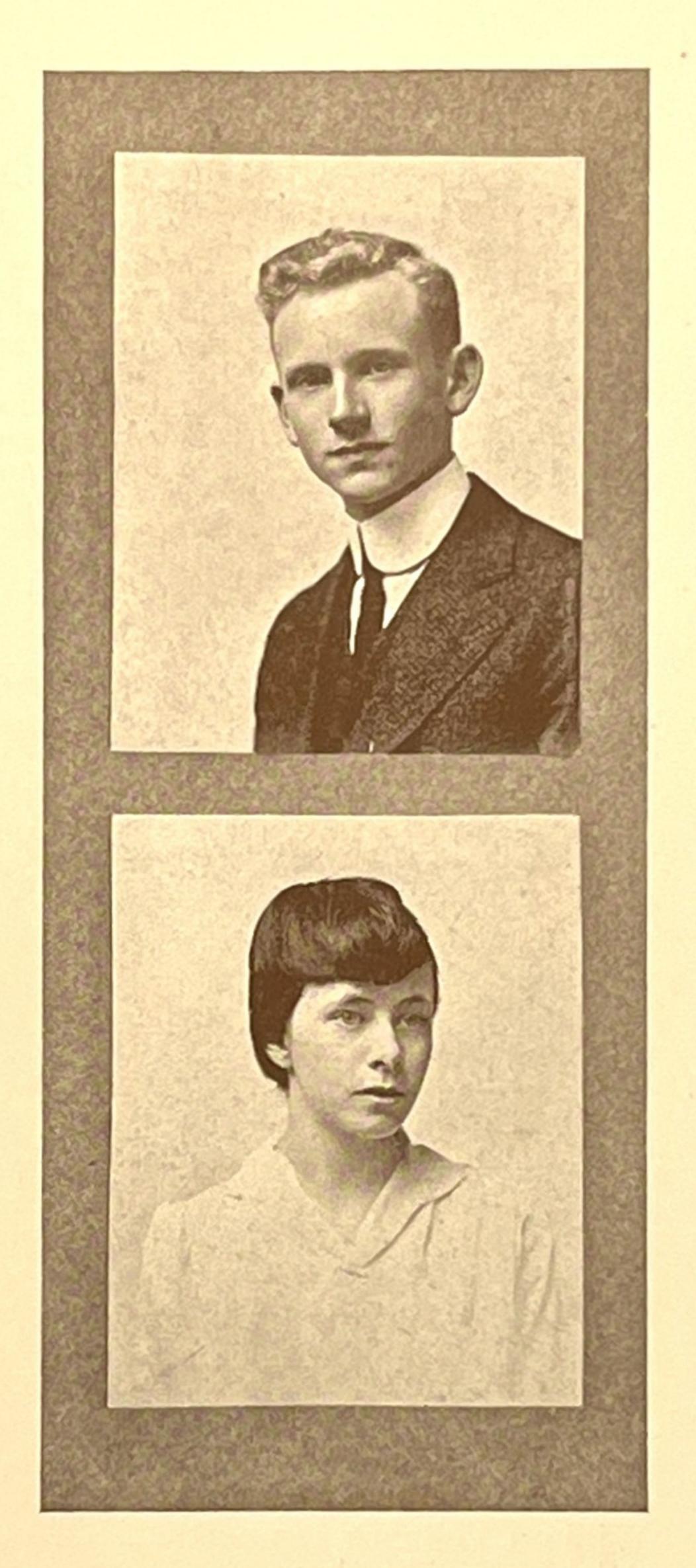
"There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise."

Indeed it doth become a person to boast when he hath a record like unto that one possessed by a certain Karl Wood. Thusly runneth his record, "First in German, first in English, and first in the Second Battalion." This major possesseth the reputation of knowing more military tactics than the "Drill Regulations" containeth. He hath a string of E's that runneth from the first advisory of his first year to the second semester of his ending year.

MATILDA NEVITT YOUNG.

"Braided is her hair Soft her look and modest."

If there be any truth in the statement that great things come in small packages, then, verily, doth Matilda prove great. Yea, now also is she likely to be a great deal missed when she leaveth Central, a maid, the tiniest, cutest, most charming of the class. And we know that wheresoever she doth betake herself next year, straightway there shall appear victims of her ready blush and drooping eyes.



JOSEPHINE MARGARET BAUGHMAN. "Jo."

"A little, tiny, pretty, witty, charming darling she."

Didst thou not think there was some mistake about it when one so tiny and young looking entered B8 in February? Yea, mayhap, but not for long, for "Jo" soon convinceth us that a large brain may be in a small body. And straightway her winning ways have caused some of our fellow students of the sterner sex to succumb already. National Park Seminary or Mt. Vernon will be the fortunate recipient of this little Indianian next year.

RODERICK BURT DUNLAP. "Roddy."

"Have heard him sigh, and soften out the name."

They say that he is out for track,
For running he has quite a knack.
He came from Western just last year,
Because he liked the French up here.
The hardest piece does not dismay,
For the piano he can play;
He'll be a very great musician,
At least this is our supposition.

ANDREW NASH.

"The man who speaks a dozen tongues when all is said and done can not compare with him that can and does keep still with one."

He hath spent but one year within the walls of old Central, but in that one year Nash hath shown himself to be an encyclopedia of great learning. Central feeleth proud for this young man sayeth that she is indeed the best of all high schools.

DIRECTORY OF THE JUNE CLASS.

Elisabeth Agee	607 Fourth st., n.w.
Mary Isabel Allen	
John Andrew Aman	
Mary Elizabeth Arnold	
Carlyle Martin Ashley	
Clara Clark Barclay	
Josephine Baughman	712 Rock Creek Church Road
Emma Dorothy Baurman	
Margaret Ellen Beale	
Joseph Warren Belcher, Jr	2128 First st. n.w.
William Vollrath Bennetts	1941 First st n.w.
Ada Doan Bentley	1358 Girard st n w
Milton Parkins Birthright	74 T st n w
Elizabeth Wilson Blake	1017 Otis Place n w
David Blanken	1405 Fifth et nw
Dorothy Grey Bopp	3563 Holmond Place
Mary Evelyn Bullock	Riverdele Md
Louise Carman	1251 O et n w
Ethel Lamb Carney	3/83 Holmond Place
Madaline Hannah Carr	Silver Springs Meruland
Mildred Marjory Caylor	792 Fifth at no
Nathaniel Cayton	2120 H at 27 TH
A. Victor Cerceo	110 E et n.W.
Lucy Mary Clark	25 Florido erro nav
Amy Isabel Clarke	210 D at mo
John W. Connelly, Jr.	1490 Cinand at m. e.
Thomas Francis Connor	CO1C Ci-th at n.W.

D (1 35 111 C 1	
Ruth Merrill Cook	Kensington, Maryland
Felix Ernest Cristofane, Jr	833 Fifth st., n.w.
Mary Esther Croggon	
Florence Celeste Crossman	East Falls Church, Virginia
Gladys Isabelle Culbertson	1358 Quincy st. n.w.
Tracy Enfield Davis	
Albert Stanley De Neale	1402 Delaneld Place, n.w.
Emma E. Deutermann	
Harold H. Dewhirst	
Dorothy Eugenia Diamant	1112 Main st., Jonesboro, Arkansas
Annie Marie Dobkin	1700 Euclid st., n.w.
Lorraine Doran	
Marian J. Drown	
Stanley B. Duffies	
Rodorick Burt Dunlan	1799 O at n w
Roderick Burt Dunlap	
Lillian S. Du Paul	
Martha E. Dyer	
Ruth Sarah Earle	
May Blanche Einstein	
Oliver B. Exline	
Robert Lee Faris	
Robert Ashbrook Farmer	
Laura Marie Filer	
Marian Finch	
Aubrey D. Fischer	
William Joseph Flood	
Katherine Harrison Flower	
Theodore E. Forbes	
Dorothy Lilian Fridley	
Dean Gallegher	
Alma Marie Garber	
Raymond Gatchell	
Minnie Geschickter	
Katherine Gibbons	
Mary Annette Gibson	
Ruth E. Morgan Glines	
Fannie Elizabeth Gray	
Helen Gertrude Gray	1802 Second st., n.w.
Rose Greenberg	
Catharine Howell Gutelius	
Esther Virginia Hall	
Marie Evelyn Hall	1228 Maryland ave. n.e.
Gertrude Charlotte Hamilton	
Elsa M. Hansen	
Kathryn Harris	
Rosamond Frances Harvey	2007 F st., n.w.
Mildred May Hawxhurst3208	Newark st., n.w., Cleveland Pk., D.C.
Mary Ernestine Hayden	
Jeannette Elizabeth Hays	Silver Springs, Maryland
Alta Heap	
Elaine Ruthe Hedgcock	46 Cedar st., Takoma Park, D. C.
Ruth Mildred Hillyard	1124 Tenth et nw
Ada Marie Himelfarb	
Josephine Marie Huber	1506 maryland ave., n.e.

Frances Ashlin Johnson	1601 Fifteenth st., n.w.
Paul Johnson	1931 Lincoln Road, n.e.
Maxwell Lainy Johnston	1418 Madison st., n.w.
Maxwell Lamy Johnston	1320 L st. n w
Allen Stanley Jones	2102 First et nw
Herbert Maury Jones	11C TI
Anastasia Grace Indee	110 v St., n.e.
Lillian Carey Justice	Conege Park, Md.
Hortense Mildred King	1779 Lamer Place, n.w.
Myrtle Marion King	
Miriam Beatrice Kleeblatt	3542 Thirteenth st., n.w.
Franklin Coblentz Knock	419 G st. n.w.
Trankini Coblentz Knock	1752 Willard st nw
Janet Rippey Kolbe	227 Tonth et no
Agnes I. Lee	1400 Monton of a
Benjamin Le Fevre	1420 Newton st., n.w.
Ruth Marie Louis	229 G st., n.w.
Dorothy Helen Maguire	
Florence Maitland	716 Harvard st., n.w.
Leonard Marbury	1208 Fifteenth st., n.w.
Katherine Elizabeth Marsden	904 B st., n.w.
Lucia Rebekah Maxwell	2311 Eighteenth st. n.w.
W Inlian MaElhinner	105 The Albemarle
W. Julian McElhinney	2002 Coordin are
Phillippa W. McJilton	3923 Georgia ave., II.w.
Archie McLachlen	
Esther May Melick	
Gertrude Metzerott	706 The Northumberland
Lena Josephine Miller	3828 Georgia ave., n.w.
Mildred Doris Minster	
Jennie Frances Mitchell	
Wilbur Burson Montgomery	
The same and	
Florence I. Moody	
Florence L. Moody	3646 Warder st., n.w.
Mildred Josephine Moore	3646 Warder st., n.w. 111 Tennessee ave., n.e.
Mildred Josephine Moore Esther Murray	3646 Warder st., n.w. 111 Tennessee ave., n.e. 2918 P st., n.w.
Mildred Josephine Moore Esther Murray Andrew Nash	
Mildred Josephine Moore Esther Murray Andrew Nash Grace Agnes Netherland	
Mildred Josephine Moore Esther Murray Andrew Nash Grace Agnes Netherland Eleanor Marie North	3646 Warder st., n.w 111 Tennessee ave., n.e 2918 P st., n.w 1466 Monroe st., n.w 1815 Belmont Road, n.w. 640 D st., n.e.
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Mildred Josephine Moore Esther Murray Andrew Nash Grace Agnes Netherland Eleanor Marie North Ralph Everson Nuber Sylvia Fannye Oppenheimer Evelyn Marie Patterson	
Mildred Josephine Moore Esther Murray Andrew Nash Grace Agnes Netherland Eleanor Marie North Ralph Everson Nuber Sylvia Fannye Oppenheimer Evelyn Marie Patterson J. E. Pennybacker	
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Karl Dawson Wood	1409 Decatur st., n.w.
Matilda Nevitt Young	2129 Eighteenth st., n.w.

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Agnes Bartlett Bryan	1307 Fairmont st., n.w.
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Alice Schiller	227 Pennsylvania ave., n.w.
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Dorothy Stokes	304 C st no
Edith Swartwout	No. 12 Jowa Circle
Grace Taylor	2140 Pennsylvania ave n w
Edgar S. Vansant	3153 Nineteenth st nw
Ethel Craigen Yohe	

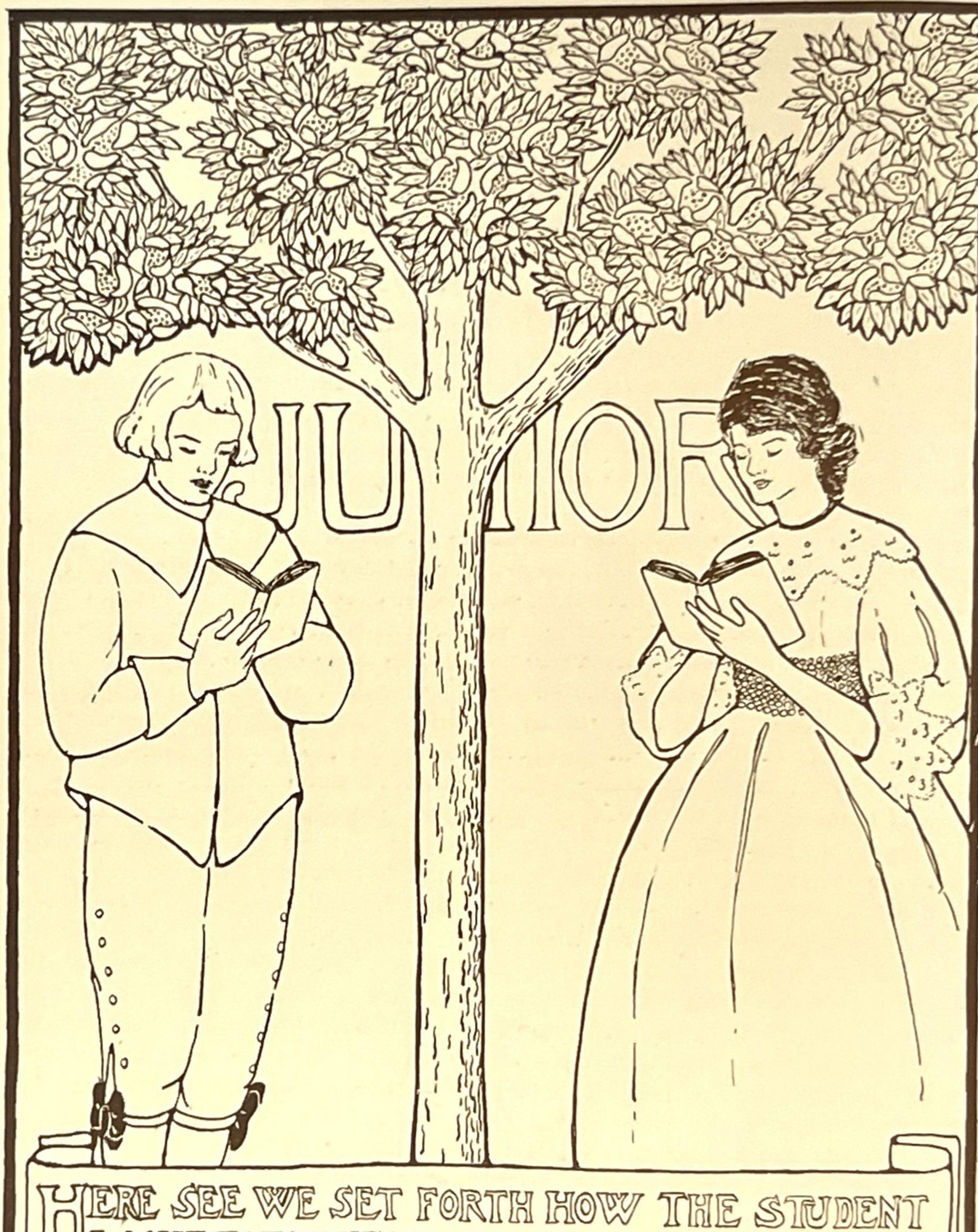


AN APPRECIATION

One of our most gratifying tasks,—a task which, though most called-for, we are never able to perform as it merits,—is to say a sincere "thank you" to all those who have contributed to our success. And especially is it pleasant when our gratitude goes to one whose devotion and labor are unknown to so many,—one whose name never appears with those who receive credit, but one without whom there would be no Brecky. Miss Coolidge is officially known as the "Faculty Adviser" of the school publications; to those who have had the privilege of working with her and who love her, however, she has no title. She is just "Miss Coolidge," the heart and soul of everything in which she has a hand. No more need be said for those who know her: to those who, unfortunately, do not know Miss Coolidge we say this: Before you leave Central, work with Miss Coolidge; and you will understand what true "Central Spirit" means.

We wish to express our deep gratitude to all those who, by their unwearying effort, have aided us in so many ways. Almost every person in the Class has done something for the Brecky, and so many who are not in the Senior Class have helped us, that, more than ever before, this year's Brecky represents the Class and the School. To all of them we are deeply indebted; and to them we wish to say again, "Thank you!"





THERE SEE WE SET FORTH HOW THE STUDENT INLOOKETH FOR WARD TO COLLEGE DAYS. AND PLIETH HIS BOOKS WITH GOODLY DILIGENCE, AND THE TREE BEARETH SEEMLY BESSOMS.

H GESCHICKTER

JUNIOR HISTORY.

In the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and thirteen, a company of pilgrims early in their journey of life started on the four years' pilgrimage to the Pinnacle of Learning. They entered the Green Field to drink of the Fountain of Responsibility; and many were the dangers that beset our Knights and Ladies. Many were over-powered by the monster Duty and her servants, Science, Language, and Mathematics, and were led out through Conduct Study Hall and After School Exams by the Flunker's Gate. One of this company, the White Ross Knight, nobly conquered a strange sphere bearing the device, "Spalding." The Patron Saint of pilgrims rewarded him with a letter C, which he wore upon his shield. Many Knights assumed a blue attire and habitually betook themselves about under orders of similarly garbed Knights, whose shouting voices were unpleasant to hear. Several Ladies of athletic ability threw an inflated pigskin into a basket amid shrieks of joy.—And so the first year passed.

Then the Patron Saint led them into the Rosy Area. The pilgrims had a joyous and light feeling about the head; and a few susceptible ones puffed up out of all semblance to humanity. They laughed to scorn their happy first year. Here again Duty pursued them, but most held their own; and, in spite of the lightness of head, were prepared for the following year.

The Patron Saint then conducted them through a wide portal. Here the road became steep, and many fell by the way. Often Knights, and sometimes Ladies, joined them from the Flunker's Cave and from other lands. At last they entered a level plain golden with sunshine of battles won,—the Glow of Better Judgment, and the Spark of Ambition. Still Duty followed, with a new servant, Good Example. Some were lured into the Flunker's Cave by Skippers, Athletics, Laziness, and Fashion. Some befriended Athletics and were cheered on by the rest who flourished blue banners and shouted strange formulas in unison. Knights adopted the basketry sport which the Ladies still enjoyed, although the former omitted the shrieks. Talented pilgrims were discovered by the searchlights of Drama, Music, Art, and Literature. Good Times followed them always; but these must be left behind now, for the Patron Saint bids them look beyond the widest portal. A burst of glory meets their eyes, and a crimson glow dazzles them. Far in the distance, a black cloud, Sixteen Credits, threatens with the silver lining, Graduation. The Ladies seem attracted by a show of finery near the Graduation cloud, and the Knights, by a company of C's and Commissions. And behind the cloud is the Pinnacle of Learning. So, encouraged by Hope, and guided by the Patron Saint, they cross the threshold and begin the fourth year of their journey.

NANCY FRENCH.



SOPHOMORE HISTORY.

When first the sophomores entered the Halls of Central, they were much put to it to know what they should do; for they perceived that they knew not why they were there nor whither they should go. But soon they had it pointed out to them that they were for naught and less than naught. All was for that which men do call Central. They could by no means do anything for themselves but must do all for Central. They must be nothing for themselves but be all for Central. Thinking on these things, they set out to work diligently for Central. Their divers talents were soon made the objects of many a man's envy, for in all things concerning the school, few were of more moment than they. At the luncheon, they were outdone by none, and they began to feel themselves to be of some importance.

In process of time, the sophomores came into the blessed estate in which they now reside. They perceived that others were coming to take the places they had held, and they became monstrous happy thereat. But also, they perceived that there were many new things they must do. For, look you, as their importance waxed greater they wotted that their duty waxed greater in like measure. So they sent more from among them to aid in the good works. Down certain dark and mysterious halls which do end in sun-light and are called by some foot-ball, base-ball and track, went from their number excellent men, who did that which was pleasing in the sight of all. To that noble body of men, which they had helped so much before to make victorious, they sent many of the best and brightest of their goodly company that they, also, might learn the arts of war. Among their maidens came great fame to many, as players who, with surprising skill, threw large balls into baskets.

Then, as there must ever be a head upon the body or the body is for naught, let those who think that brawn is never accompanied by brain know that this class sustained the good repute to which they had come in their slow progress through the halls of learning. They also sought to further their fame by sending forth unto all people a Review which many did say was the most excellent of the year.

I will say again, that they achieved fame in many things but that which hath brought the most joy to their hearts is not those things which they have done but those things which they be: members of the body of Central.

MARGARET SWIGART.



AND LOXING BACK INTO THE VERY BEGINNING OF ANY YOUTHFUL STUDENT OF PLANTETH THE TREE WHICH IS TO OF BRING FORTH FRUIT IN DUE SEASON.

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY.

One day as I sat brooding upon the sorrows of life, a sweet sleep came over me and I dreamed a marvelous dream.

In my vision I beheld a huge plain unvegetated except for a few trees and a great mass of human beings who were carelessly strewn about in every direction. These latter were weeping and wailing and rolling their eyes despairingly while their frail bodies trembled like leaves when the wind blows.

I glanced more closely and now beheld that the lamenters were mere children and I wondered greatly at their being at large in so great and dangerous a place as the world.

So drawing near, I thus addressed one, "Stranger, why art thou so disturbed?

Does some wicked man pursue thee that thou shouldst so weep?"

"Ah, friend," sighed the lad, tears gushing forth from his beautiful eyes, "No man persecutes us but we have a great sorrow. We are Central High School Freshmen and the splendor and magnificence of all about us (especially the upper-classmen) doth awe us woefully. See you high mountain? That is Mt. Wisdom which my friends and I must climb within four years. Hard and wearisome is the journey for dark rivers of Ignorance and Despair cross the mountain and fearful beasts await to pounce upon us as we unsuspectingly pass their lairs. Dost wonder that we weep?"

"No," I made reply, "I wonder not and indeed I can give thee no consolation

whatever. Only be brave and do thy best!"

He then hastened away and I awoke and went upon my way wondering at the thing I had seen.

About nine months later I again fell asleep and dreamed. This time I beheld a beautiful little dell through which ran a sparkling, foaming brooklet. Dense luxuriant vines of wild grapes and poison ivy entwined themselves gracefully about some handsome tree-stumps at the side of the brooklet.

On these stumps sat—my friends of the other dream! They were changed, however, vitally changed. They had matured and were now haughty young men and women. They sat high upon their stumps and lofty was the carriage of their heads.

I signaled to my friend of the other dream who was busily engaged in weaving an exquisite chain of sun-flowers.

"Friend," said I, whispering, "What hath changed thee so? Surely thou art

no longer freshmen-? Methinks thou art too wise-looking."

"We are sophomores, now," replied he, tossing his head, "And we have good reason to hold high our heads! Last year our class distinguished itself. We supported our school well. We helped Central to form her six cadet companies; we it was who helped the Athletic Association by joining it and going to all of the ball-games, although we understood them not. In boys' athletics shine these of us and many others: Gallagher in basket-ball, Dawe, Cook, and Sheers in baseball, and Donnell, Gerry, and Pishon in track. Our noble girls have formed ten basket-ball teams and have beaten the inflexible juniors in relayracing! In the debate and orchestra we are exceedingly well represented. Now, dost thou wonder that we have pride?"

"Thou art truly marvelous," sighed I, "but what of Mt. Wisdom which you

must climb? Did the dangers harm you?"

"We escaped" said the sophomore, "with few scratches and we have already

climbed one-fourth of our way up!"

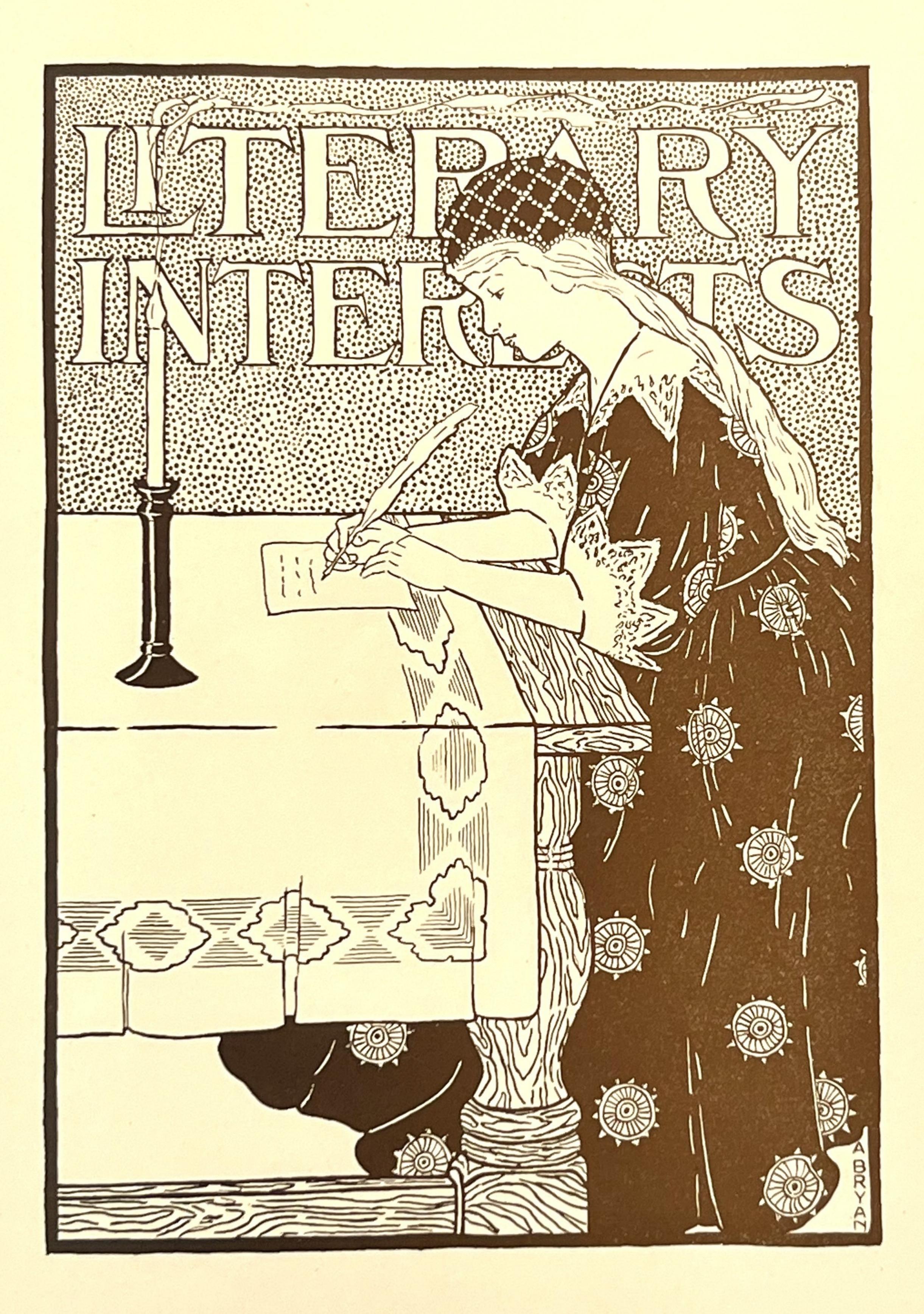
"Thou art to be congratulated," said I, and I slowly strode away wondering at the thing I had seen.

HELEN E. BREHM.

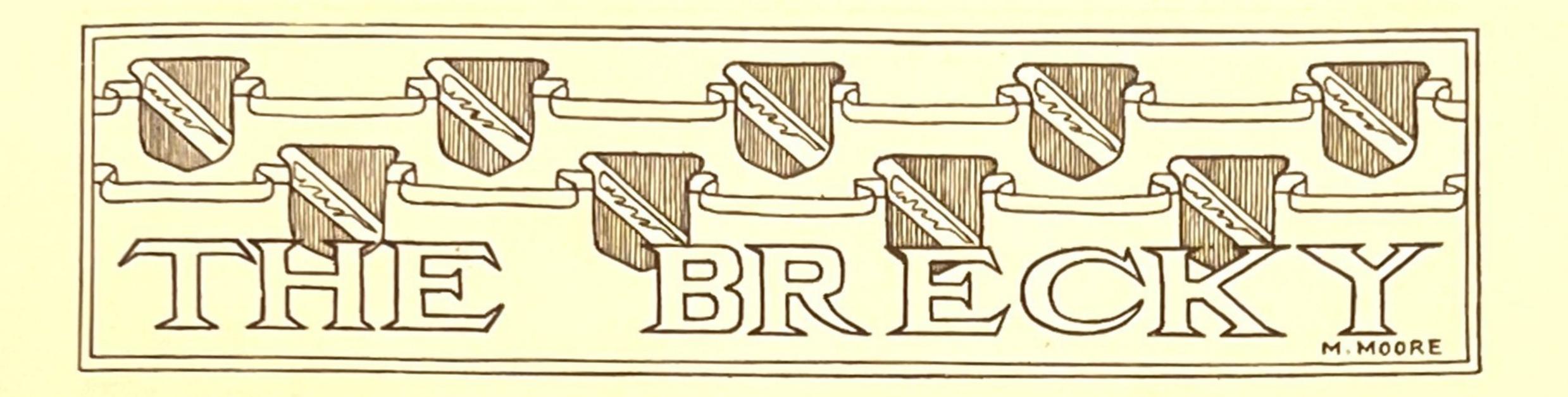
DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN

Dies ist ein neues institution, Professor Spanhoofd's contribution. Herr Connelly's our president, His competence is evident; When he's not there, Grace Netherland, Vice President, will take the stand. As secretaries, Herr Karl Wood, And Herr Cottrell are very good; And in dramatics Fraulein Ring Can to the members pleasure bring, While Fraulein Carman does her best For dance, debate, and Weihnachtsfest; When at the piano, Fraulein Dyer For music makes us all aspire, And Carlyle Ashley, too, has charge Of membership; 'tis rather large; And all the time is Deutsch gesprochen, Und niemand hat the rules gebrochen.

LOUISE CARMAN.







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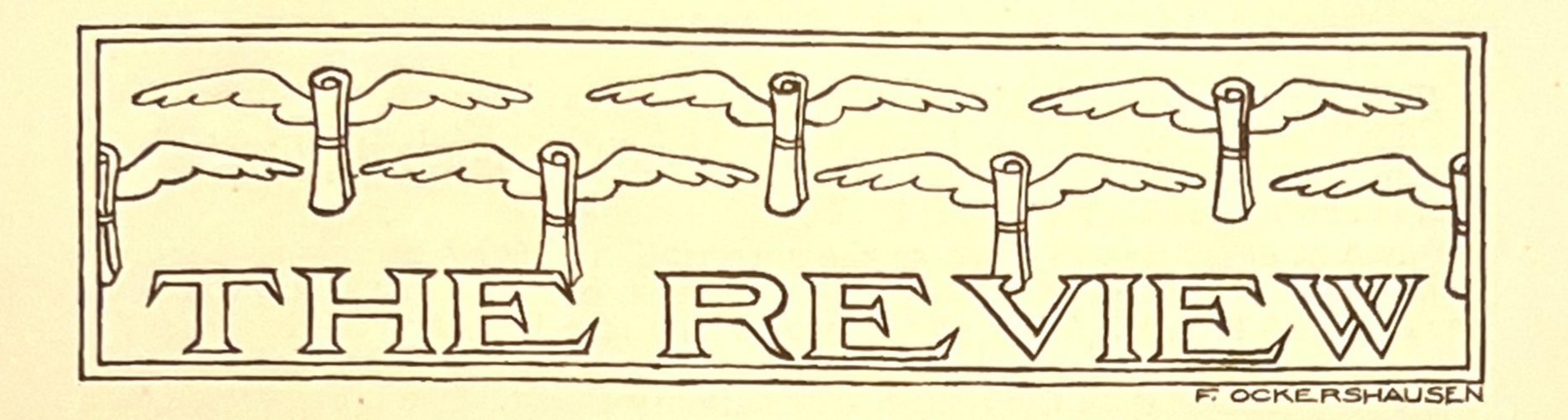
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THE PAPER.

The Review has aimed this year of its thirtieth anniversary to penetrate into the life of every Centralite, to be the center of the school activities, radiating a love of Central and a knowledge of her interests to the littlest freshman on the roll, in short The Paper of the School.

Our first effort was to increase the subscription list by means of the far-famed "1000 campaign." Prizes were offered in the hope of raising the number from 800 to 1000. Although this would not have benefited the business department to any great extent, it would have brought more pupils into a closer relation and interest in the school—our primary object. The contest itself was not immediately successful, but, as a result of the extensive advertising conducted by the staff, the issues of the paper were awaited by the school with expectancy. Later, indeed, when the February freshmen came, we succeeded in getting more than a thousand subscribers—probably the largest number in the history of the school. This, combined with the paid advertisements in the book has given the business department in William K. Wilbur's capable hands, a very successful year.

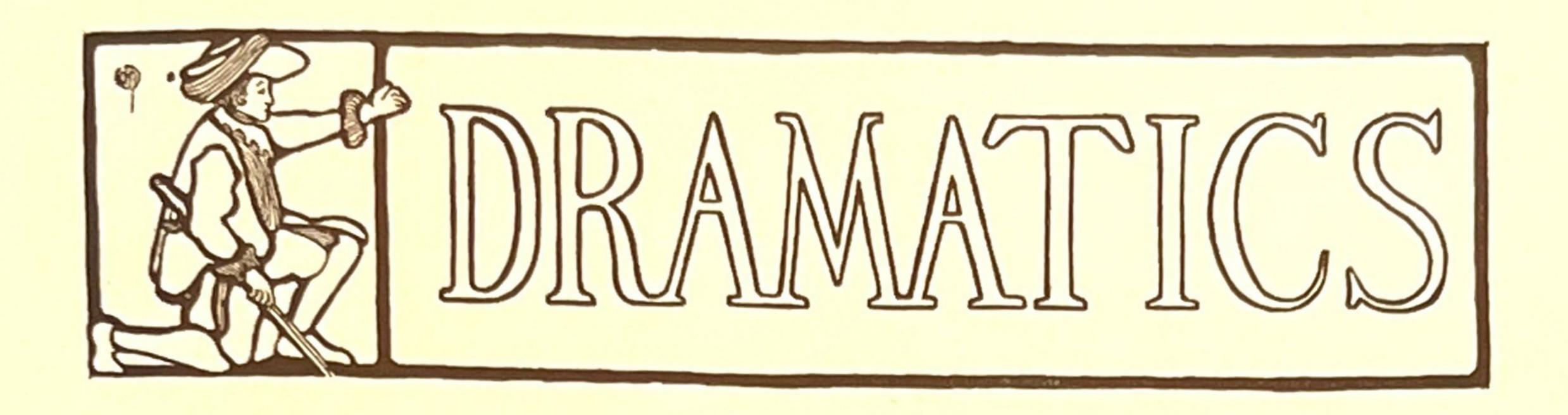
Someone has remarked that the greatest virtue of a school paper lies in employing a large number of people to put it forth. If this be true, The Review has been highly virtuous, for our staff numbered eighteen members of widely different tastes and activities, representing the widely different interests of the school—our second effort toward universatility. Nor has the staff monopolized the work. The miscellaneous contributions were made by the school at large to an unusual degree—a fact which is a matter for just pride. A paper of the school, written by the school, for the school, is a school paper indeed. This was probably accomplished by having each number a "special," so that the various tastes might find an opportunity for self-expression, and by having class numbers which necessitated contributions from the school at large instead of from the seniors only. Thus, as many people as possible were given a "proprietary interest" in the paper.

As it has so often been said, The Review cannot present events, but only record them—the real function of a monthly paper. As far as possible we have tried to present the news still fresh, but if the account of a victory, or defeat three weeks old proved wearisome, the consolation remains that five or ten years hence this same account will call up old scenes and memories that would not be bartered for any news of future events.

We believe that the division of this news into sharply-defined departments with an editor at the head of each, is a wise plan. The conscientious work of these editors, the novel and interesting policy of Karl Wood's Exchanges, the contributions of the school, and the artistic cuts of Laura Filer and her staff have helped us to maintain, we hope, the standard of past years.

But even thus assisted by the pupils, The Review could never have been what it is without the indispensable assistance rendered by Miss Coolidge, the faculty adviser. Aside from her aid in the preparation of the issues, she has been such a friend and guide that we have been indeed fortunate in knowing her, and, could an illimitable number of "Breckies" express an idea of our appreciation, we would shout ourselves hoarse. May the golden hairs on her invaluable head never grow less, and The Review prosper in the wonderful era opening up before it in New Central!

DOROTHY GREY BOPP.



Believing that the benefits derived from an appreciative interpretation of literature such as the English department does not have time to give, would greatly increase the value of our high-school course, Mrs. Walton six years ago organized the Dramatic Association, and, as we come to write its history in the old school, we see by what means it has accomplished its purpose.

As it aimed to serve the individual, not to present "show work," raise money, or cater to public applause, only the great and noble plays were studied, so that the student breathing lines of "high ideals and noble inspiration" might

be wrought in their mould, and character would be ennobled.

Its next service lies in giving the ability of correctly estimating literature. No one can constantly rehearse his lines without coming to weigh them at their true value, to distinguish between the petty and the great, to realize that only those words expressing eternal truths are worthy thought and study—in short, he obtains an appreciation of literature.

Added to this, he begins to understand life. He is no longer Henry Smith of B8. He is Shylock, Orlando, Hamlet, Macbeth, or rather, he is Henry Smith who has searched out the motives impelling his fellowmen to act and arrived at a just appreciation of their characters. A man to be as broad as the earth

must have the capacity of understanding his fellowman.

There are other benefits to be derived from acting—such as a good voice, good bearing, physical control. I have but outlined the greatest. The foremost aim of the Dramatic Association has been the profit of audience and actor, and its achievements are the results of its high purpose and the sympathetic instruction of Mrs. Walton, to whom we tender our sincerest love and gratitude.

If, as someone has said, a nation is known by its plays, the association has been well known by its productions this year. We have always studied a great deal of Shakespeare—no other author can so help us to achieve our ends. This year being the tercentenary of his death, we have concentrated our energies more than ever on his works. During the fall and early winter, scenes from the different plays were rehearsed which were later combined into a Christmas Pageant by Margaret Hildreth. "The Comedy of Errors" was begun after Christmas, but preparations for the all-high-school Shakespeare festival forced us to drop it for the time being.

This festival written by Miss Simons, the head of the English department, constituted the remainder of the year's work. The plan of the pageant, which was Washington's contribution to the celebration taking place throughout the

nation, is as follows:

On a brilliant and merry afternoon in May Queen Elizabeth holds her court in the open. Her attendants are gathered about her in conversation when the court-herald (Mr. Chamberlain of McKinley) announces that "The players come, my Queen, at thy command to do thy bidding. . . . Five companies of play-

ers gathered here in friendly rivalry shall soon contend . . . and they have learned to speak the speech quite trippingly on the tongue . . . and each shall strive the other to outdo in making merry for our Faerie Queen."

As he finishes, a flourish of trumpets is the signal for the entrance of a com-

pany from each high school.

Shakespeare (Mr. Ockstadt of Central) leads them, and, as they circle around the field and sing Shakespearean songs, he presents each company to the queen. He speaks the prologue, giving a brief synopsis of the events to take place, and then introduces the first company, "The Children of the Chapel Royal," of Eastern, who present scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The "Globe Players," of Central, follow in the marriage scenes from "As You Like It" and "The Tempest." Then come "The Company of Burbage," from McKinley, in "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Henry the Fifth"; "The Queen's Players," of Business in "The Winter's Tale"; and "The Servants of the Lord Chamberlain," of McKinley, in "Twelfth Night" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Shakespeare gives the necessary explanations before each company begins

and speaks the epilogue.

At the close, after a dance and song by the players in which the court participates, Queen Elizabeth and her attendants leave while the players stand with bowed neads. Then they, too, move off to the strains of sprightly music, Shake-speare leading.

Besides the dialogue, the scenes were filled with songs and dances, giving the whole performance a tone of carefree and joyous abandon. The music was planned by Mr. Cogswell, who worked on it with the High School Orchestra.

The teachers in all the schools aided the English department with invaluable assistance—the art department making posters, the physical training department teaching dances, the music teachers working on the choruses.

Our own Mrs. Walton, than whom there is no one better qualified to teach

Shakespeare, was Chairman of the Production Committee.

The programs printed on brown paper in Old English, and bearing Shake-speare's seal, were designed by Miss Orr, and, being strongly reminiscent of those of Shakespeare's day, proved delightful souvenirs of the event.

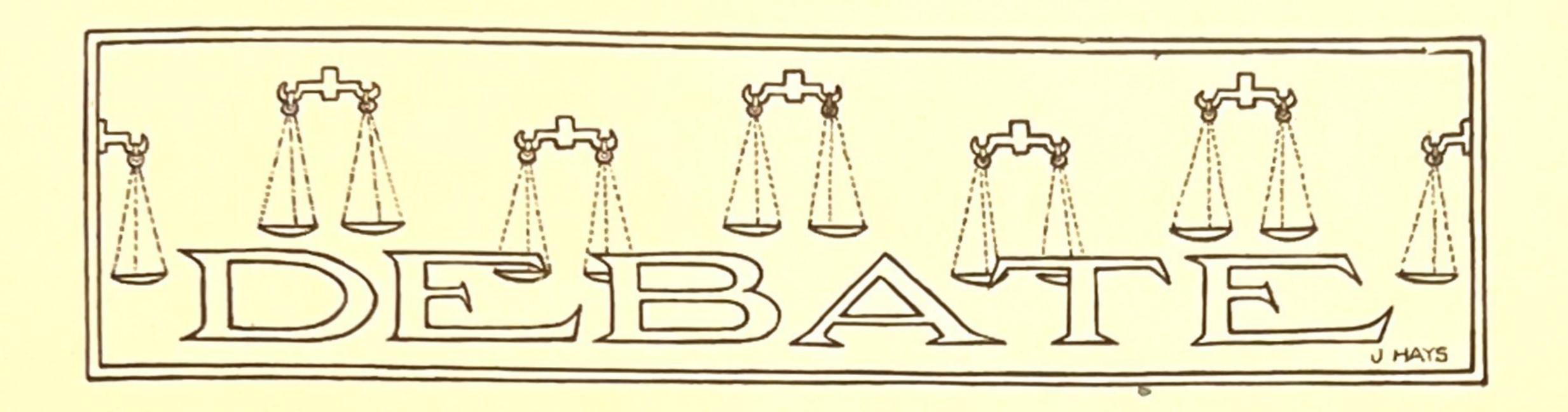
The three performances for the benefit of the playgrounds, held at Sixteenth Street terminus on May 10, 11, 12, were a fitting culmination to the work of the Dramatic Association, and a living proof of the immortality of Shakespeare's fame.

DOROTHY GREY BOPP.









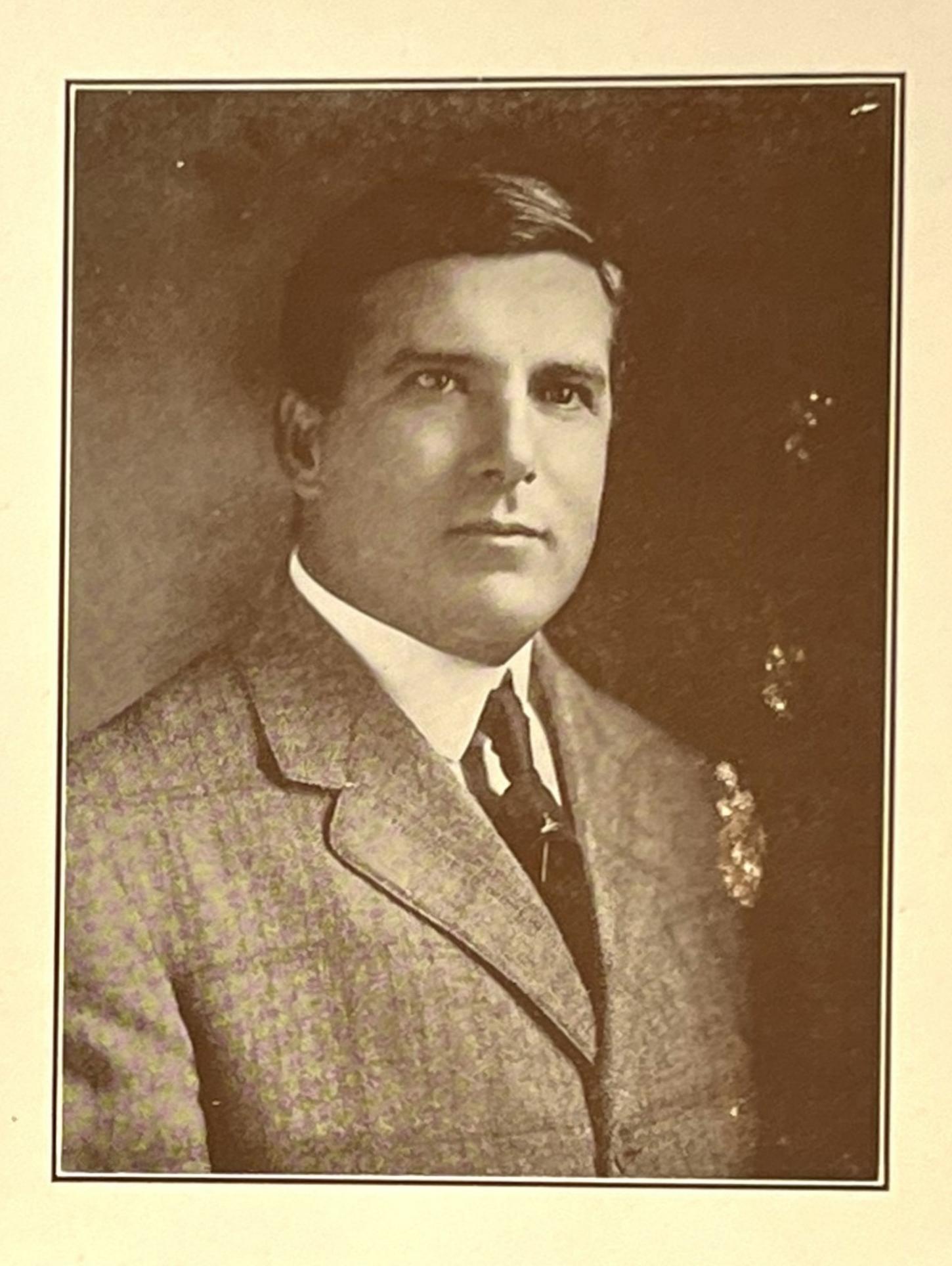
And it came to pass in the fall of the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred fifteen, that, according to the custom of our forefathers, a certain prophet sent a message throughout all the dominions of Central, that all persons who had a wish to make known their opinions upon the subjects near unto their hearts, should assemble upon the ninth day of the month, in order that a band might be formed for the purpose of debating.

And it so happened on the ninth day of that month, that many people came from the far-distant parts of Central, in answer to the call of that venerable prophet, Mr. Noyes; and they called the band which was there formed, the Central High School Debating Society.

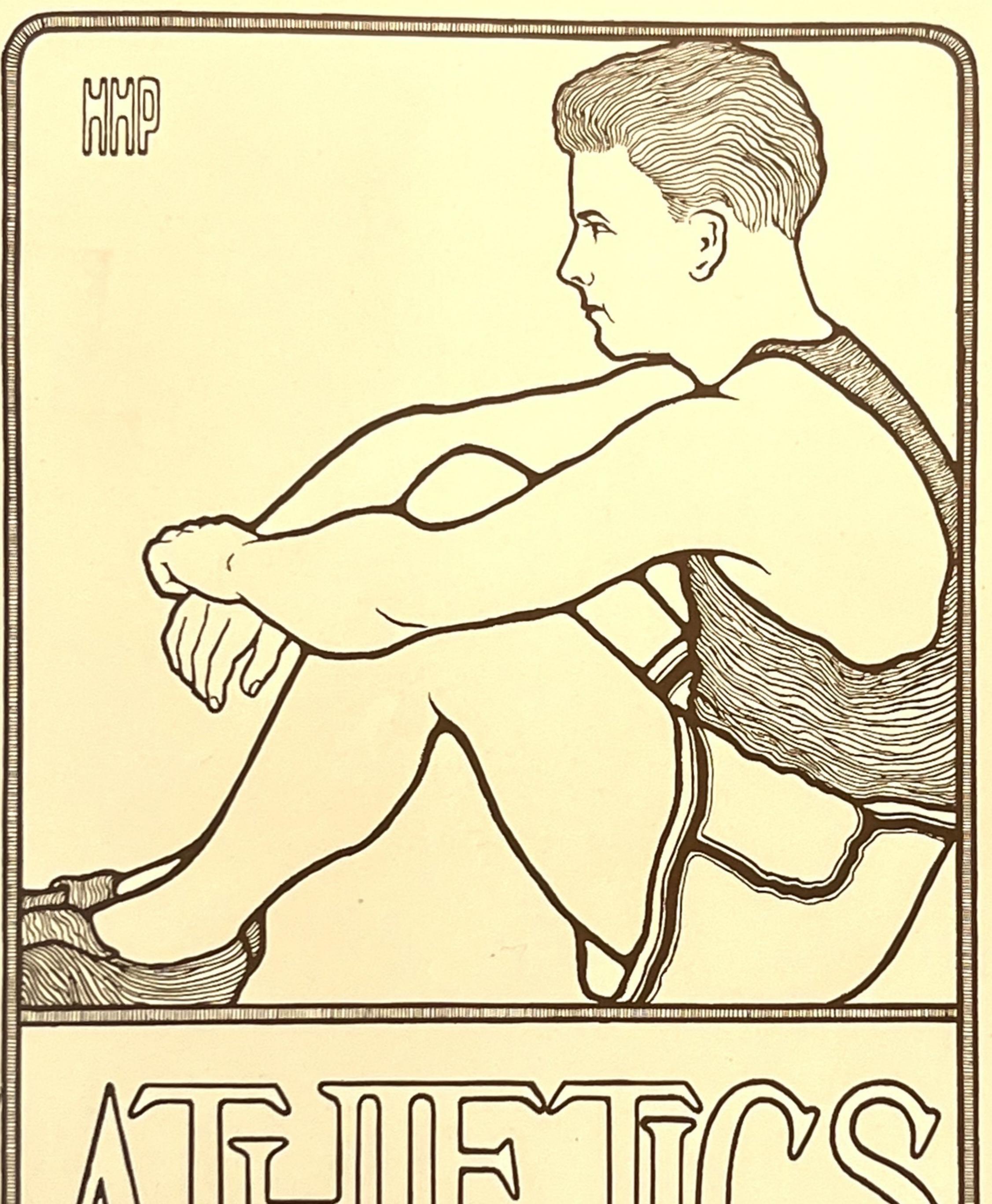
And lo! For many months the society prospered, and many debates were held by those brave souls who came within its borders. And officers were elected, and when the votes were counted, these were the ones chosen by the will of the assembled: president, Frank White; vice-president, Elizabeth Trundle; secretary, Howard Espey; and chairman of the program committee, Paul Frizzell.

But alas! When the second month of the year, nineteen hundred sixteen arrived, the English teachers were unable to give the help which we had need of. And so it came to pass that the annual invasion of our enemies in Baltimore City College was not embarked upon, nor did our brave teams enter into any other combats; but stayed at home, preparing for the days to come in Celestial City, where Central will need her greatest strength wherewith to repel the invaders who swarm upon her from every side.—And in such preparation was the year spent.

FRANK K. WHITE.

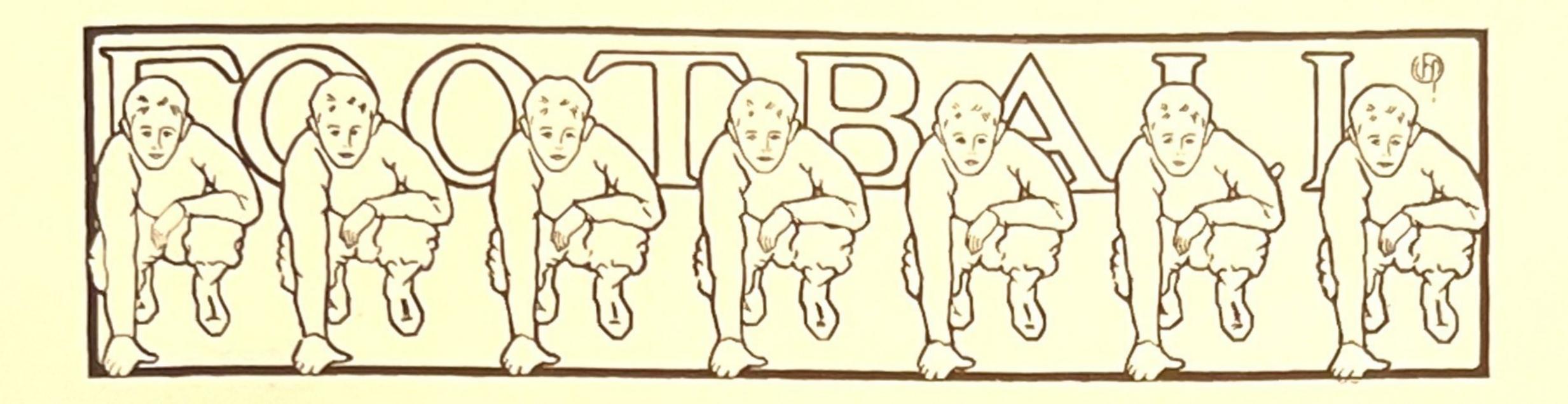


Every boy at Central, from the smallest freshman to the largest senior, knows and appreciates Bill Foley. Those who meet him but once a week in the physical training class have frequently testified to their admiration and respect for this man, but it is to those fellows who are fortunate enough to spend one or more years training for the track team under his tutelage that Bill is especially endeared. Every word of praise that this man's ability to train athletes has received has been merited. The fact that but once in twenty years has the track championship failed to come to Central has convinced men in all parts of the country of his reputation. Bill has been known to take under his charge boys who were physical weaklings, and within a few years, to develop them into record breaking athletes. We of Central believe that there is not a better track coach in America than Bill Foley. The school owes much to him, and realizes that there is no material way in which she could adequately show her appreciation. In spirit, however, we will all stand together to back him.



AHEROS





CHARLES OCKSTADT	Captain.
BENJAMIN LE FEVRE	
KENNETH CLARK	

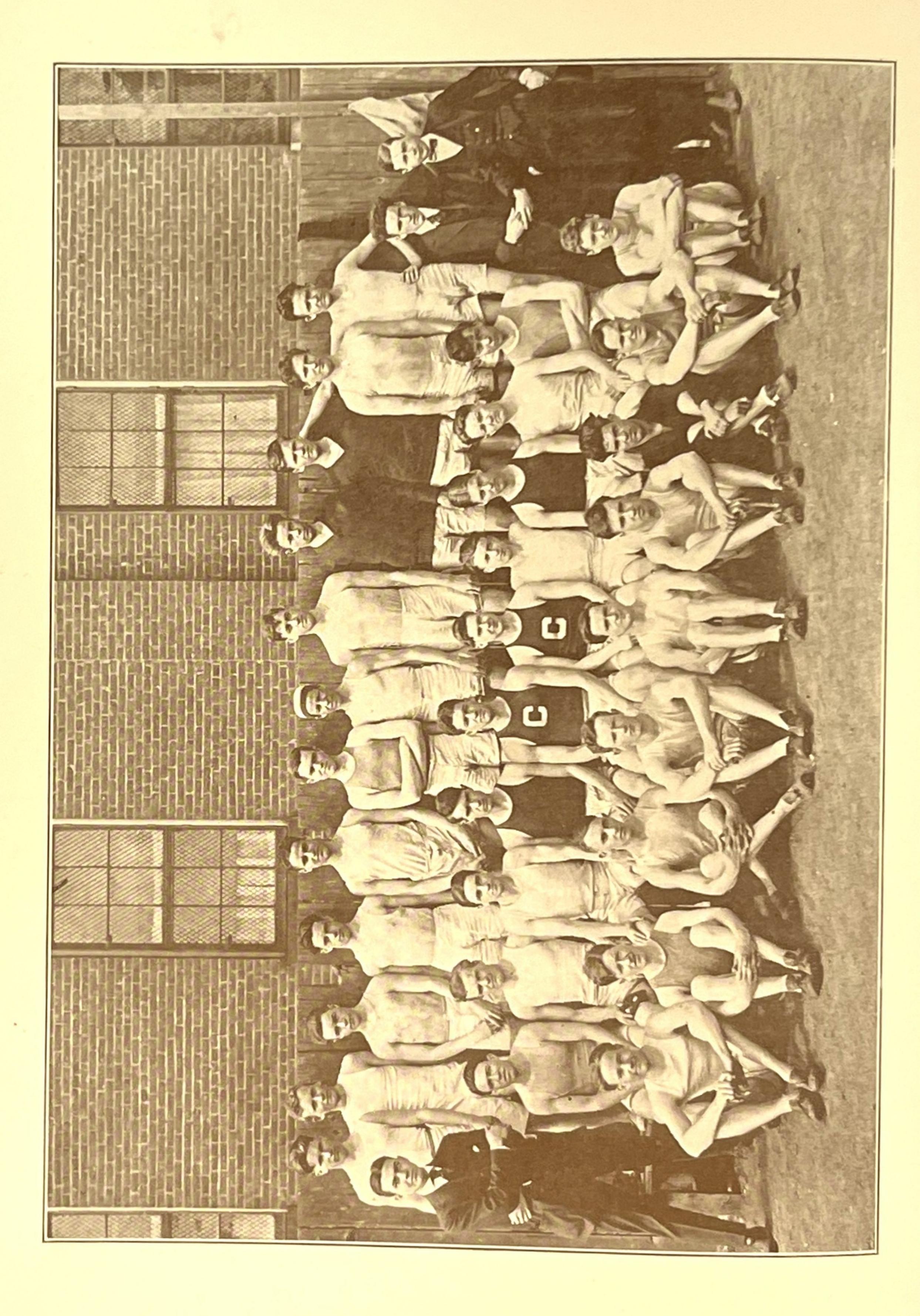
With what was perhaps the lightest team in the history of the school, Central experienced a highly successful season. Only three letter men of the 1915 team returned in the fall. It was therefore necessary to build up an eleven from green material, most of which was extremely light.

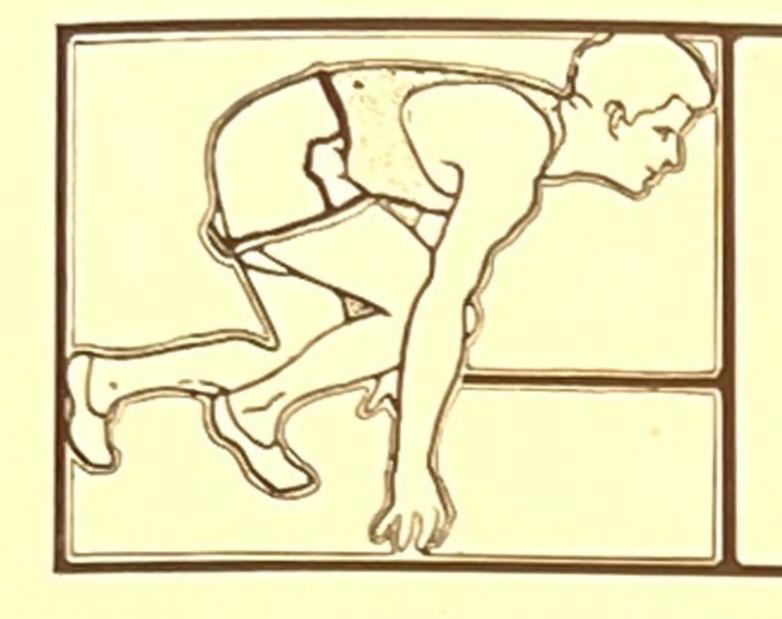
This little team, weighing on the average of one hundred and thirty-eight pounds to the man, made up in spirit, in fight, and in alertness what it lacked in avoirdupois. Our team played at all times against great odds. In every game we were outweighed from five to thirty pounds per player; yet we were beaten, save on one occasion, only by the slightest of margins. Further still the team went through the hardest schedule in history. Besides the regular inter-scholastic series, games were played with the powerful elevens representing Tome School, the Naval Academy Plebes, and Episcopal High School of Alexandria.

We were proud of this fighting team which took advantage of every opportunity. It was largely due to this wide-awake spirit that Central was able to make the splendid showing that she did. We were also proud of the supper which the Senior Class under Miss Orr tendered the football boys. It was truly remarked on this occasion that "though we did not have a champion football team, everyone will agree that we did have a champion football supper."

Next year should prove a banner season for Central's football team, for the boys will be heavier and more experienced. At present the outlook for next season is a bright one. John Saxon has been elected captain for 1916, and with characteristic energy, he is already busy at work on the coming campaign.

CHARLES OCKSTADT.





TRACK

MILSTEAD

WALTER MILSTEAD	Cantain
	Manager.

We expect this year, as usual, the track championship. We are going to press much before the final and all important meet, but we are convinced,

nevertheless, that this statement is not idle prophecy.

Graduation robbed us of Captain Oyster, Leigh Hunt, Bill Gates, Speidel, Fishback and Bassett, but we still have this year's captain, Milstead, and Park Birthright, besides others whom our famous coach Bill Foley, has developed recently and upon whom we are counting to win points. To name a few off hand: Pennybacker, Latta, Arbeely, Johnston, Vincent, Forbes, Cristofane, Stein, H. Jones, Soloman, Millard, Morgan, Defibaugh, Nash and McLean.

Last year our relay team, composed of Gates, Hunt, Birthright and Milstead, journeyed to the Pennsylvania games and won the title of the "Championship High School Relay Team of America." This year the personnel of the team is Birthright, Pennybacker, Latta and Milstead and, as we know

their ability, we expect a repetition of last year's victory.

The interscholastic track meet is to be held in the last part of May. For many years Central has been in the habit of winning this meet, and as her coach and her team are still working with might and main, we feel perfectly

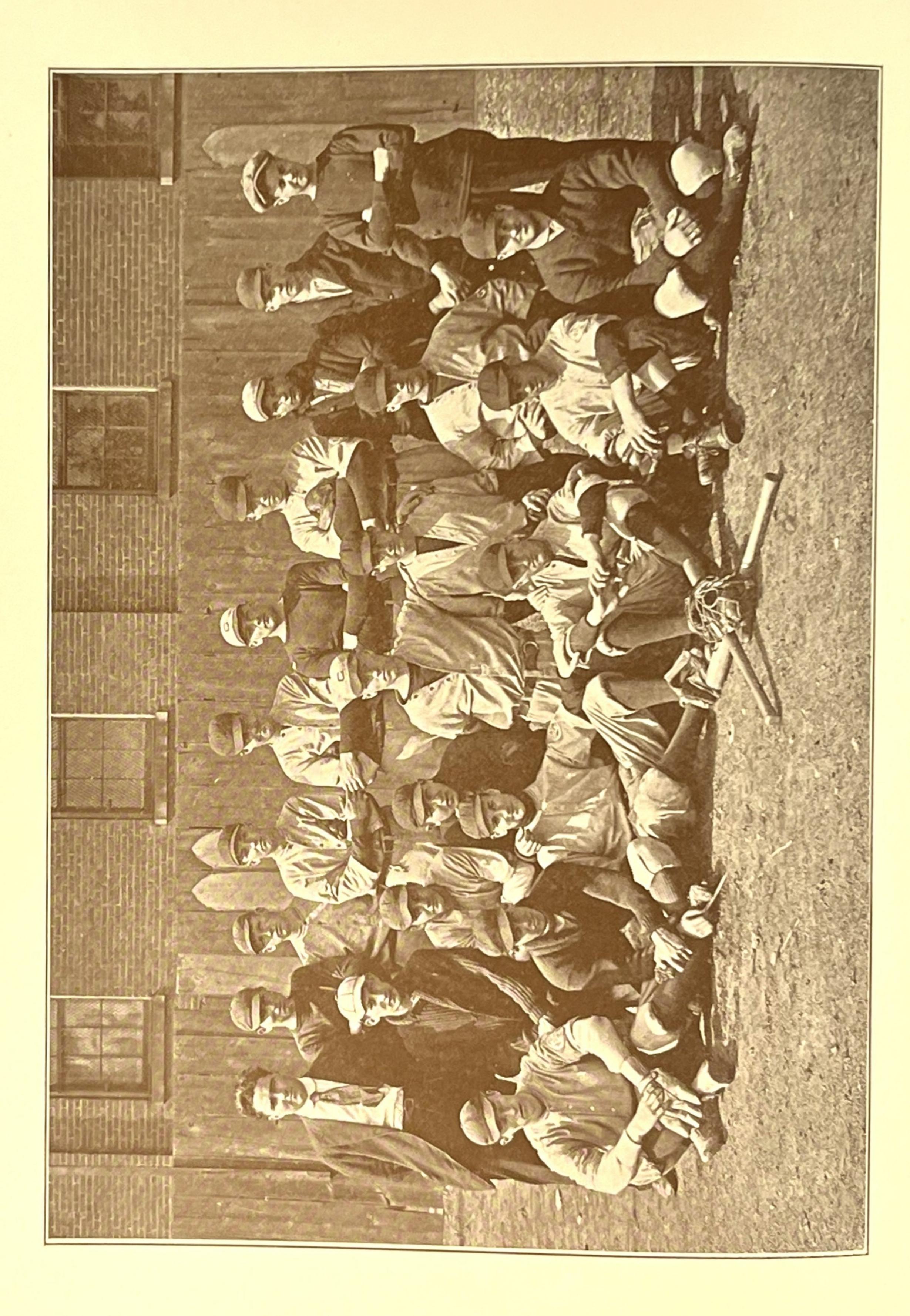
safe in asserting that Central's record is safe in their hands.

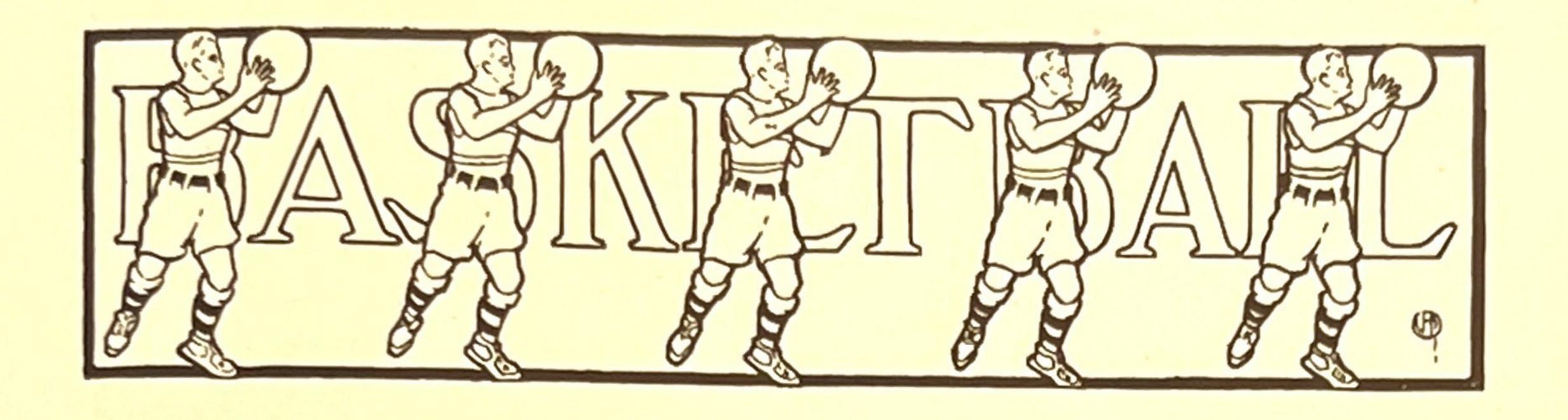
The annual Inter-High School Spring Meet was held on Saturday, May 20th. Central was once more victorious. Our boys scored more than twice as many points as those from Technical High, their nearest opponents. Captain Milstead with first places in the 100 yard and 220 yard dashes, and third place in the broad jump scored a greater number of points than any other individual. Park Birthright was next in line, with second place in the 100 yard and an easy victory in the quarter mile. Latta, our relay man, beat Sheehan of Tech, last year's champion in the 880, in a race that was fraught with thrills. Another Tech man, Carr by name, was likewise regarded as a sure winner in his event, the mile; but Forbes, with a wonderful sprint of over two hundred yards was easily his conqueror. Vincent finished third, giving Central still another point. Ray Stein, one of our hurdlers, caused another surprise by defeating Tech's captain, Tibbets in the hurdles. Others who won points were: Swaine, McLean, Millard, Connelly, Arbeely, H. Jones, and Soloman.

Central's victory was a decisive one. It brought glory to the school and reflects the admirable work of Coach Foley.

Summary of Points:

Central	52
Technical	
Business	
Eastern	
Western	1
TI COULTY STREET, STRE	





LEONARD N	ARBURY	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	Captain.
MARSHALL	EXNICIOS		Manager.

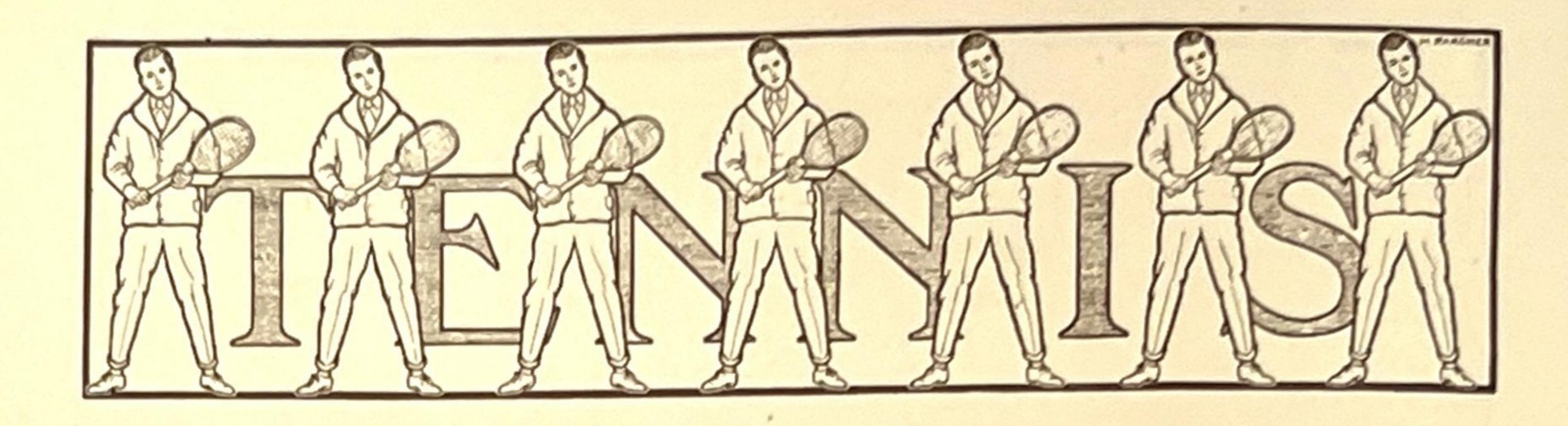
This year, 1916, saw Central High School represented by its first boys' basketball team. For some time, followers and admirers of that sport have tried to form a recognized team, and at last it has been realized.

Leonard Marbury '16 was elected captain, and Marshall Exnicios '17 was chosen manager. Throughout the season, Central covered herself with glory. We did not quite win the championship. No, none expected us to. But the team went through a season that was hard and long, and gave a performance in each game which brought honor to the school.

Eight C's were awarded, one to each of the following:

Cissel.
Dezendorf.
Smith.
Gatchell.
Reed.
Marbury.
Exnicios.

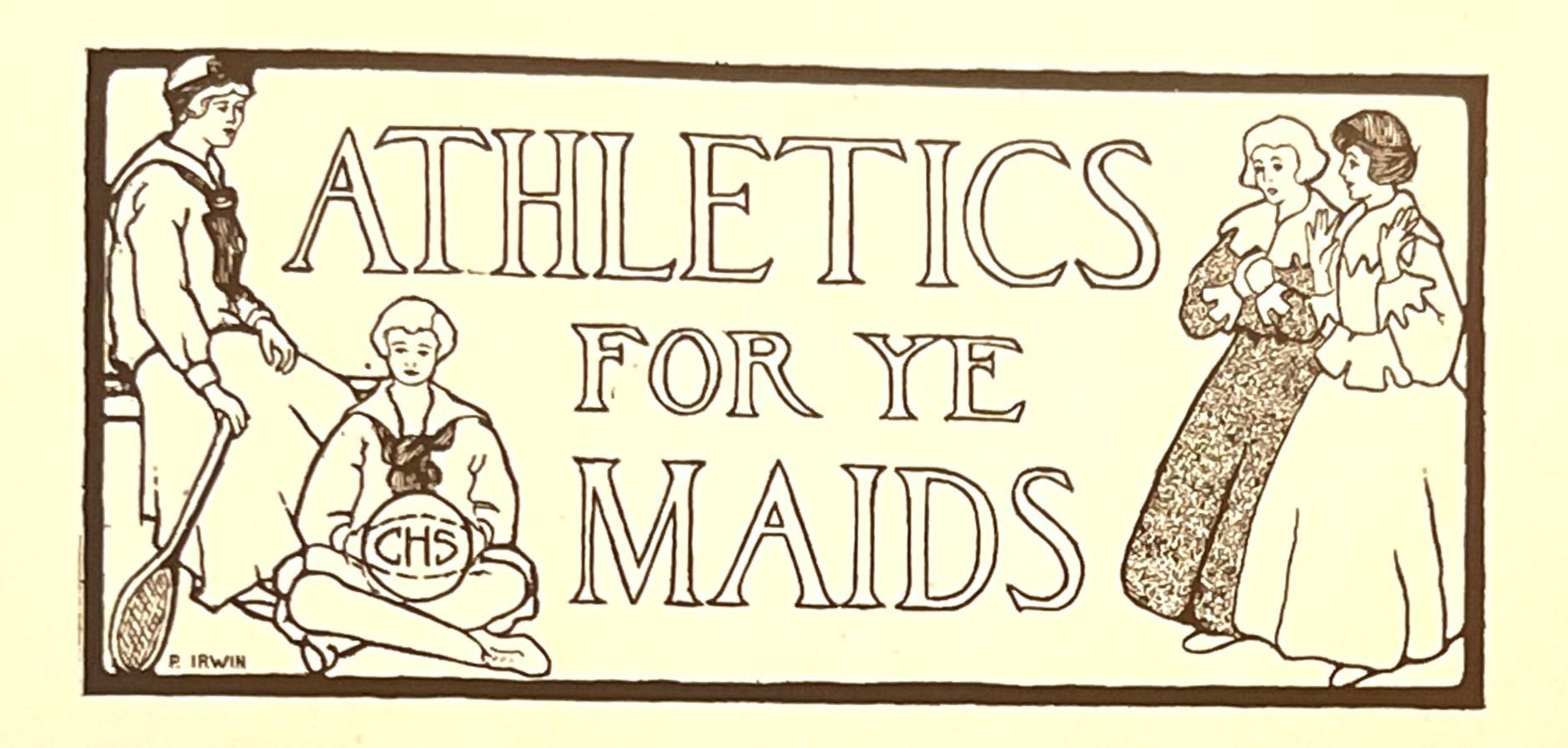
Four of these boys will be with us for another year. Then there were quite a number of first class second string men, who are sure to be heard from. The first year of this sport at Central has been a success.



At the time of this writing the real tennis season has not started; but by the zest with which this sport is being supported we may predict for it a prosperous year.

This is the first time that Central has been represented by a tennis team. The movement towards organization was begun early in the year. It was understood that there were many boys in our midst who possessed first rank ability with the racquet. Accordingly a meeting for all interested was called. Harold Selden '16 was chosen captain and Paul Frizzell '17 was elected manager. The latter has worked unceasingly and much praise is due him for what he has accomplished. Selden is recognized as the best player in school, and Central is depending on him, Cissel, Le Fevre, and the hundred other players who reported to put her at the top of this branch of sport.

The school tournament in singles was finished by a very close match, Selden defeating Cissel. The doubles returned Selden and Le Fevre as champions. Since this tournament we have played Friends, Tome, Tech and Business, defeating all of them with very little trouble. In these contests with other schools we have played twenty matches and have won eighteen. In conclusion, we want to express the sincere appreciation of the school for the work our coach, Mr. L. I. Doyle, has done for our tennis team. With no compensation whatever he has devoted much time to the team, and we owe him a lasting debt.



It hath been our purpose to set forth to Gentle Reader the progress of Old Central over the varied roads which it hath been ordained that she travel. On no road hath so much ground been covered as the way gone by our athletic maidens fair. Each and every one will relate in truth, how she did struggle through the dark and musty slough of the Armory for a gymnasium, and how she would have fallen by the wayside had not Old Central Come Back spurred her on. And when it came to pass that she was victorious in her struggles, and saw the light again, a friendly hand held out temporary refuge in the form of Epiphany gymnasium. And she will not omit to relate how she did train by covering the mile between school and the gym in five minutes, in order to be on time for practice.

Nor is this all. Forget not each hapless maiden who needs must hike six miles, more or less, for to reach some spot where she might partake of that gentle sport, tennis. And take no mean notice of each unfortunate whose lot it was to play tournament matches on courts whose backstops, or rather lack thereof, did cause said maiden to lose her most respected equilibrium in an exceedingly undignified manner. But now, hath she come in sight of her goal, and doth feel repaid for all her trials, for hath she not in Celestial City the most complete of all complete gymnasiums, the most delightful of all delightful swimming pools, and the most perfect of all perfect tennis courts? She answereth aye; and could she wish for more? She answereth nay.



BASKETBALL.

HORTENSE	KING	Captain.
LAURA FILE	ER	Manager.
ELIZABETH	CHANDLERAssistant	Manager.

A good beginning does not always indicate a bad ending. On the first day of the season one hundred and fifty-six girls reported for basket-ball, and, although that is the largest number present on any one day, the attendance on Fridays has been uniformly good.

Many games have been played with teams representing other schools, among them being George Washington University, Madeira School, Ingram Memorial Sunday School, Hyattsville High School, and Holton-Arms School.

One of the most exciting features of the year was a relay race between freshmen and juniors. Three races were necessary to decide the event. The freshmen came off victorious.

The senior team has been very fortunate in having the privilege on Wednesday of each week during the winter of using the Normal School gymnasium.

The first and second junior teams possess much excellent material; so that there is ground for believing that during the first year in the new Central there will be a senior girls' basketball team of which the new school will have cause to be proud.

L. FILER.





GIRLS' TENNIS.

MIRIAM KLEEBLATT	Manager.
EDITH PIERCE	Champion.
HORTENSE KING.	Runner-up.

This past season in tennis has been most successful from every standpoint. Enthusiasm has been the keynote. From the merest freshman to the haughtiest senior this same enthusiasm has prevailed. In other words, true Central spirit has been displayed.

A most interesting and exciting singles tournament was held last fall, in which thirty girls were entered. The matches were exceptionally well played and "full of pep." The finals and especially the semi-finals were intensely interesting. Members of the faculty who were present commented on the good playing and the gameness of the girls. "That is what I call tennis," was Mr. Wilson's comment on the matches.

The winner of the tournament was Edith Pierce, who is champion of the school. Hortense King was a close second and is consequently runner-up. The reward for their successful efforts was the school letter, with which they were presented last fall. Their contest for victory was a keen one, as there is quite a bit of good talent in the school.

This spring we are to have an inter-class doubles tournament. The girls selected to represent the different years were chosen from their rating in the singles tournament. It was decided to let other girls challenge the representatives of their year, if they so desired. Another incentive for the girls, will be the awarding of the school letter to the winners of this tournament.

The representatives of the different years will be the following girls:

Edith Pierce and Hortense King, seniors; Marjorie Kengla and Marian Aten, juniors; Marian King and Alice Harbaugh, sophomores; while the freshman representatives have yet to be chosen.

A word should be said about the coaching which the girls received. Miss Sanders has unsparingly devoted much of her time to instructing and encouraging these girls. The success of the past season can be attributed to her untiring efforts. We are all very grateful to her and other members of the faculty, for their help and encouragement.

MIRIAM KLEEBLATT.

WEARERS OF THE C.

Football.

Ockstadt, Captain.

Stoner.
A. Jones.
Taber.
Kaplan.
Saxon.

Roberts. Le Fevre, Manager. Selden. Long.

N. Macdonald.

Belnap.
Carey.
B. Belcher.
Hoover.
Hunt.

Basket Ball.

Marbury, Captain.

N. Smith. F. Dezendorf. Exnicios, Manager. R. White. Cissel. Gatchell. Reed.

Tennis.

Selden, Captain. Frizzell, Manager.

Cissel. Dudley. Gatchell. Fischer. M. Jackson. Aten.

Baseball.

Roberts, Captain.

White.
Marbury.
Belcher.
Gottlieb.
Dawson.
Jones, Manager.

Schafer.
Cook.
Strohecker.
Daly.
Bailey.
Kaplan.
Saxon.

Track.

Milstead, Captain. Gallagher, Manager. Birthright.

Swaine. McLean. Stein. Forbes. Vincent. Arbeely. Jones. Connelly. Millard. Latta.

Girls' Tennis.

Miriam Klachlatt Manager Edith Pierce, Champion.

Miriam Kleeblatt, Manager.

Hortense King, Runner-up.

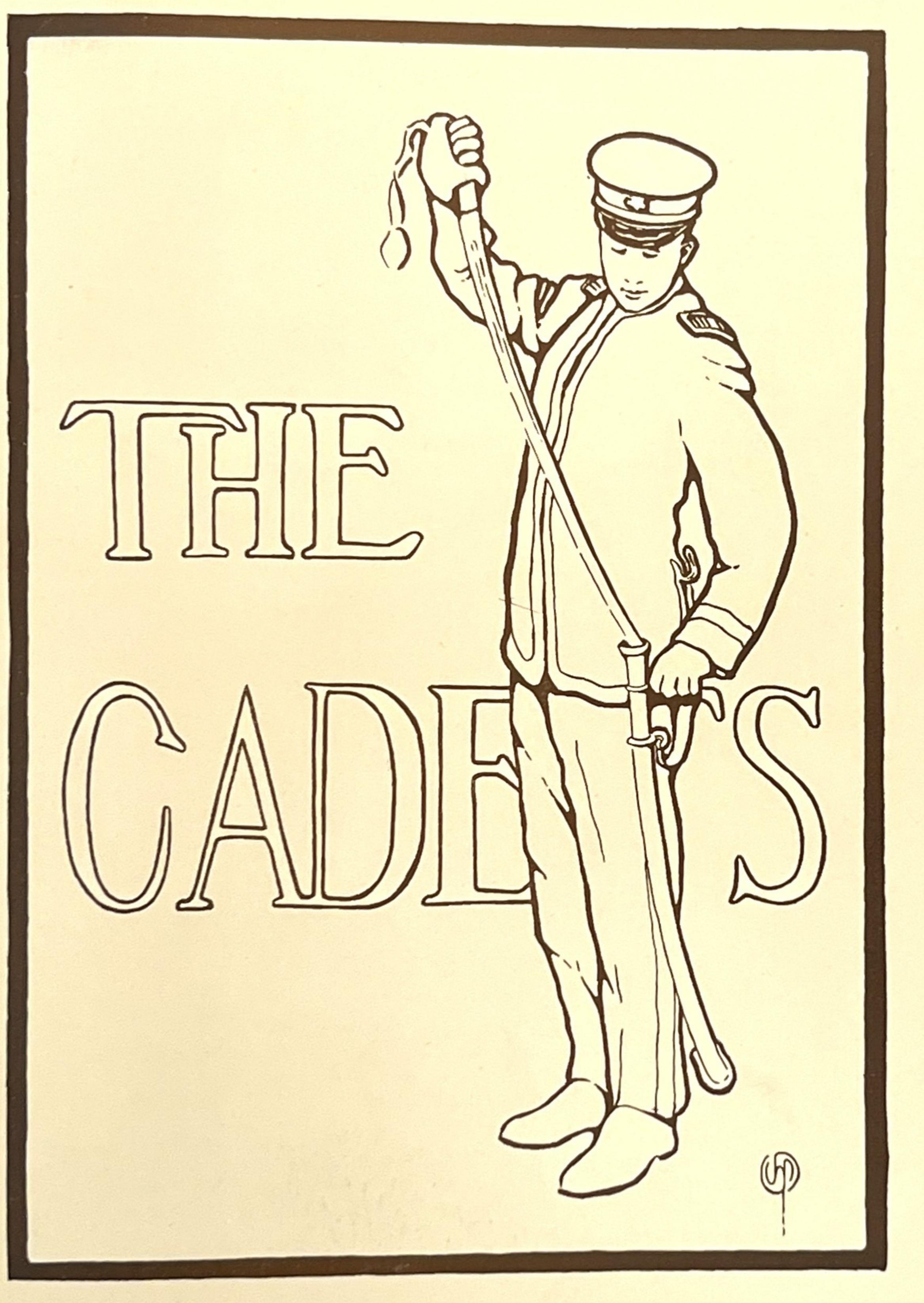
Girls' Basketball.

Hortense King, Captain.

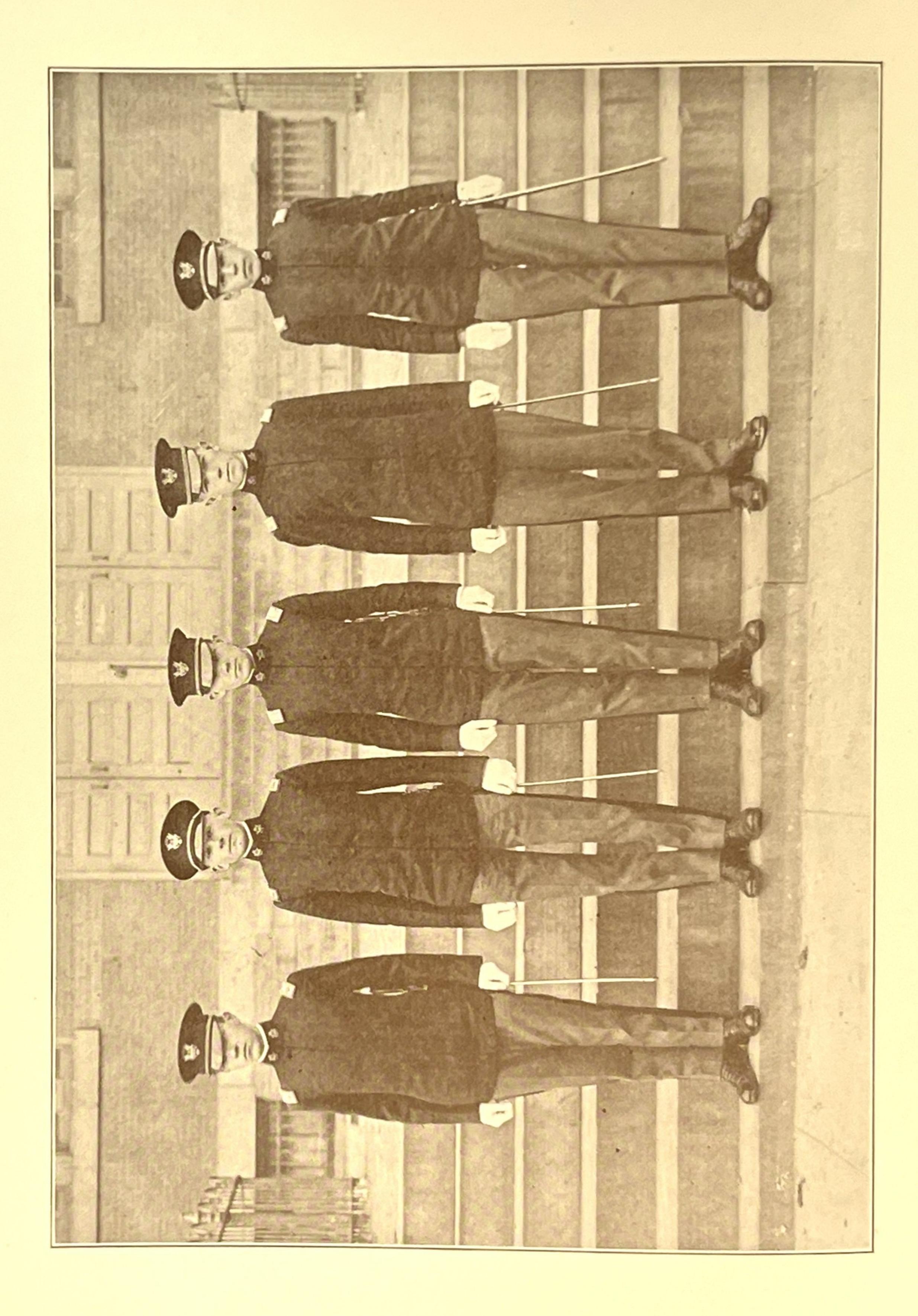
Valerie French.
Edith Swartwout.
Edith Pierce.

Eleanor North.
Alta Heap.
Mildred Wallerstein.
Sylvia Oppenheimer.

Laura Filer, Manager.



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CADETS.

The year 1915-16 will always be remembered in the history of the Cadets because of the great increase in the number of companies. For some unknown reason the number increased from twelve to eighteen thus making necessary the formation of two regiments for the first time. Central has had its share in the increase, having two companies more than last year, although two companies were five squad companies until February. The formation of two regiments necessitated a change in the lettering of the companies, Central receiving A, B, C, D, E, and I. B and C were the two five squad companies. The men who enlisted in February were enough to make all the companies full six squad companies.

Another thing for which this year will always be remembered is the excellent work done by Lieut. E. Z. Steever, U. S. A. He has introduced many interesting features into the routine of military drill and has arranged some kind of competition for every man in the cadets. For the officers and non-commissioned officers he has instituted troop-leadership contests where battles are fought on a large war map, and for the privates he has started rifle practice by platoons. Central has had everything her own way in the troop-leadership contest for the commissioned officers. Out of the two groups at Central, one is the championship group and the other is second. May this be but a sample of what

we may expect from the cadets this year!

Lieut. Steever has also instituted the system of giving campaign badges as rewards in place of the ribbons formerly given. The color scheme is as follows: The color for the troop-leadership contests is scarlet, for rifle practice, blue, and for the Competitive Drill, maroon. White ends are used for the preliminaries, and yellow ends for the semi-finals, while the solid color represents a championship.

The presentation of commissions to the officers took place in the assembly hall of Central on Thursday, March 9th. Captain S. J. B. Schindel, U. S. A., was the speaker. He gave a very interesting talk on the benefits of military drill.

The annual cadet night was held at the school on April 7th. Speeches were made by the majors and captains, by Mr. Kramer and the military committee. After this the cadets enjoyed dancing in the corridors on the first floor. The majority of the cadets were present and it was one of the most successful cadet rallies the school has ever had.

The regimental officers for the year 1915-16 are as follows:

Colonel, J. Howard Fellows, McKinley.

Lt.-Col., First Regiment, Edward L. Maier, Eastern.

Lt.-Col. Second Regiment, Lowell W. Himmler, McKinley.

Major, First Battalion, First Regiment, John A. Aman, Central. Major, Second Battalion, First Regiment, Karl D. Wood, Central. Major, First Battalion, Second Regiment, H. L. Strang, McKinley.

Major, Second Battalion, Second Regiment, F. H. Marx, Business.

Brigade Adjutant, R. Knox, Western.

Brigade Quartermaster, C. M. Frye, Business. Brigade Ordnance Officer, R. Whyte, Western.

Adjutant, First Regiment, William K. Wilbur, Central.

Quartermaster, First Regiment, O. Styron, Western. Adjutant, Second Regiment, K. Wassman, Business.

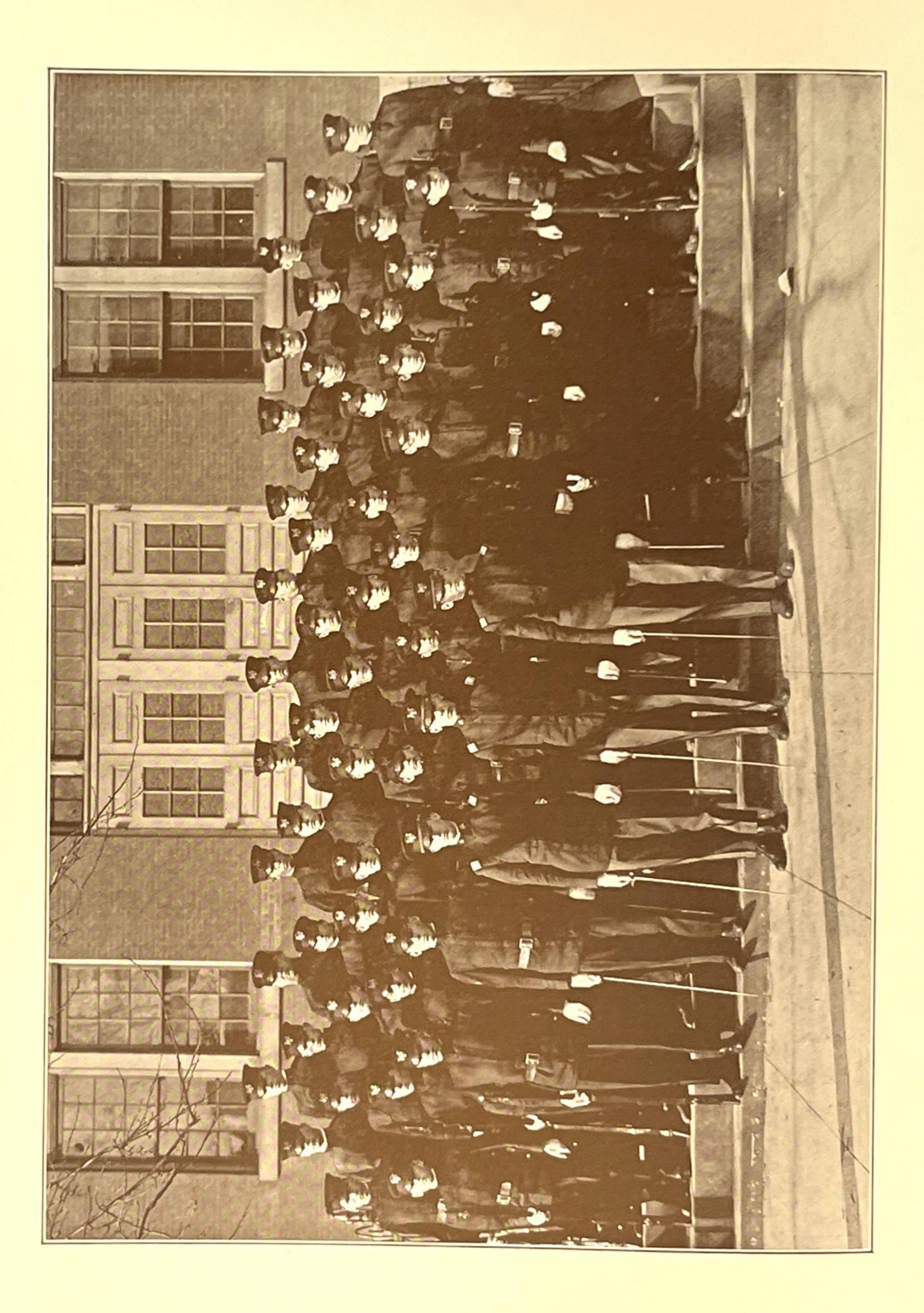
Quartermaster, Second Regiment, V. Brauner, McKinley.

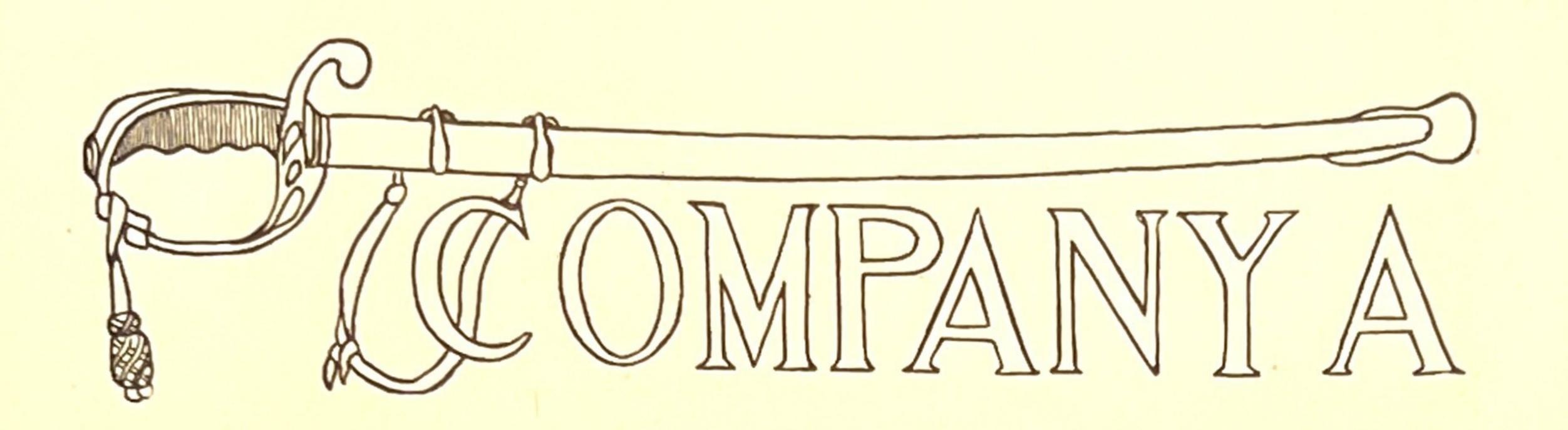
The battalion officers at Central are—

Battalion Adjutant, Harold H. Dewhirst.

Battalion Quartermaster, Louis H. Greenburg.

JOHN A. AMAN, '16.





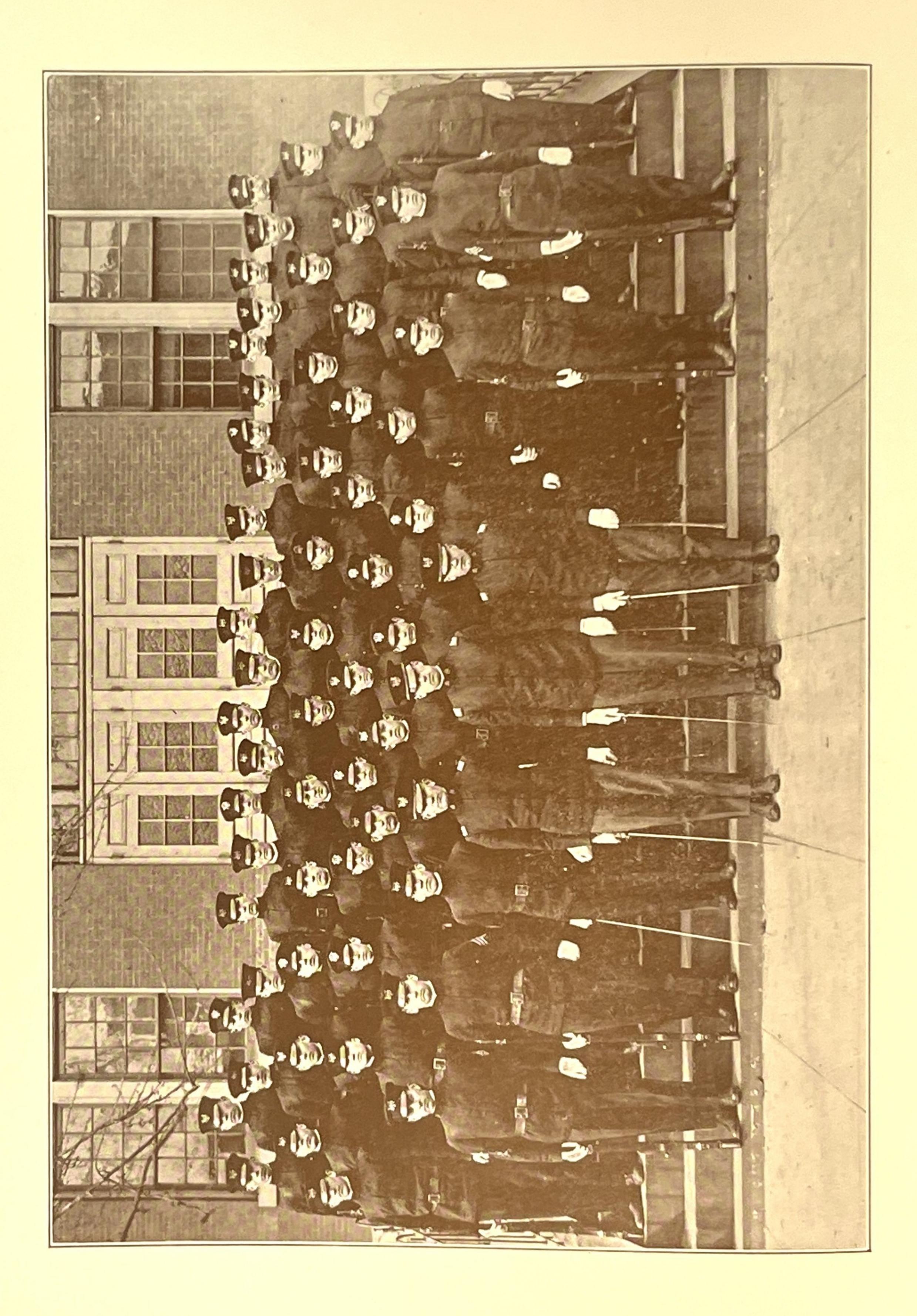
LEO W. SIMON	Captain.
DOUGLAS A. STARR	Lieutenant.
FRED J. HARBAUGH2nd	Lieutenant.

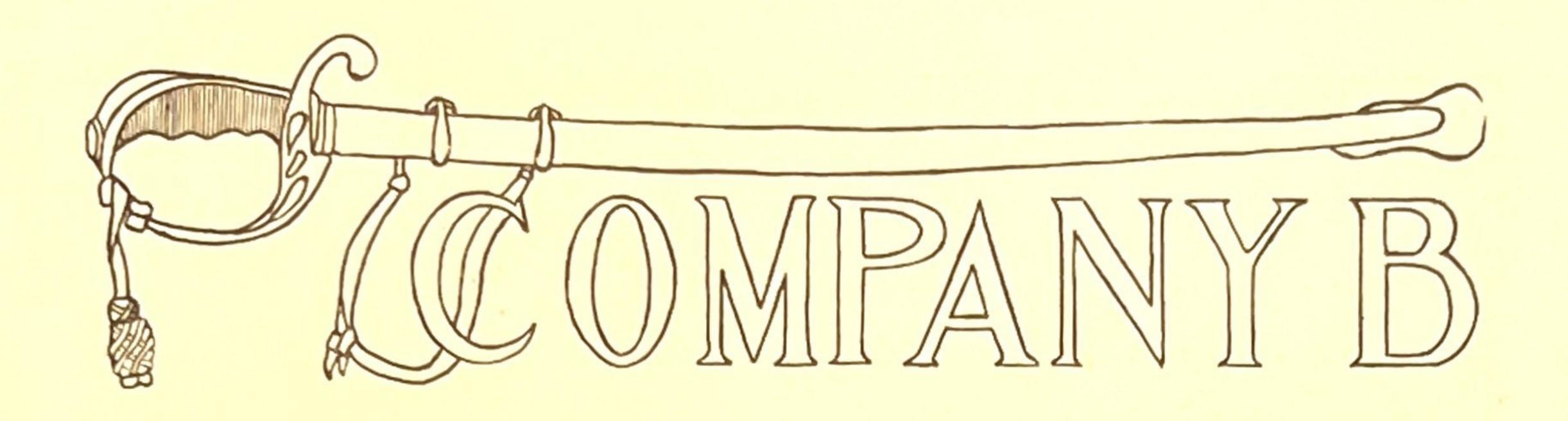
As the time for the Competitive Drill is drawing nigh, Company A is fighting in the good old Central way. Though handicapped by a few "blank files," we are holding our own, and are striving with every ounce of strength we have, to bring back honor to Central in the form of the Flag.

As we look back over the year, a few landmarks stand out in prominence. First of all, our dance, held in conjunction with Companies C and D, was a brilliant success, characterized by an overflow of "Central spirit." Then our Troop Leadership competitions occupied our attention. After those came the memorable trips down to Winthrop for the rifle competition, which proved productive of the greatest interest.

If there has been anything at all inspiring during this year it has been to be able to drill with this Company. Its steadfast clinging to purpose; hard, unremitting toil; a splendid fighting spirit at all times; and more than all, a steady enthusiasm from the very beginning of the year have been Company A's evidences of real "Central Spirit." And, win or lose, Company A's contribution to the glory of Central will be this: Its very existence was an honor to Central.

LEO W. SIMON.





A. STANLEY DeNEALE	Captain.
ROBERT L. FARIS 1st	Lieutenant.
JOHN W. WOOD	

In looking back over the year that is rapidly drawing to a close, I feel as if there are few companies that could survive what we've been through. In the first place the men were for six weeks without one person who is and should be more vitally interested in them than any other person in the world. Secondly, we had five squads with an abundance of absentees for one half year. But no company with officers and men pulling together with Central "fight and spirit," with nothing except absolute perfection as a goal and a certain stick-to-it-ive-ness as a motto, can expect anything but success. And win or lose we are going to do our best.

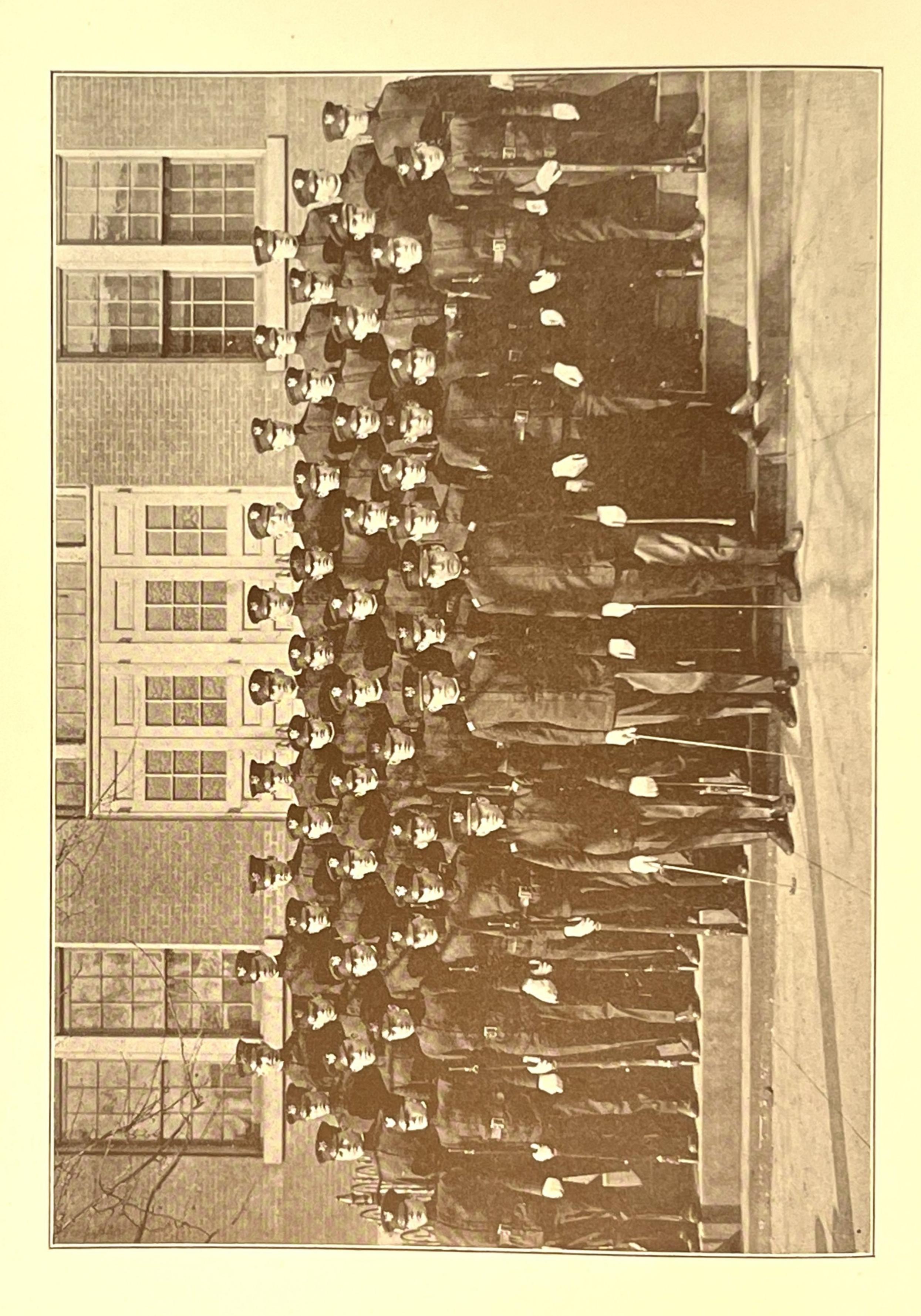
Central won the drill last year with four companies, so with six companies indications certainly point to the recapture of that flag this year. But Company B has taken no chances of leaving this work to some other Central company. She has been, to use a colloquial but descriptive expression, always on the job.

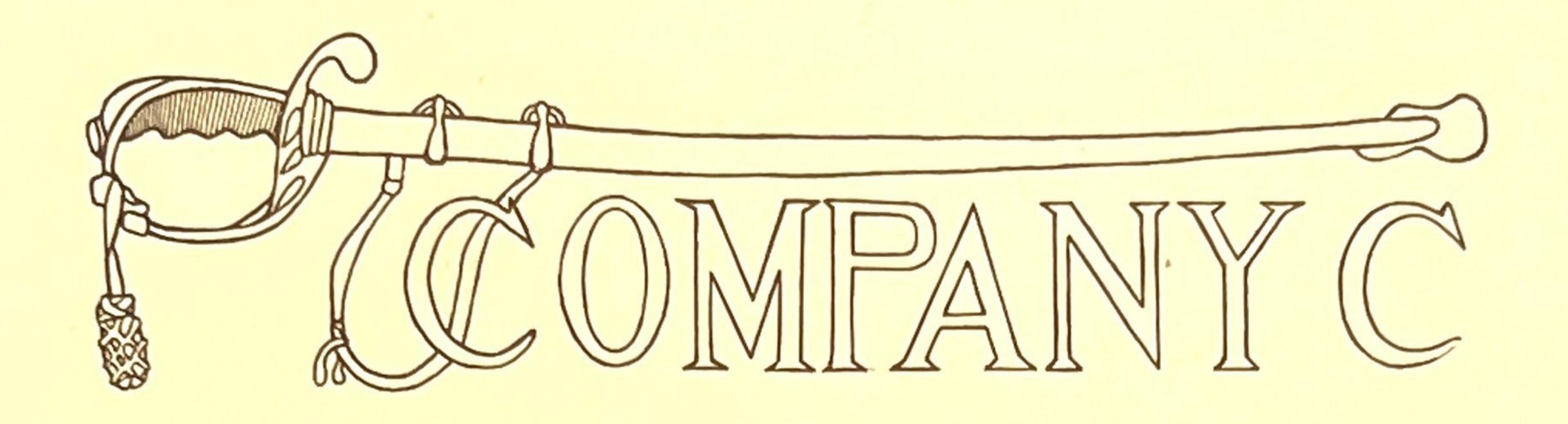
"Fight" has been her slogan and I hope the men of this company will take that same feeling when they leave, for which I think Company B '16 can certainly be remembered.

The company Rifle Team is to be congratulated for the splendid showing that it made in carrying off the championship in the brigade. The score was the best by a wide margin ever hung up by a company. The score was 743 out of 800. The following men composed the team: Stokes, Morris, Richardson, and De Neale. A repetition is hoped for in the outdoor shoot.

In conclusion, let me say that there will always be a warm spot in my heart for the officers and men of Company B who have so ably aided me in my work, which has been one of my most enjoyable experiences.

A. S. DeNEALE.





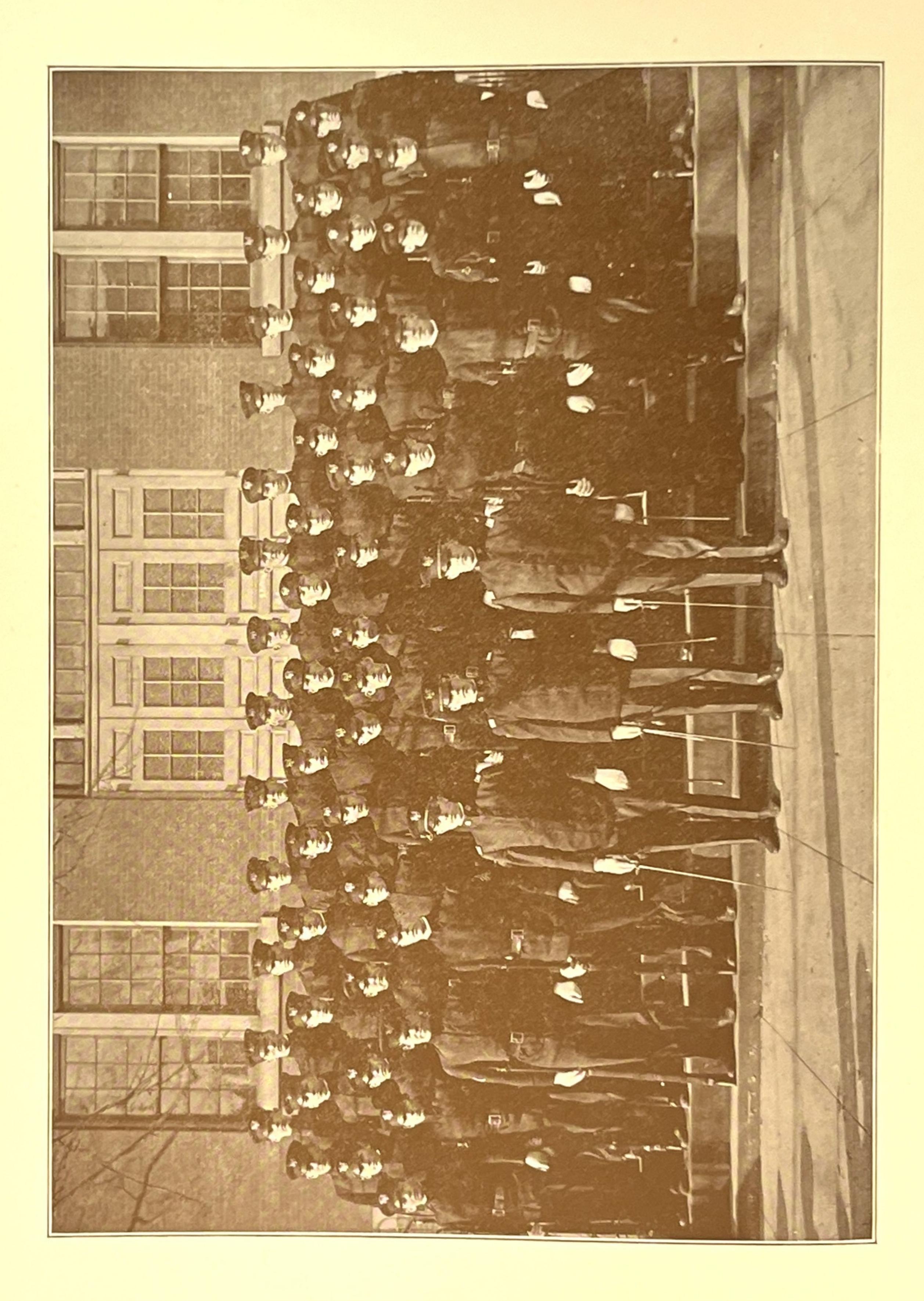
HERBERT M. JONES	Captain.
STANLEY B. DUFFIES 1st	
MERTON J. JACKSON2nd	

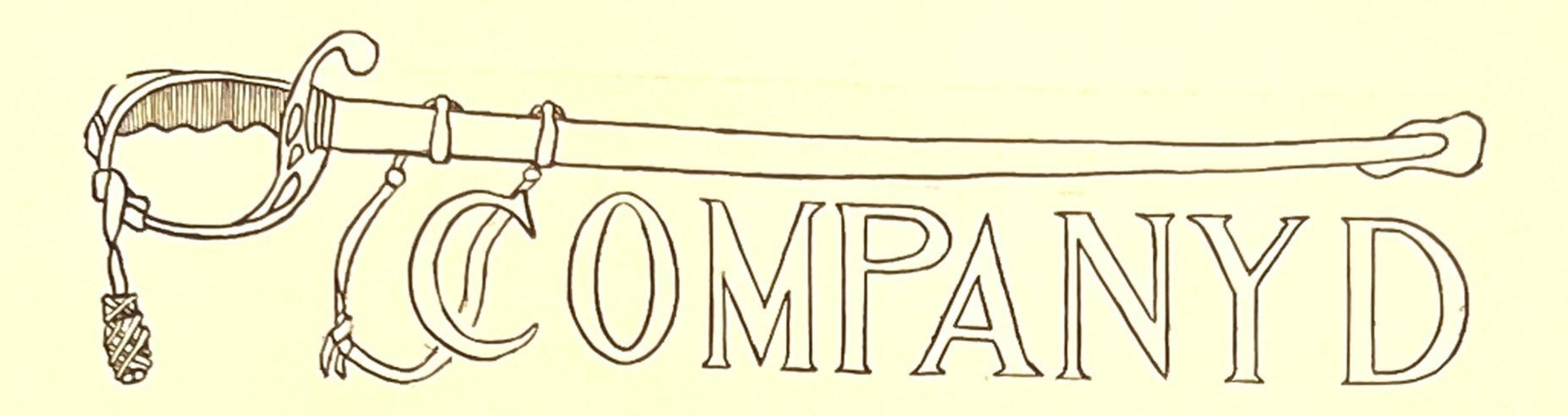
From the very first week of the past dull year, the officers of Company C have realized that it was composed of a good lot of hard-working men. Although the majority, fully three-fourths, of the privates are non-service men, yet extraordinarily efficient first year men have filled the front rank positions, and we officers feel that good material will be obtained from Company C to lead future Central companies.

The main object of every company is the same; that is, to win the flag. The objects of Company C have been more than this, for we have been working for better school spirit, better American citizens, and for a closer relationship between the fellows at school. These things have been accomplished by having each man do his part in his squad, by having each squad do its part in its platoon, by having each platoon do its part in the company and by having the company work as one unit. In other words, we have organized a system of teamwork, in which a certain responsibility lies on the shoulders of each and every man. Therefore there is only one of our objects uncompleted, as yet, that of winning the drill. Company C has worked hard and steadily, and all that the officers can say is, "We hope to win," or "We hope to carry the flag away."

It will not be until the end of the year, when each gun is in its rack and each sabre in its scabbard, that the men and officers will realize how much drill has grown to be a part of them. We never realize the value of a thing to us, until it is too late. It seems that hardly more than two weeks have passed since we were appointed officers and given orders to drill Company C. The reason is, I suppose, that we have enjoyed it so much that it couldn't last long, or putting it in modern English, we couldn't have too much of a good thing.

HERBERT M. JONES.





JOSEPH BELCHER	Cantain
ARCHIE McLACHLEN 1st	Lieutenant
WILLIAM R. THOMAS	Lieutenant.

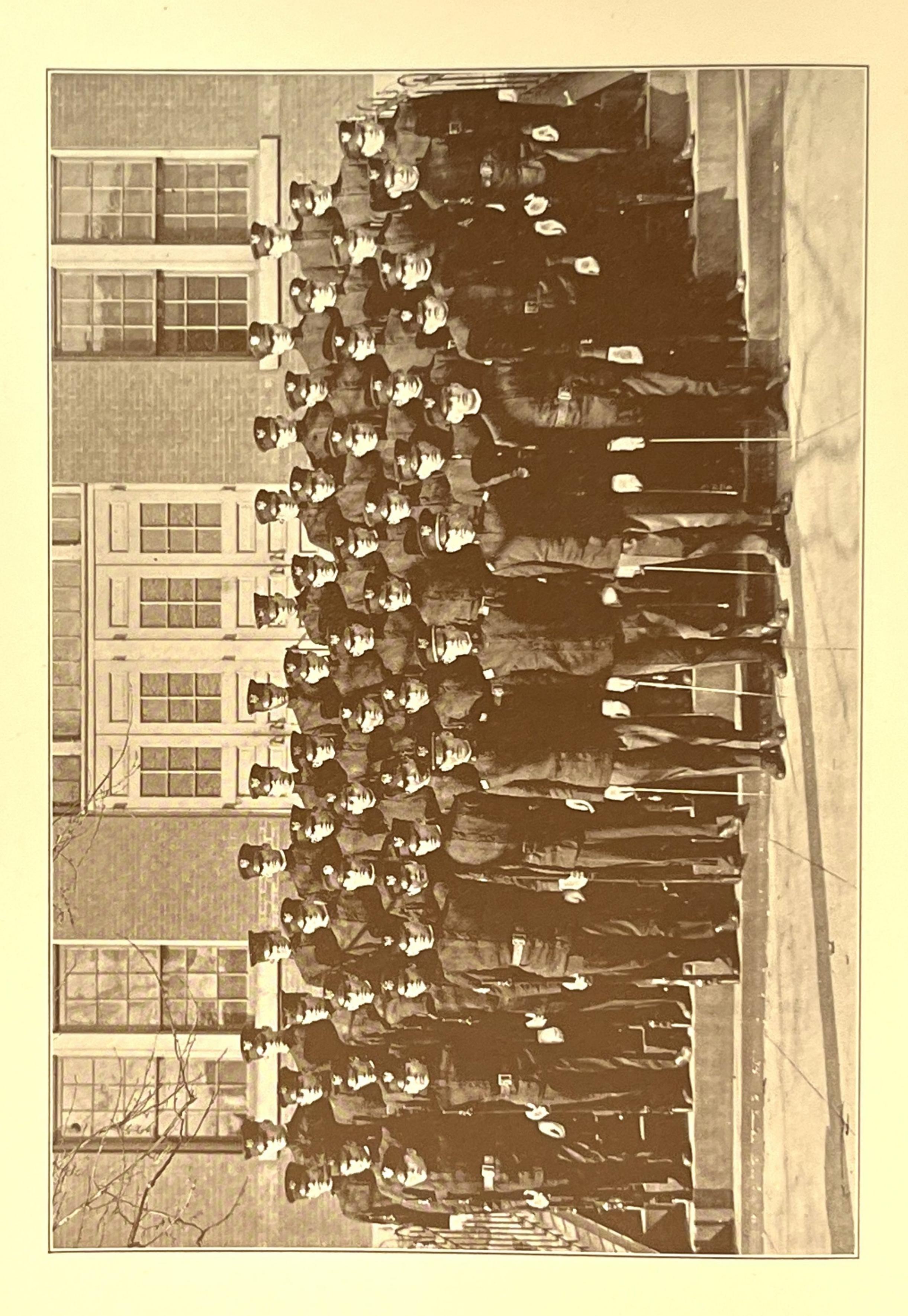
This year, largely due to the fact that Central won the drill last year, and also because of the great increase in the school attendance, Central was able to enlist six companies, three of which were newcomers in the First Battalion. One of these three was Company D, and it was with a spirit of great determination that the officers of that company took up the work of developing an organization good enough to be a true representative of Central.

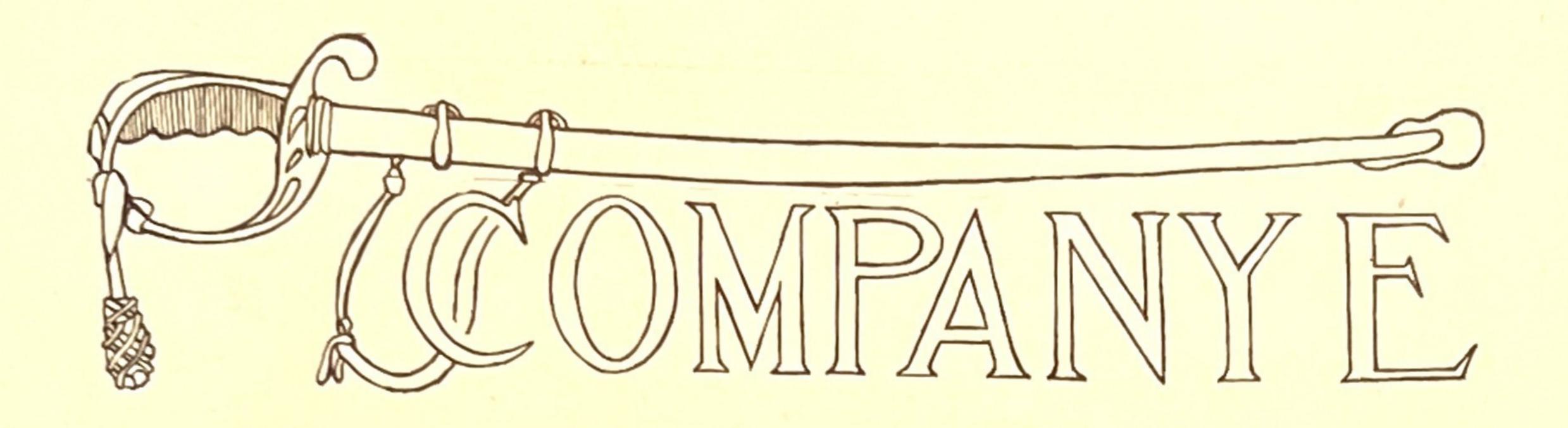
Under the instruction of a fine corps of sergeants, the men were put through the early movements in a period of time, which, though a little longer than that taken by a few of the other companies, in my opinion will turn out in the end to be of great benefit to the company. Although handicapped by a few indoor drill days, we had soon passed into the company movements, and the splendid way in which the men mastered these movements was indeed gratifying.

The attitude of the men of Company D toward their officers during the year has been one of the outstanding features of our company. It is this spirit which has been built up during the year, which has encouraged the officers to expect the best results.

As the Regimental Review and the Competitive Drill draw near, the drill of our company seems to get better, and although the winner cannot be foretold, Company D will go on the field ready to do its best.

JOSEPH W. BELCHER, Jr.

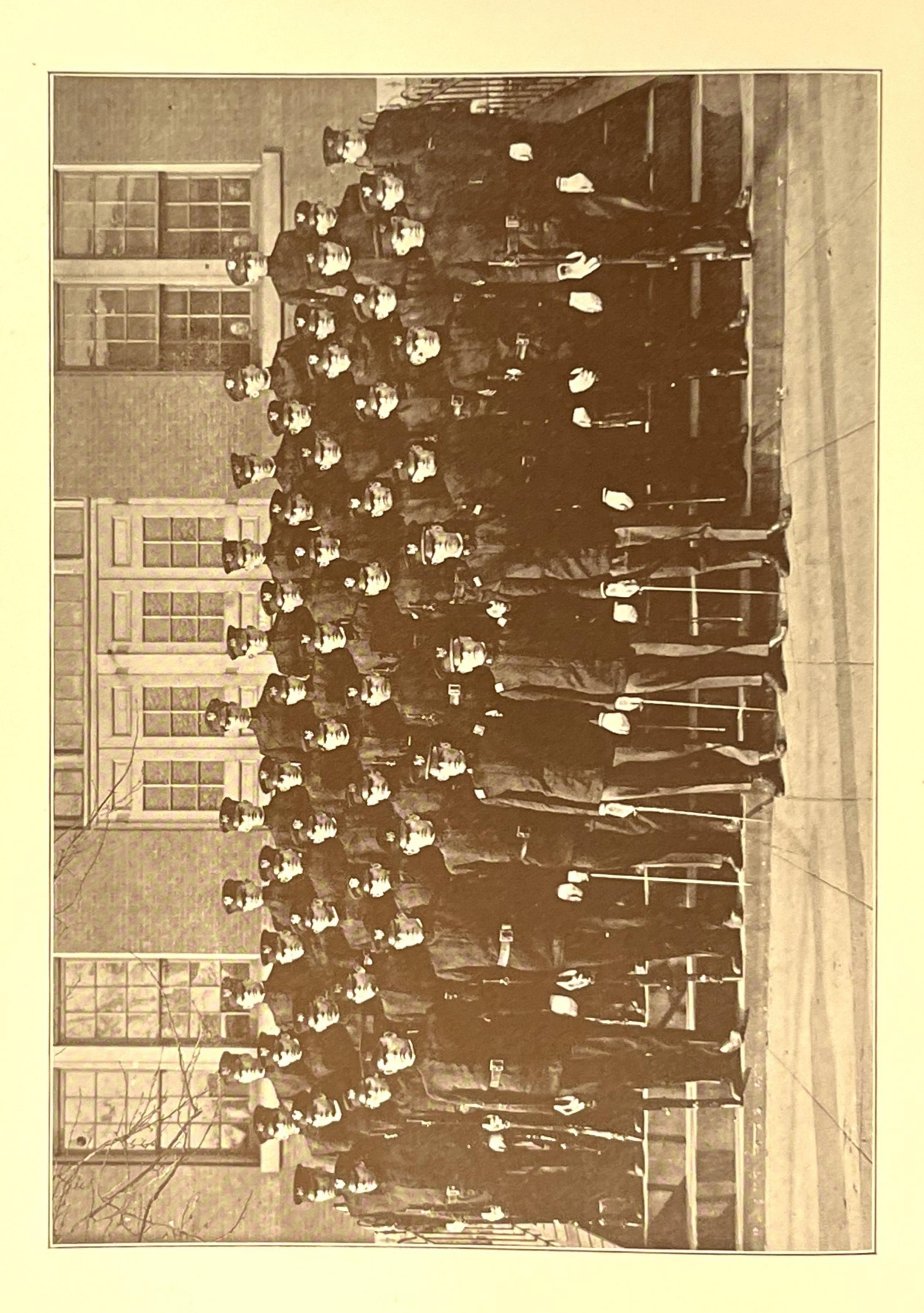


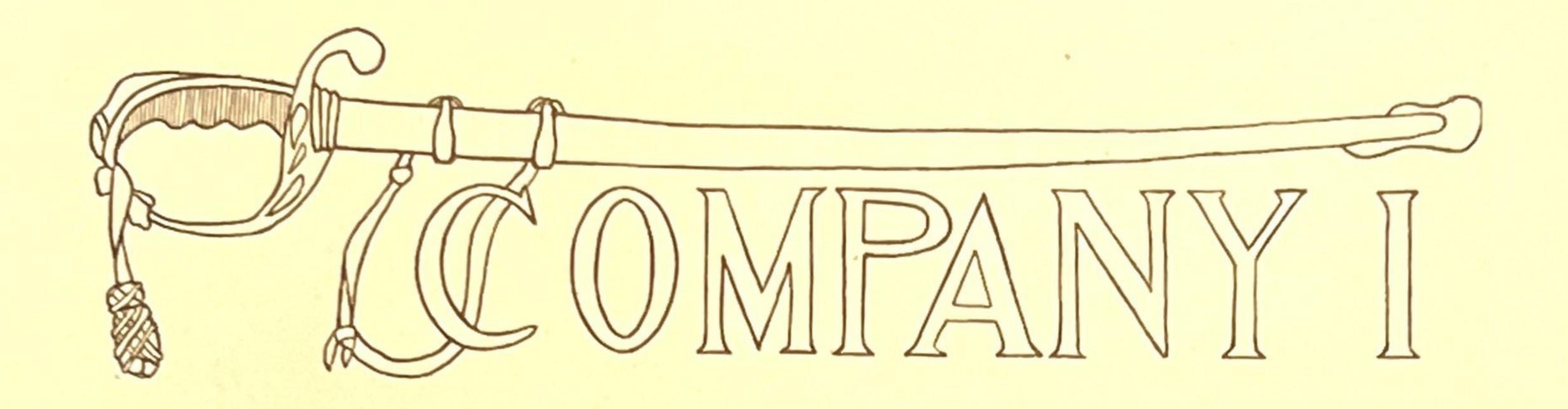


FI	RANK K.	WHITE	Captain.
LI	EANDER	D. SYME 1st	Lieutenant.
JU	JLIAN E.	RAYMOND2nd	Lieutenant.

Each year, deep in the heart of every cadet captain in Washington, is a steadfast conviction that his company is certain to win. And although the captain of Company E is as certain as the other captains, he makes no claim, as yet, for the drill. The reason for this is not that the company is not making a good showing. On the other hand, the men are working hard, and what is more essential, there is coördination between the men and the officers. This spirit has been manifested again and again, and it is this same spirit which makes the officers so optimistic as to the results of the year's work. The only thing which can be desired is that the men will keep up the steady improvement which they have exhibited in the last few months. If this is done, and there is no reason why it should not be, the officers are satisfied that they will have developed a company which will be a credit to Central.

FRANK K. WHITE.





LOUIS W.	TUROFF	Captain.
WILLIAM	J. FLOOD 1st	Lieutenant.
WILLIAM	BENNETTS2nd	Lieutenant.

About one score less fifteen years ago, our predecessors brought unto Central a new company, well trained in discipline and determined to win the drill for Central.

We are now about to enter a great contest to determine whether that company or another company, better trained and better led, shall be victorious. At first thought, it is both fitting and proper that such a decision be made. But, in a larger sense, we cannot really determine—we cannot infallibly decide—which is the best company. Those brave men, large and small, who struggled to make this company victorious, have done their share, and we have no right to say that, because another company was favored by Fortune, it was superior to this.

The school will little note nor long remember what I write here, but she will never forget that those men have struggled for her:—so let us resolve, that win or lose, we shall not have worked in vain, and that this company, under Capt. Turoff, shall do its best for Central, and that, if the fortunes of war are against us, this company of Central High School, supported by Central High School and composed of students of Central High School shall not fall from the minds of the community. (With apologies to Abe Lincoln.)

Since these words will not be read until after the Competitive Drill, any prophecy made here will be a post-mortem affair. Without making any predictions of success, we of Co. I will enter the field with a fervent prayer in our hearts, with determination on our faces, and with an earnest hope that we may bring back that flag to Central.

LOUIS W. TUROFF.





R. L. FARIS	President.
MAXWELL JOHNSTON	Vice-President.
WALTER STOKES	Team Captain.
RALPH K. DAY	Secretary.
A. STANLEY DeNEALE	Treasurer.
MR. H. H. BURROUGHS	

The attendance was good, and the practice beneficial at the meetings of the Rifle Club in the armory every Wednesday afternoon. We were fortunate enough to be able to take advantage of an invitation extended us to visit the Marine Corps Rifle Range at Winthrop during December.

We entered the Inter-City matches for the first time; and made a fine showing although we did not win. In a series of nine matches we won eight out of the total number.

On March 30, 31, and April 1, the Inter-High School matches for the championship of the District of Columbia were held in the National Guard Rifle Range over the Center Market, Central winning the Inter-School Match, the Battalion Match, the Company Matches, and the Individual Matches—that is, four victories out of a possible five.

We are entering a team in the Astor Cup Match, a contest in which the best teams in the country compete. The prize is a five hundred dollar silver cup presented by Mr. Astor, and to become the permanent property of the school winning the most times in ten years.

I wish to say that the Club owes a large debt of gratitude to "Pop" Burroughs, who keeps the Rifle Club under his wing; and to Ralph K. Day, our secretary who has rendered such unfailing service.

R. L. FARIS.

LA CERCLE GAULOIS.

Professor Belmont's third year class
In French, decided once, en masse,
A French society to found,
Which through the school should be renowned;
La Cercle Gaulois it was named,
To speak French all the time they aimed.
They sang and played and parlez-vous'd,
For they were all of merry mood;
They learned to sing the Marsellaise,
And other songs en belle Francaise;
They gave some scenes from Perrichon,
Which tout le monde pronounced tres bon;
But they were happiest when dancing,
Instead of o'er a French book glancing.

LOUISE CARMAN.

THE ORCHESTRA.

This is a bunch of girls and boys Whose fiddles make a lot of noise; Only one instrument of brass In all that vast orchestral class, But still they make a sound symphonious, A tuneful melody harmonious. They say it can be heard a block. Rehearsals are at eight o'clock, When Mr. Cogswell tears his hair, And waves his baton in the air, While Mr. Hoover thumps the 'pianner' In most accommodating manner. When in the pageant they took part, They all displayed consummate art; So, orchestra, our thanks accept That you in music were adept. LOUISE CARMAN.

AUTOGRAPHS.

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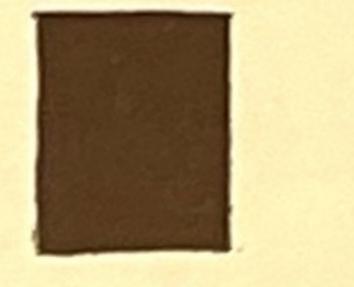


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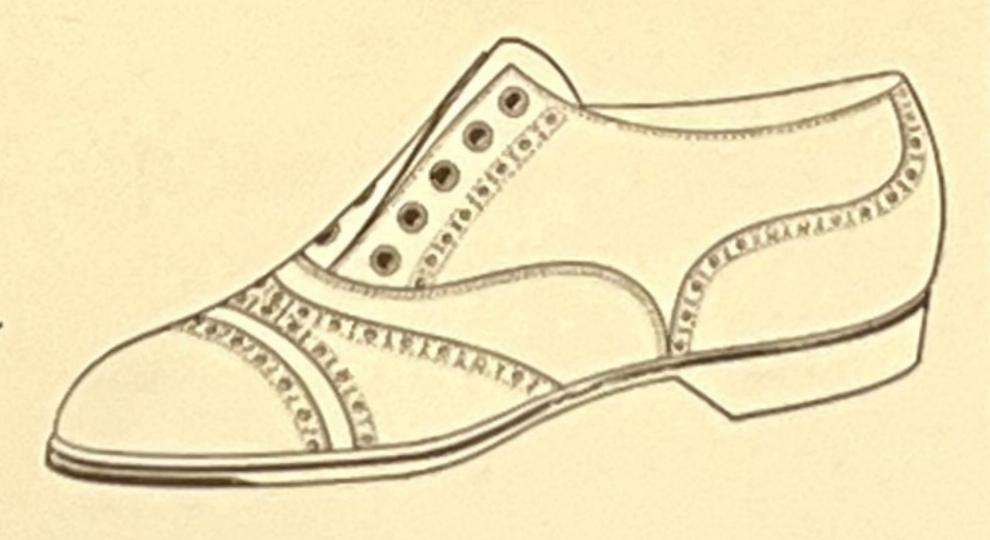
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